JULY • 35 CENTS

Redbook

The Magazine for YOUNG ADULTS

The Tragedy of Beautiful Women

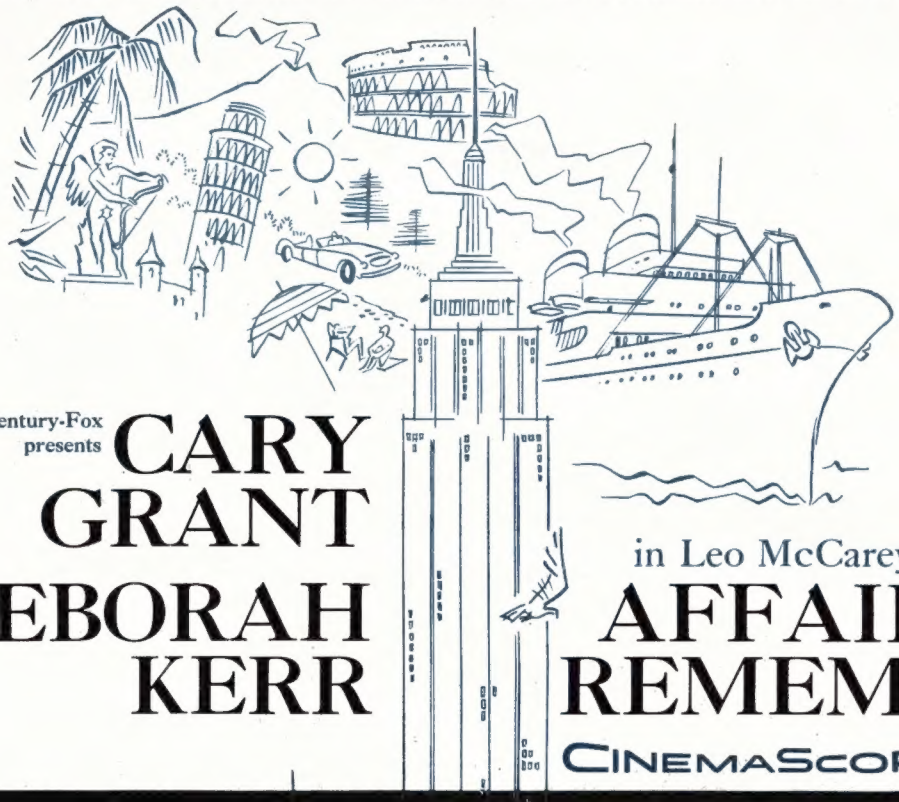
BY PHILIP WYLIE

What You Can't See On TV—and Why

Polly Bergen Helps You Discover

Cool Comfort All Summer Long

In Italy...on the Mediterranean...across an ocean...and all over New York!



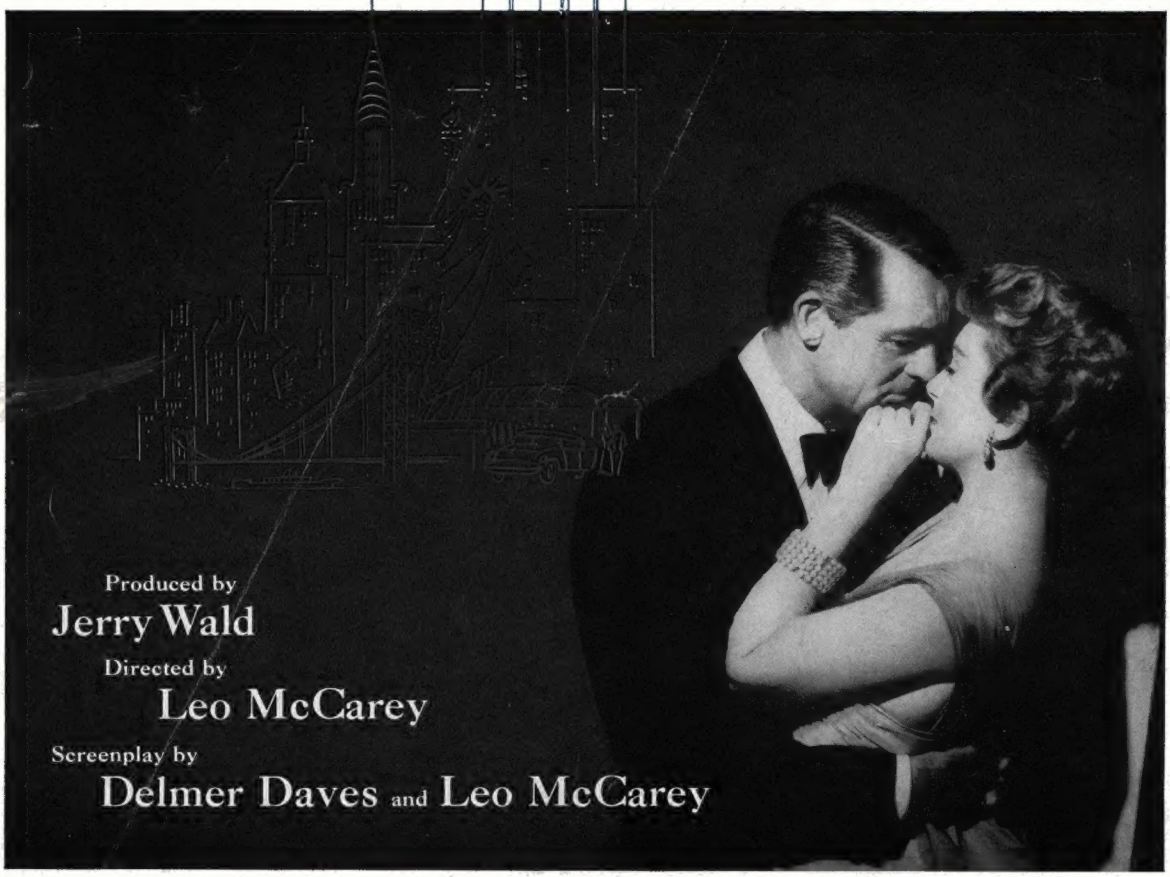
20th Century-Fox presents

CARY GRANT
DEBORAH KERR

in Leo McCarey's

AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER

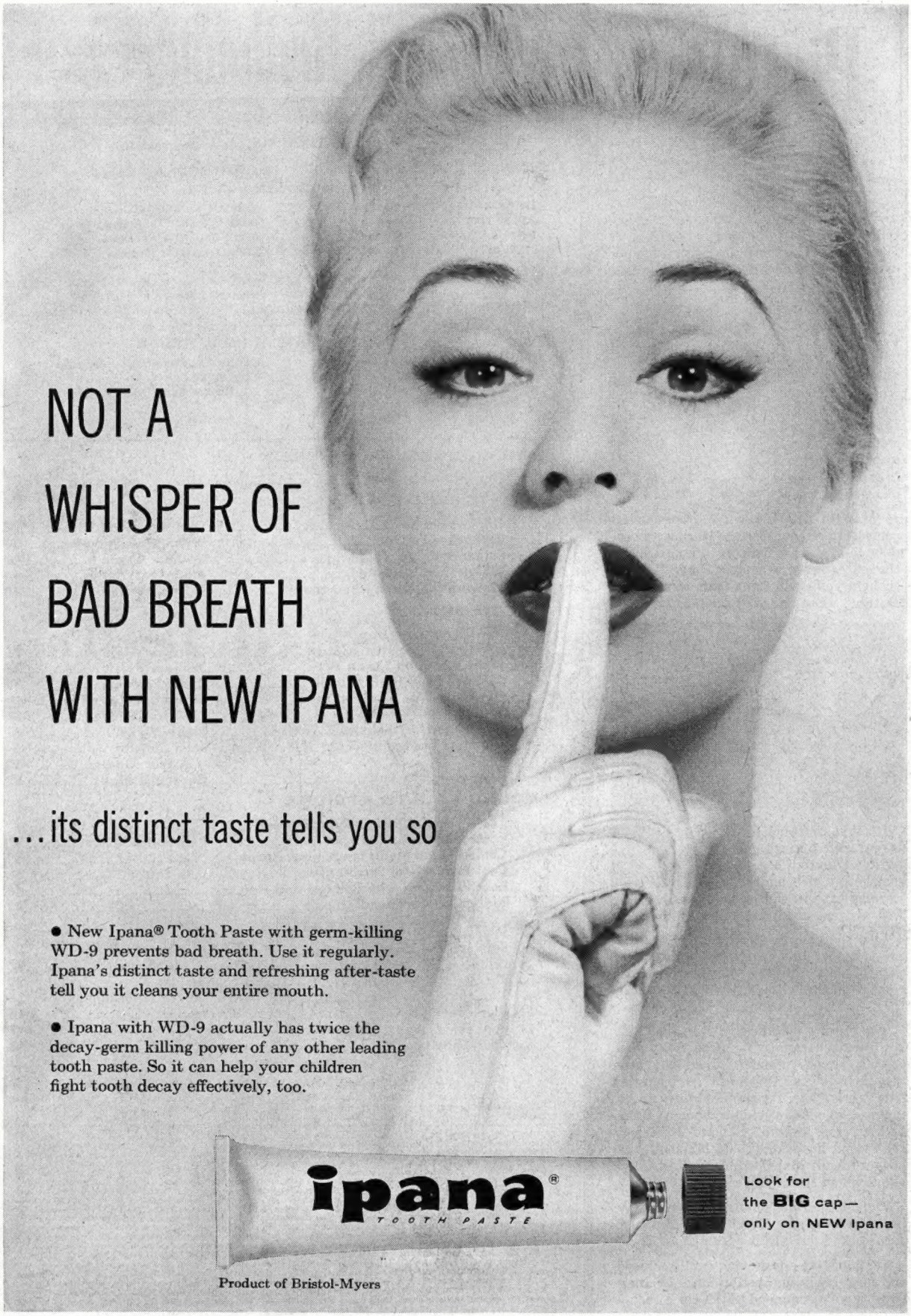
CINEMASCOPE COLOR by DE LUXE



Produced by
Jerry Wald

Directed by
Leo McCarey

Screenplay by
Delmer Daves and **Leo McCarey**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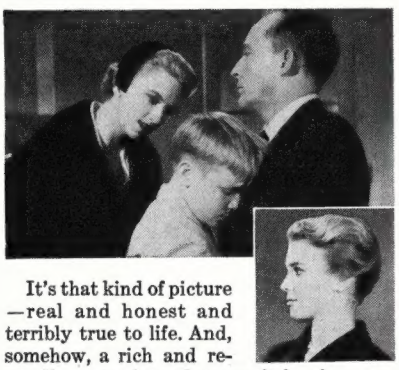
Picture
OF THE MONTH

After so many successes, it might seem hard to find a new first in the fabulous career of Bing Crosby. But not for Producer Sol C. Siegel, who has come up with such an innovation in a new M-G-M release called "Man On Fire."

It seems only yesterday that Bing was singing those "High Society" duets with Frank Sinatra and Grace Kelly. We enjoyed that picture, but realize now that it employed only one facet of Bing's many-sided talent.

"Man On Fire" is a switch: from musical comedy to moving drama. During its production, TV's Ed Sullivan dropped in on the set. Afterwards, he told Bing: "I never thought you could bring tears to my eyes. But that scene with your son really did it!"



It's that kind of picture—real and honest and terribly true to life. And, somehow, a rich and rewarding experience because it has been so well written, well acted and well directed.

Like so many great dramas, this is a simple story. Just some people any of us might know—and like. The picture takes them through stirring and difficult times as they work out solutions to their problems.

The preview reports say "Man On Fire" is a personal triumph for Bing. They also record excited comment about the new players in the cast, most of them from the New York stage. People like pretty Inger Stevens, who is the younger woman; Mary Fickett, the ex-wife; Richard Eastham, the second husband; E. G. Marshall, the lawyer-friend; Malcolm Brodrick, the boy about whom the drama centers.

Ranald MacDougall wrote the screenplay based on a story by Malvin Wald and Jack Jacobs. And directed it with distinction.

For good, honest, moving entertainment and for a really fine performance by Bing Crosby, we recommend "Man On Fire."

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Redbook

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG ADULTS

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY CARMEN SCHIAVONE

The short stories and novel herein are fiction and are intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.

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Entered as second-class matter July 14, 1930, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio under the Act of March 3rd, 1879.
Printed in U.S.A.

"You'd think I had halitosis or somethin'!"

Molly's remark was intended as a bitter little joke. She'd had a miserable time at the dance . . . even the boy she invited was neglectful. Molly had no way of knowing that what she blurted out in jest was actually the truth. There's no thermometer that registers when your breath offends . . . that's why it pays to use Listerine *regularly.*

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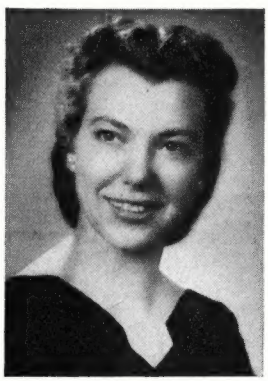
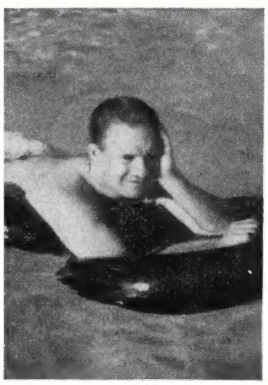
BETWEEN THE LINES

***Polly Bergen,** the TV star and our cover girl poses with a real cool shot by Carmen Schiavone.* *See pages 55-69 for Polly as a young homemaker.*

Maxwell Maltz, M.D.



Millie McWhirter



William Fay

Doctors' becoming novelists is almost a tradition. With "The Golden Scalpel," page 101, Dr. Maxwell Maltz sights the course of such literary medicos as Somerset Maugham and A. J. Cronin, both of whom also appeared in REDBOOK. Maugham was in practice when he wrote his first, "Liza of Lambeth," and Dr. Cronin was on a holiday when he penned "Hatter's Castle." Internationally known for reparatory surgery, Dr. Maltz brings fascinating knowledge to his story of a young plastic surgeon and the women he loved. His earlier books include "New Faces, New Futures," "Doctor Pygmalion" and "The Evolution of Plastic Surgery." A New Yorker, he has studied and lectured abroad. "The Golden Scalpel" will appear later as a movie.

Two others on this page, Millie McWhirter and William Fay, are new to REDBOOK, if not to storytelling. Miss McWhirter, who wrote "Where There's Smoke," page 44, describes herself as a cross between magnolia and cactus. This hybrid is the result of being reared in the South and living in the West, she says.

The author of "Father-and-Son Night," page 40, is pictured going Hollywood while there recently to turn our story into a teleplay for The General Electric Theater. Bill Fay's published stories, taken together, would stack to his hips, literally. What with TV's frisking the magazines for material which will adapt dramatically, he has come into a kind of annuity to ease his middle years. We asked why his heroes often are fist fighters (as in our story). "For a mercifully brief time, I was one," he said, "and I got to know a great number of working gladiators. Generally, they are the nicest people in sports — braver, gentler and, of necessity, more patient than baseball stars and golfers." Bill and his wife, who are rearing eight children, are, of necessity, patient people, too. — W.B.H.

COMING NEXT MONTH:

"Why Husbands Stay Faithful"—a realistic examination of man's most difficult problem in marriage. Also, a Vacation Fiction Bonus: 4 short shorts.

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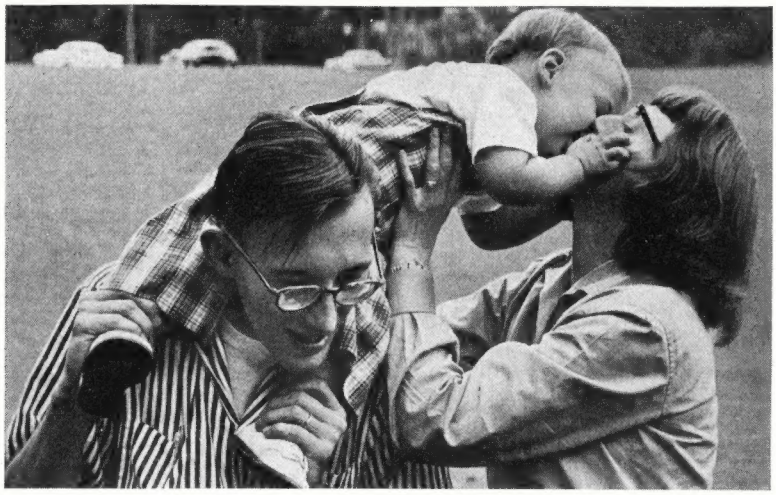
Letters to the Editor



It takes at least 730 pints of blood a year to keep family man Jim Garner alive.

HOPE FOR A HEMOPHILIAC

I have just read Jim Garner's courageous story ("Every Day Someone Saves My Life") in your April issue.

A man like Jim Garner should not have the problem of hunting blood donors any more. I would consider it a privilege to donate six pints a year to him if it can be arranged. I hope many others who read his story will feel the same as I.

G. K. GUYSE
Selma, Ala.

Arrangements for donations of blood to Jim Garner, whose need is indeed urgent, can be made through Frank Cameron, Box 314, Kentfield, Calif. ED.

ON HEROES AND COURAGE

I have just finished reading your very interesting story about Don Murray, "A Man Who Refused To Kill" (April). Although his many good deeds to the needy of the world are certainly commendable, I object very much to the title and the way the story was presented, making him a hero because of his refusal to go to war.

As the wife of a professional soldier, I believe I have some insight into my husband's and my many friends' personal convictions. They are *not* professional killers, as is so often believed, and any career soldier is of necessity a pacifist at heart simply because he has first-hand knowledge of the ravages and heartbreak of war. Yet he performs his duty to his country as best he can, and the words "dedication, courage and intelligence" uttered by Paton Price in your story certainly apply to our men much more than they do to a conscientious objector.

MRS. JOHNSON
Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo.

We feel that the article, "A Man Who Refused To Kill," is a very fair and excellent presentation of Don Murray's experience as a conscientious objector.

DON REEVES
American Friends
Service Committee, Inc.
Philadelphia, Penna.

HOMES VS. HIGHWAYS

My hearty congratulations to you and Kenneth Robb for the first honest appraisal of the highway departments' "eminent domain" techniques to appear in a national magazine. The situation you describe is common to every state in the union.

For those thousands of us who have already been steam-rollered by these tactics, it's too late, but perhaps your story bringing the facts to public view will help the situation. And for those who aren't interested because they haven't been affected, who knows?—they may be the next victims.

MRS. LEL J. SMITH
Biloxi, Miss.

Thank you for your statement in "They Took Our Homes" that uniting with neighbors is "perhaps the most effective step a young family can take." *ACTION* stresses that organized citizen co-operation with local and highway officials can (1) make the highway program serve to improve communities and neighborhoods; (2) speed up both urban renewal and road building, both of which depend on advance planning, and (3) alleviate necessary inconveniences and hardships to individuals.

JAMES E. LASH, Executive Vice President, American Council To Improve Our Neighborhoods, New York City

TARRY OR MARRY?

Hurray for the youngsters of 1957 and your article, "How Successful Are Early Marriages?" (April).

My husband and I married at 19 and 21 after a whirlwind romance of three weeks; we celebrate our 11th anniversary soon, and we think we're the happiest folks we know. Young married couples have a better chance than the "over 25's," and we've run into quite a few. Three weeks is a long enough engagement if you can just sit down and talk about what you want marriage to bring you and what you want to give to it. This could start on the first date if *love* is present—and that always starts on the first date.

Why waste all this time?

MRS. GRACE V. SPONHEIM
Los Angeles, Calif.

It seems to me that everyone is discussing young marriages that don't work out. I think it only fair to tell teen-agers that it is possible to have a happy marriage, without involving so many statistics.

People predicted the sad outcome of our marriage. We have been married five years and have two lovely children and a business of our own.

Please try to give those contemplating early marriage some hope. It is awful to have to buck statistics.

MRS. RICHARD HAGEN
Greenville, S. C.

Norman Lobsenz' article on early marriage is one of the best I have ever read on the subject. Every couple contemplating an early marriage should read this article—it might open their eyes to the "facts of married life."

BARBARA ROSH
Detroit, Mich.

THE LONG, HARD ROAD

It is gratifying to read a story like "Road of Hope" (April) in which Negroes are regarded as human beings and not as a "problem." All that remains is for someone to write a story in which a *Southern* Negro is not an illiterate and knows the intricacies of English syntax and grammar.

FRANCES ROSS
Philadelphia, Penna.

I'm sending back to you "Road of Hope." I don't care for Negro stories or for anything associated with Negroes. I'm for segregation 100%. The Negroes should live amongst themselves and not mingle with us white people.

NAME WITHHELD
Baltimore, Md.

In your April issue is a story of poignant and important interest, "Road of Hope," by Victoria Lincoln. I note your comment that the short stories in the issue are pure fiction, and do not refer to anyone. But this story is a live thing to which a Southerner of over 80 years responds as truth. This story is a valuable contribution to race understanding.

ELIZABETH W. STEPTOE
Charlottesville, W. Va.

★ **Address: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Ave., New York 17, New York**

What do giraffes have to do with High Blood Pressure?

IN ITS SEARCH for more knowledge about baffling diseases, medical science takes some strange turns. For example, doctors have gone to Africa to study the blood pressure of giraffes.

They found that it takes an unusually high pressure to pump blood from the giraffe's heart to his brain—a distance of some 14 to 15 feet. Yet, its heart and blood vessels are not under strain.

Doctors are trying to learn more about how this is accomplished for it could shed new light on the disorder affecting an estimated 6 million Americans—high blood pressure or hypertension.

Fortunately, most cases of hypertension can be helped by proper treatment. In fact, it can often be controlled simply by relieving day-to-day emotional stresses which push blood pressure up and tend to keep it excessively elevated.

If you have hypertension, your doctor may suggest a way of life especially adapted to your needs. Among other things, he will probably recommend *plenty of rest* and *weight control*. The latter is important in treating, and possibly *preventing*, hypertension. In fact, hypertension is four times as common in overweight men as in those who are underweight.

If changes in living habits do not control this disorder, then other treatments . . . including medicines, special diets or surgery . . . may be used.

Hypertension is more easily controlled when discovered early. So, *everyone* should have periodic health examinations. Those who have reached middle age, are overweight, or whose parents or close relatives had elevated blood pressure should be especially watchful.

When hypertension is diagnosed, a patient should continue to see the doctor regularly. Then possible complications can be prevented, postponed or, if they occur, treated promptly.

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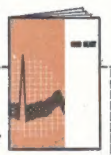

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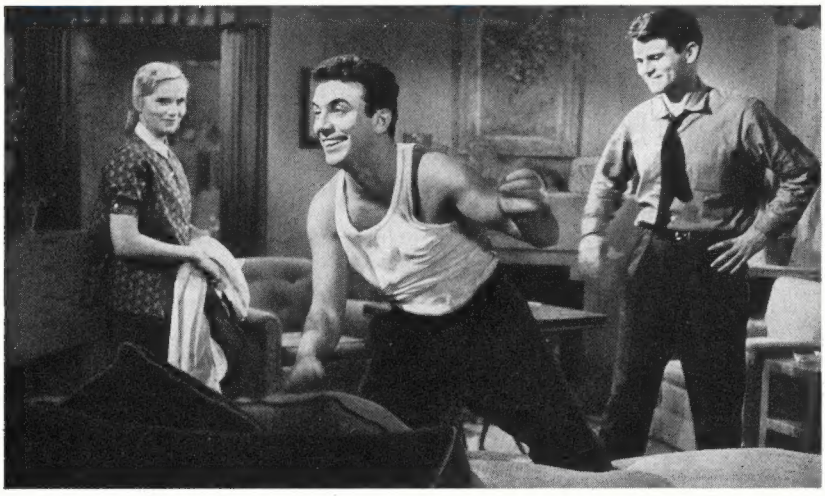
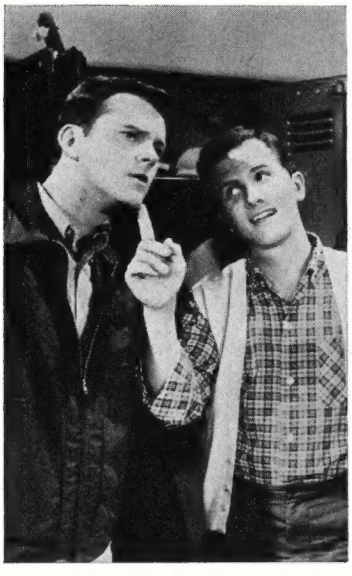


In "A Hatful of Rain," Polo's (Anthony Franciosa, center) high spirits interrupt a serious marital crisis between Celia (Eva Marie Saint) and Johnny (Don Murray).

Two fascinating young love stories, the serious "**A Hatful of Rain,**" and the humorous "**Bernardine,**" are tops in movie entertainment



Sanford *(Richard Sargent) lends an ear to* **Beau's** *(Pat Boone,* **right***) advice about love in "Bernardine."*

"A Hatful of Rain," adapted from the stage play, concerns a young couple, *Celia* (Eva Marie Saint) and *Johnny Pope* (Don Murray), whose marriage becomes very shaky just as they are expecting their first child. *Celia* suspects *Johnny* has become interested in someone else. What she doesn't know is that, because of war injuries, *Johnny* has become a dope addict. His brother *Polo* (Anthony Franciosa), in an effort to help *Johnny*, has given him money which he had promised to lend their father (Lloyd Nolan).

Because all of these characters are sincere, decent people, the audience's sympathy is immediately aroused by their problems, which are presented so realistically and powerfully that interest in the film never wavers. There are moments of great tenderness and emotion between *Celia* and the brothers; there's also humor and suspense. The acting is superb throughout this hard-hitting, factual, entertaining picture.

The same studio, Twentieth Century-Fox, took another stage play and made a diverting romantic comedy about young boys in the throes of love. Pat Boone, the hit singer, makes his film debut in "Bernardine" and shows the same relaxed charm which has made Bing Crosby and Perry Como so successful.

As *Beau*, Pat is the leader of his gang, which is devoted to hot rods, blue jeans and back room sessions at the local hangout. *Sanford Wilson* (Richard Sargent) is worried about his love life, and *Beau*, aided and abetted by the others, dedicates himself to making *Sanford* a big man with women. Their techniques and plots are hilariously funny to anyone who's ever been in love.

The picture never takes itself too seriously, but it does a wonderful job of dramatizing the manners, habits and dialogues of the teen-aged male. It also gives Pat a few chances to sing, which he does very well.

Some people fall in love at first sight...

but nobody in Paris can wait that long!

ALLIED ARTISTS Presents

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MAURICE CHEVALIER

"In Paris we have a saying—'Cherchez la femme'—but we never say it . . . we'd rather do it!"

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Based on Novel by CLAUDE ANET • Musical Adaptation by FRANZ WAXMAN

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2 Other

"SILK STOCKINGS"

Any man likes to see legs as shapely as Cyd Charisse's encased in long silk stockings. And after *Ninotchka* (Miss Charisse), a dedicated member of the Soviet who's been sent on an assignment to Paris, sees how much more flattering French silk stockings are than Russian cotton ones, her devotion to her country wavers. She has been sent to lure a Soviet composer home, but *Steve Canfield* (Fred Astaire) wants the composer to stay in Paris and finish the music for a movie starring *Peggy Dayton* (Janis Paige). In the complicated plot, *Ninotchka* and *Steve* soon become much more interested in each other.

Miss Charisse is too pretty to be very convincing as a Soviet agent, but she's lovely to have around. Mr. Astaire, as delightful and nimble as ever, even does a rock and roll number. Add brilliant comedy from Miss Paige and Peter Lorre and fine music from Cole Porter, and you have an entrancing musical. *(MGM)*

JULY BEST BETS IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

Desk Set—Women outwit machines in a light, romantic comedy starring Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy.

Joe Butterfly—Mickey Rooney in an amusing comedy of the difficulties of our occupation forces in the Pacific.

Johnny Tremain—A Disney live production about the part young people played in the Boston Tea Party.

Saint Joan—This film version of G. B. Shaw's play introduces Jean Seberg, supported by a fine cast of players.

Something of Value—Interesting melodrama of present-day Africa. Rock Hud-

Fine Films

"THE PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL"

When Marilyn Monroe and Sir Laurence Olivier called a press conference to announce their production of "The Sleeping Prince," now retitled "The Prince and the Showgirl," the fact that Miss Monroe's shoulder strap broke got more headlines than their plans for the picture. It seems more than just a coincidence that Marilyn's strap breaks again when, as *Elsie*, a young American showgirl in London, she meets the *Regent of Carpathia* (Sir Laurence Olivier). This all takes place in 1911 at the time of the coronation of George V.

The *Regent* invites *Elsie* to a late supper at his Embassy and, even though his romantic plans get out of hand, *Elsie* falls in love with him and the supper turns into quite a stay, including *Elsie's* attending the coronation as a lady in waiting.

This is an amusing fantasy, but Sir Laurence's brusqueness and the tinge of cheapness in Miss Monroe's performance keep it from being completely convincing. *(Warners)*

---

son and Dana Wynter. * June

The Red Balloon — A colorful and charming film of a Parisian boy who finds an enchanting balloon. * June

The Wayward Bus — John Steinbeck's best-seller with Jayne Mansfield, Joan Collins, Rick Jason and Dan Dailey.

This Could Be the Night — One of Hollywood's funniest comedies with Jean Simmons, Paul Douglas. * June

Torero! — A fascinating documentary of the life of a famous Mexican matador, Luis Procuna and his family. * June

Twelve Angry Men—Henry Fonda stars in the film version of a TV play about a murder jury. Lee Cobb. * June

**Previously reviewed in Redbook*

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Co-starring
MARIANNE COOK · FRANCOISE ROSAY · KEITH ANDES
FRANCES BERGEN and JANE WYATT
CINEMASCOPE · TECHNICOLOR
Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK · Screenplay by DANIEL FUCHS and FRANKLIN COEN · Adaptation by INEZ COCKE
Based on a Screenplay by DWIGHT TAYLOR and a Story by JAMES CAIN · Produced by ROSS HUNTER
SEE IT SOON...FOR A ROMANTIC NIGHT OUT AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRE

bringing up baby®

Hints collected by **Mrs. Dan Gerber, Mother of five**

strictly for beachcombers

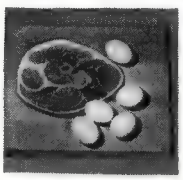
Taking your baby (or toddler) to the beach? A note of caution: remember, the reflected rays from the sand add considerably to the regular scorching power of the sun. So be sure baby is umbrella-sheltered and keep an eye on toddling beachcombers. Baby (*or* toddler) should not be exposed directly to the blazing sun for more than 20 minutes without protection . . . no matter how *tan* you think he is.

strictly for stay at homes

Baby confined to back-yard sunning? Hot though it may be, try to keep baby's playpen away from drafty or breezy areas. A perspiring sun bather can get chilled before you realize it.

ham'n eggs - baby style

Meant for each other and for babies—Gerber Strained Egg Yolks and Ham.

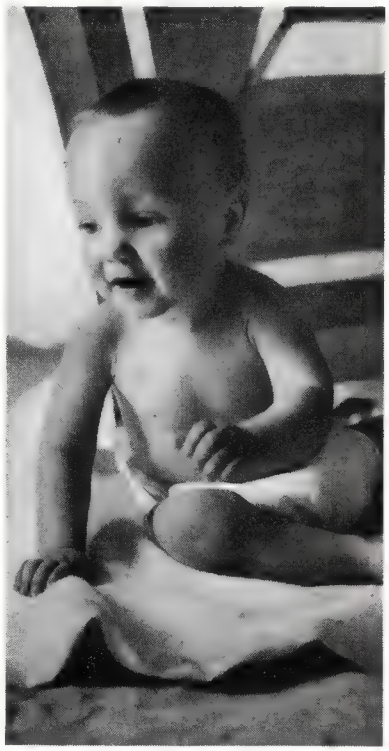


Now these two popular grown-up foods are specially blended for small fry. The texture is creamy-smooth and custard-like. The delicate, fresh-egg flavor is brightened with ham for a subtle taste surprise. Like the regular Gerber Strained Egg Yolks, this new version is rich in iron and vitamin A.

summer living made easier

★ Baby does best with a minimum of duds. No-iron fabrics, for both baby and you, will lighten that laundry load.

★ Bric-a-brac can go into hiding. Rooms look cooler, need less dusting.



★ Big chores are best done, least tiring in the cool of the morning.

summer eating special

Somehow everybody seems to want more fruit in the good old summertime, and

babies are no exception. 9 luscious, juicy, Gerber Strained Fruits offer unlimited refreshment for baby. All are famous for appealing color and garden-fresh flavor. All are pureed to a nice-on-the-tongue smoothness.

Babies are our business . . . our only business!

Gerber® baby foods

FREMONT, MICHIGAN

5 CEREALS • OVER 75 STRAINED & JUNIOR FOODS, INCLUDING MEATS

Heir Pressures

BY STAN FINE

". . . whose son is our safety captain has kindly volunteered for school crossing guard."

"A perfect picture of good citizenship. Yessir, you two make me very proud."

"Sorry, Pop. Let's see . . . stop sign violation . . . license number . . ."

Redbook's

Family Scrapbook

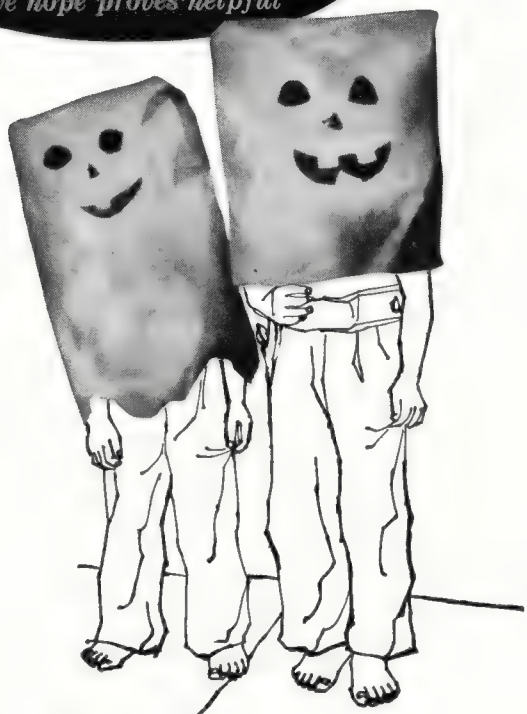
Our older son, fourteen, decided to take a picture of his little sister, Kathy, in order to try out his new camera. He thought my tulips would make a good background, so he posed her by them. Kathy took one look at her brother and started to pick tulips as he kept saying "No! No!" By the time he reached her, we were minus three tulips.

MRS. CARL BOCKMAN
944 Merrifield, S. E.
Grand Rapids, Michigan

REDBOOK will pay $50 for the best black and white snapshot used, featuring a child or children under 12, accompanied by the best letter telling in not more than 100 words how the picture was taken.

Pictures must be sent by the parents of the child to Dept. F-A, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., and cannot be returned or acknowledged. All published entries become the property of McCall Corporation, publishers of REDBOOK.

NEW HORIZONS
a suggestion we hope proves helpful



Wakes up Imagination
Here's a very simple and easy way to give youngsters a wonderful time. A Bag-Face sets their imagination going and creative play goes on with gusto.

bag-face fun!

It takes so little to entertain children. They'll play for hours with an old bag over their heads, that you have turned into a pum'kin face, space man, cowboy, Indian, L'il Abner or made into a tiger.

To let in plenty of air so that it'll not be too hot inside the bag, cut big mouth opening... For safety to see, cut huge holes for the eyes.

One mother buys great, big, new, paper shopping bags that she keeps on hand for Bag-Face Fun. Then she knows they are clean.

An old flour bag, all washed and clean is what another mother thinks makes the best Bag-Faces.

Children enjoy having a part in helping to give the bag a face. The easiest face is one you can quickly cut with your scissors. Just some features.

Bag-Faces can be embellished with colored paper, paint or crayon to give red cheeks, ears, eye glasses, beard, etc.

Hair can be painted, sewed, taped or pasted, colored paper or rope.

Always a big treat and so wholesome!

Children's urge for a bit of sweet between meals is satisfied by refreshing, delicious Wrigley's Spearmint Gum. And natural chewing helps keep young teeth clean, attractive.

✻ *it's that fabulous* **RelaxAcizor** *you read about in* **MADEMOISELLE**

✻ **USE AT HOME**... look your loveliest. Your prettier, trimmer figure excites romantic glances! New popularity... new happiness for a new YOU!

Reduce

***waist, hips, tummy in size*—NO DIET!**

NEW—no vibration, no massage, a truly easy NO-EFFORT way!

ROMANCE begins with a pretty figure. Now *you* can lose excess inches from your waist, tummy, hips and thighs... without diet or weight-loss... QUICKLY, EASILY... while you REST luxuriously at *home!* Relax-A-cizor gives you a delightful new kind of beautifying, slimming exercise that requires NO EFFORT! You RELAX and enjoy reading, sewing... even SLEEPING while Relax-A-cizor removes those excess inches almost like magic... *and it does NOT make you tired like regular beauty exercises.*

FIRMS...TIGHTENS...TRIMS

Diet may cause sagging and loss from bust, neck and face. Relax-A-cizor does *not;* it, instead, *firms* and *tightens* your waist, hips, thighs and abdomen. FACIAL attachment exercises muscles around EYES and THROAT. *Don't risk your health*... this is the safe, sensible, economical *home* method praised by thousands of users. Home model 6 *approved by Underwriters' Laboratory.*

FEATURED IN MADEMOISELLE by Health & Beauty editor, *2 full pages,* March '51 issue. READ WHAT OTHER USERS SAY: "4 inches removed from abdomen."—Mrs. M. F. "3" from hips."—M. A. "Dress size was 16, now 12."—C. P. MANY WOMEN LOSE AN INCH OR TWO THE FIRST FEW DAYS! You may lose less—or MORE.

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Dept. RB-1

980 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles, Calif., or 665 Fifth Ave., New York City, or 17 No. State St., Chicago. Send in PLAIN envelope free information about reducing size of waist, hips, thighs, abdomen... No cost. No salesmen will call. (PLEASE PRINT.)

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TELEPHONE_____
Use margin for more writing space. RB-1

YOUR CHILD
BY IRMA SIMONTON BLACK

A child who is naturally included in adult activities won't have any need to show off.

When Company Comes

Six silent adult guests were sipping predinner sherry. All conversation had stopped while seven-year-old Paula insistently held the floor, talking shrilly and making funny faces.

When one woman tried to speak in a low tone to the man sitting next to her, Paula demanded, "Look, Mrs. Stone. Look! See the funny face I can make." Giving up her attempts at normal conversation, Mrs. Stone vowed never to visit again until after Paula was in bed.

Paula was an extreme case, but many children want an excessive amount of adult attention. For them, a group of their parents' friends is a challenge to their powers. This becomes a strain on guests as well as on parents.

The best way to keep your child from developing into a show-off is to help him, from the time he is very young, to take some legitimate part in the conversation, to feel like a member of the group, to become accustomed to and relaxed in the presence of adult strangers.

Give your child something specific to do. Even a three-year-old can pass out napkins, or get an ashtray for a guest. If dinner is involved, let him put silver on the table or do some other small job. When your young child has finished eating, let him leave the table and play. You can't expect any normal youngster to sit quietly for long.

If your guests are gathered in the living room, place some toys on a low table without comment. Miniatures of all kinds are fine since they take little play-space. Other appropriate materials are pencils or crayons and paper, scissors, or a lump of plasticene.

It will be an added attraction to your child if the small toys you set out for him are different from his everyday playthings.

The child who is busy about his own interests becomes unself-conscious and stops playing for the limelight. I have seen many children busy and happy in the midst of adult company, joining from time to time in the conversation quite naturally and spontaneously.

If your child monopolizes the conversation to an unreasonable extent, remind him in a friendly way that the guests must have a turn at talking. Unless he is used to extravagant doses of adult attention, this may be enough.

Or turn his attention to some play project by taking an active interest in what he is doing. Often a child needs adult guidance in order to get started on an activity, but after that he may go along under his own steam.

But if your child is insistent and obviously overstimulated, don't hesitate to remove him quietly from the room for a few minutes. Even a brief time away from the company may calm him down. Wash off his hands and face with cool water and try to stay calm yourself. The youngster who is clamoring for attention needs quieting down, not punishment. An apple or some other snack may help change his mood.

Showing off is proof that a child is neither easy nor natural in the presence of grownups other than his immediate family. This is why a natural, relaxed introduction to social life at an early age is the best way to keep the problem from arising at all.

Mrs. Black is an instructor at the Bank Street College of Education and author of many books about and for children. Her informative column is a regular REDBOOK *feature.*

She's brushed out her new Bobbi wave—and right away (without resetting) her "Souvenir" hairdo looks pretty as you please.

Just brush it! That's it!

No resetting—no "breaking in"
with Bobbi—the special permanent
for casual hairstyles like these

You get a soft, natural Bobbi wave *and* your casual hairstyle in just one step. Simple pin-curls and Bobbi lotion—that's all. No separate neutralizing. No resetting. Bobbi's as easy as setting your hair and your wave is in to stay—carefree and casual—week after week.

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Softly feminine—that's "Daffodil." Only Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent lets you brush out a soft, natural wave the very first day. Just brush it. That's it!

Bobbi is the only permanent specially designed for carefree haircombs like "Calypso." With Bobbi you just can't get tight, fussy curls.

Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent complete with "Casual Pin-Curlers" for faster, firmer pin-curls. Can't crimp, rust or discolor hair. **$2.00**

New! Bobbi Refill—Everything you need (except pins) to make your casual hairdo permanent. **$1.50**

Photograph by Harold Halma

Troubled Lady... There's a tear on her pretty cheek but it will soon be gone. For troubles are forgotten quickly when one is very young.... Many a grown-up trouble also has a way of disappearing when there are friendly voices to help and reassure.... Just reaching for the telephone and talking to someone can bring sunshine into a dark or worried day.... For whatever the need or the hour, you are never alone with a telephone.... BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

WHAT'S NEW IN RECORDS

BY CARLTON BROWN

SATCHMO CELEBRATES

If there were no other reason for celebrating the Fourth of July, jazz fans would have an ample one in the fact that it is the birthday of Louis Armstrong. Born in New Orleans in 1900, Louis grew up with jazz and has long been hailed as its greatest genius, both as trumpeter and singer.

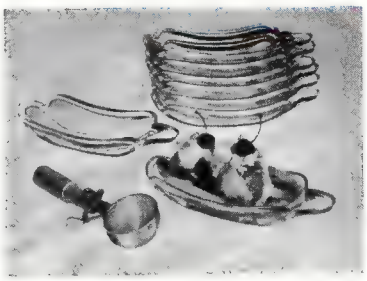
From the mid-twenties on, his records were hugely popular in Europe and paved the way for his first concert tour abroad, in 1932. His most recent overseas junkets brought turn-away crowds and rioting in the streets and won him new recognition back home as our foremost musical ambassador—in front-page stories and in Ed Murrow's TV show and film documentary, "The Saga of Satchmo."

This year, the opening concert of the annual Newport Jazz Festival has been dedicated to the observance of King Louis' anniversary. A complete recording of the festival will be issued on the Verve label in September, but it's not likely to contain the best performances available of the Armstrong All Stars. Many on-the-spot recordings of Louis and his small groups of recent years have already been issued, by RCA-Victor, Decca and Columbia. Although they capture a lot of the extra excitement that is often generated in public appearances, they are often too fast, furious and filled with grandstanding to make the most pleasurable at-home listening.

For the best recorded evidence of how richly Armstrong merits all the honors that keep coming his way, young adults might start with a Columbia LP of Louis playing and singing the music of W. C. Handy, or another—next best, by just a shade—of Fats Waller tunes. These give you the mellow, eloquent artistry of the Louis of today in flawless studio recordings. The evergreen classics of his fiery young manhood are also on Columbia, in the four disks (available separately) of "The Louis Armstrong Story." And the Louis of the middle years, fronting studio bands as vocal and instrumental entertainer, is well represented in the Decca "Jazz Classics" album.

Tops in the shops

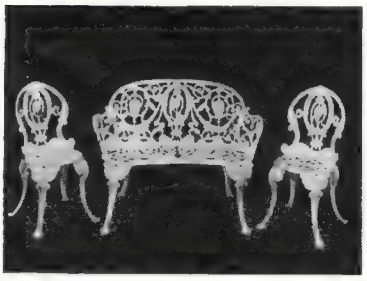
Carolyn Kelly SHOPPING EDITOR



A big dipper comes with banana split dishes that are reminiscent of old-fashioned ice cream parlors. You can use them for sea food, chicken or egg salads, vegetables, or ice-cream desserts. Aluminum scoop with wood handle and 8 dishes, $3.95 plus 35¢ post. Lee Wynne, N. E. Corner 56th & Diamond Sts., Philadelphia 31, Pa.

A tisket, a tasket, we've found a whopper of a shopper basket! It's Italian straw and fairly bursts with the cheer of summer flowers! A jumbo 14" x 10", it will hold clothes for an overnight visit or day at the beach, or brighten a trip to the supermarket! $1.50 ppd. Lillian Vernon, 156 Fourth Ave., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Terry's terrific for summer fun—and listen to the prices! His white shorts have name or initials in red, blue, brown, green or black. Sm., med., lg., (if ex. lg., send measurements). $3.95! Her white halter and shorts have name or initials on front pocket. Sm., med., lg., $4.25 set, ppd. Ruth Brawer, Box 4035, Dept. TR, Tucson, Ariz.



Cast your lot with dramatic pastel iron furniture that is unbelievably priced! Three pieces in the Classic Design, unpainted or white, $52.50; pink, blue or green, $57.50; ppd. They have a rust-preventive finish, are easy to assemble, are lovely on porch or patio! Tennessee Fabricating Co., 1490 Grimes, Memphis, Tenn.

Wizard of ah's is this talented patio lamp! Use the two globes separately as hurricane lamps; remove the scrolled legs and spear the stand into the lawn; or mount the brackets on a wall or post. Two holders are for glasses or plants. Black wrought iron; 42" high. $7.45 ppd. Mail Mart, Dept. R, 159 Lee St., R. #5, Alliance, Ohio.

• Order directly from stores, enclosing check or money order. (No COD's please.) Unless personalized, all merchandise may be returned for refund. Mention REDBOOK when ordering.

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Barefoot comfort and soft as down, these hand laced, washable glove elk moccasins give you gentle foot snuggling comfort. The perky Thunderbird hand beading is symbol of good luck. Air-foam innersoles cushion your steps and put wings on your feet. Fashion-right Natural, White, Red, Turquoise colors. Adult sizes 4-10.

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Write for FREE Lady Ellen Pin Curl Clip and for your free 16-page completely illustrated booklet that shows you the fast and easy method of setting your hair. Know why professional hair stylists insist on the gentle, even tension and broad smooth surface of Lady Ellen Clips.

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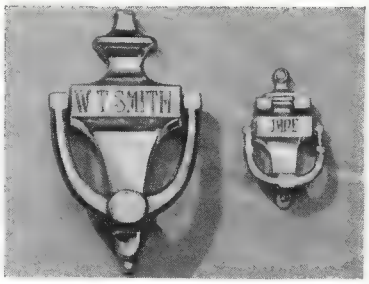
Send 10c to cover postage and handling to: THE KAYNAR COMPANY, Dept. R-2762
Box 2001, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles 54, California

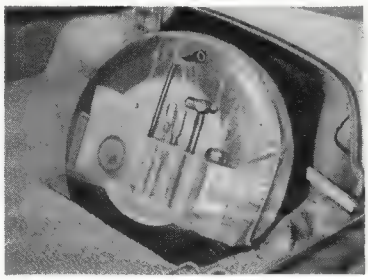
Tops in the shops

Make a spectacle of yourself with pretty rimmers for your eyeglasses, and earrings to match! Floral designs centered with rhinestones, the Spec-glamorizers ($1) fit any shape glasses; earrings ($1) with gold centers are movable to form circle or crescent. White, pink or light blue. Ppd. Greenhall, 1133 Broadway, N.Y.

Something to a door. These are fun! Every member of the family gets a personal door knocker for his bedroom! And for $1 each, they're a terrific buy! They are metal with a brass finish and just 3½" high. The large economy family size (for the front door) in the same design is only $1.95. Ppd. Taylor Gifts, Wayne, Penna.



Spare tire cover fits any sized tire, and its pockets hold your tools, maps, flashlight, cleaning equipment. It's an absolute "must" for family vacation cars, or men who travel a lot in their business. Of heavy duty vinyl plastic, it's well worth the $1.98 price. Postpaid. Matina Co., 175 Fifth Ave., Dept. R, New York 10.



NYLON SAFETY-FLOATER

may save your child's life!

Fluorescent nylon vest keeps your child afloat, prevents tragic accidents if he or she should wander into the water. In brilliant, iridescent Neon Red that gets brighter as it gets wet, it keeps your child visible at all times. Quick drying, mildew proof, filled with buoyant kapok sealed in watertight vinyl bags. Lightweight and comfortable, will not interfere with activity. A must for every child from 2-9. Comes in a convenient plastic bag.

Small—up to 50 lbs. Large—45 to 90 lbs.

$4.95 ppd. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s

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Dept. R-7 Central Falls, R. I.

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Invented by Franziska of Hollywood, famous movieland beauty expert, "ZOOM" is an amazing device that will help you achieve sensational figure beauty—just as it has helped many stars. "ZOOM" may be worn over or under clothing. While you *walk* or *sit*, you can be raising your chestline *up* and *out*, enlarging muscles that determine your bust measurement, improving your posture and the rest of your figure. Comes complete with Franziska's bust beauty manual *"Your Bosom Friend."* Send check or m.o. for **$3.98.** If you do not see definite results in 10 days, YOUR MONEY BACK WITHOUT QUESTION.

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View of one of the lawns surrounding the lovely $200,000.00 home of Spurgeon Pickering, owner of Mondo Grass and Nursery Company, on the beautiful beach of the Gulf of Mexico; the entire seven lawns, sidewalk shoulders and neutral grounds are planted solidly in Mondo "Grass", truly one of the most attractive show places of the South.

NOW IS GOOD TIME TO PLANT

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MONDO "GRASS"

Trade Mark Registration applied for U.S. Patent Office

REQUIRES NO MOWING—MAKES WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL LAWN

Our Blue-Green Mondo "Grass" is described by the U.S. Department of Agriculture as "Ophiopogen Japonicus (formerly called Mondo Japonicus)", is native to Northern China and should withstand severe degree of freezing; drought tolerant, evergreen, commonly called Mondo "Grass".

It is a "grass" relative to the lily with paper thin blades 1/16" wide. This sod-forming EVERGREEN, low-growing oriental genus is currently used by many owners of distinctive homes in America for lawn grass. Now we can offer this exclusive Blue-Green Mondo "Grass" at popular prices.

SO HARDY IT CAN BE PLANTED ANYTIME, it is recommended for beautiful lawns where mowing is not desired. Blue-Green Mondo "Grass" retains its color the year-'round; thrives in shade or sun; extremely hardy, rarely requires watering; fantastically beautiful, drooping low to the ground in weeping style year after year. REQUIRES NO MOWING AND SHOULD NEVER BE MOWED.

Guaranteed to withstand severe freezing or money refunded. Ideal for heavy shaded areas, dry or wet. FREE folder of testimonials and many photos of Mondo "Grass" lawns sent on request.

Mondo is resistant to diseases; insects and animals will not feed on it. Stops erosion; grows compactly, crowding out other grass and weeds; multiplies rapidly, approximately 100 times (10,000%) first year. Enhances property value. So sensational we expect to revolutionize lawn-making. For good coverage first year plant 4" to 12" apart. Numerous rooted blades to sprig.

Planting and culture instructions with each order. Shipped now or when desired. Remittance with order. Shipped prepaid. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE; if not completely delighted you may return at once for refund. Open account to A-1 rated firms buying 1,000 sprigs or more, FOB, Biloxi.

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25 SPRIGS $2.98

50 Sprigs	$ 5.00
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MONDO GRASS & NURSERY CO.
Dept. RB-7, Biloxi, Miss.

Please send prepaid ..... Sprigs of Mondo "Grass", for which I enclose $.....

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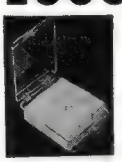
Rush name for sensational fast-selling 21-Card "Feature" Christmas Ass't. on approval and FREE Samples Personal Christmas Cards. 76 money-makers: more Christmas Ass'ts. (De-Lights, Parchment De-Luxe, Religious, etc.) Everyday Card Ass'ts. for birthdays, etc. Also Stationery, Novelty Gifts. Friends, neighbors order on sight. **Keep up to 50c of every $1 you take in.** No experience needed. Last year thousands of folks made $75 to $500 this easy way. ***Send No Money!*** Write!

WALLACE BROWN, 11 East 26th St., Dept. S-18, New York 10, N.Y.

1000 Printed Name & Address Labels $1



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Tops in the shops

Fulfill a knee-d with this indoor-outdoor knee rest. You can use it for gardening, scrubbing floors or painting chores. It is sturdy steel construction with 14"-high chrome-plated arm rests and durable foam padding. 17" wide, 10½" deep; $6.95 ppd. $7.95 west of Rockies. Herman Opt Co., 2 Beaver St., Newark 2, N. J.

Car tray is designed to fit any model or make of car. It adjusts in height and length, can be used for meals, writing, or as a play surface for children. Cadmium-baked steel with red or gray baked-on-enamel finish, it slides together to 11" x 36" x 1⅛" for storage. $9.95. Ppd. Kar-Tra Co., 822 Kansas Ave., Topeka, Kans.

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WHAT YOU MUST KNOW ABOUT YOURSELF

The more a doctor knows about you, the better treatment he can give you. Sometimes the information you provide makes it possible for him to diagnose an illness more quickly. At other times your medical history can eliminate needless worry and expense. In some situations information which only you can provide can prevent serious illness or even sudden death.

Variations from "normal"—Even when an individual is at his healthiest, his temperature, blood pressure, heart sounds or digestive and elimination patterns may differ somewhat from the "normal." Many women, for instance, customarily have a temperature lower than 98.6 degrees; some people's blood pressure is always higher than the generally accepted standard. With a healthy person these variations are simply another aspect of their individuality, such as hair color or height.

But when illness strikes, a doctor can diagnose and prescribe treatment more efficiently if he knows what's normal for you. He should know, for instance, that the slightly high blood pressure has nothing to do with the current complaint, or that a temperature of 100 degrees usually means that you're quite sick. A family doctor who has treated you over the years will, of course, be familiar with these aspects of your overall physical condition, but a new doctor will know only if you tell him.

Operations—Make sure you know the purpose of any surgery performed on you and find out exactly what was done. It is not enough to say that you had an abdominal operation. The physician will want to know, for instance, whether your appendix was removed. An X-ray series can give this information, but if you come to him complaining of acute abdominal pain, your medical history can tell him quickly, and at no extra cost to you, whether an inflamed appendix may be causing the trouble.

Childhood diseases—Contagious illnesses are often more serious in an adult than they are in a child. If your child comes down with, say, measles, the doctor will want to know whether you've ever had the disease. If so, you probably have developed a natural immunity to it and don't need to worry about contracting it again. If not, the doctor may want you to have a gamma globulin injection, either to give you temporary protection or to minimize the severity of the disease if you do catch it.

Immunizations—when were you last vaccinated? Did you complete the Salk series? Have you received tetanus toxoid, and when did you get your last "booster" shot? Some kinds of protective inoculations need to be repeated every year or two; others confer lifelong immunity. Your doctor will be able to tell you which ones need to be repeated and when.

Drug allergies—if you have ever shown any kind of allergic reaction, no matter how slight, to any drug you've taken, be sure to tell this to your physician and to any new doctor, dentist or first-aid person who might treat you. The slight rash or hives that you notice around the injection site of penicillin, for instance, will not cause trouble. But it indicates that you are among the one per cent of people whose bodies are antagonistic in some degree to this drug. Studies have shown that there are some 500 drugs to which some or many people are allergic. Among the more common ones are penicillin, some of the sulfa drugs and tetanus antitoxin (this is given after certain injuries to people who haven't previously been immunized with tetanus toxoid). A surprising number of people react unfavorably to procaine, the local anesthetic which dentists frequently use.

Your family doctor will, of course, have a record of any difficulties you've had in the past. This record, combined with his evaluation of any new illness or accident, will guide him in deciding the proper medications for you. A new physician should be provided by you with the same full information. The doctor will want to know whether you've shown a mild local rash or slight hives. The more serious symptoms are painfully evident. They vary from individual to individual, but may include any or all of the following: giant hives, high fever, swollen glands, painful and aching joints and muscles. Sometimes the reaction is severe enough to require hospitalization; convalescence can take many months. In rare cases people are so sensitive to some substance that, unless they receive prompt treatment, they may die within minutes of receiving an injection.

To protect yourself if you're unconscious following an accident, carry a card in your wallet warning of any drug allergies—if you know you react severely to some substance, it may be wise to wear this information always on a metal or plastic identification tag.

X rays—Does your doctor fluoroscope you every year when you have your annual checkup? Have you had chest X rays to spot tuberculosis or lung cancer? Does your dentist routinely X ray your teeth? Have your feet been fluoroscoped by a salesman who was fitting new shoes (this often dangerous practice is no longer common; one state, Pennsylvania, has made it illegal). Even if you've never had any special diagnostic X rays or therapy, you've probably had far more exposures than you realize.

Since there is a limit to the amount of lifetime radiation that is considered safe, your physician or dentist should be able to review your X-ray history quickly before adding to your exposure. Even your family doctor will not necessarily have a record of all the times you've been X rayed. You must take the responsibility of keeping a complete list of when you were and for what reason. A small booklet may be a handy place to keep this and other vital medical information.

• MENTAL ILLNESS

Are educated people especially prone to mental disorders? Quite the reverse, according to a study of almost 36,000 first admissions to mental hospitals in New York State. The findings, presented by Benjamin Malzberg, Ph.D., show that admission rates were highest among those who had received *no* formal education. Admission rates decreased as amount of schooling increased. The one exception to the general rule was that patients with manic-depressive psychosis tended to come from the more educated groups.

• CANCER NEWS

The American Cancer Society reports that one out of three persons is today being saved from the disease. Formerly, it was one out of four. This means that 800,000 Americans have been saved from cancer. An additional 700,000, treated within the last five years, will also live. Without any further research progress, another 75,000 lives could be saved from cancer each year by earlier diagnosis and better treatment. The American Cancer Society urges Americans to "Fight Cancer with a Checkup and a Check."

The Bel Air Convertible with Body by Fisher (at left). The Chevrolet Corvette (at right).

sweet

(just look!)

smooth

(ah, that Turboglide!)

sassy

(just drive it!)

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We are Proud to Announce

Vive La Tradition Française! In 1735, a French confectioner invented a new candy — almonds coated with a sugar mixture — called "dragées" and rushed samples to the king, Louis XV. Shortly after this Louis XV started the custom of distributing boxes of "dragées" at the baptisms of his children. Now an accepted procedure at French baptisms, pink dragées are given for girls, blue dragées for boys. These boxes come in all sizes and designs and are inscribed either with the date of baptism or the child's name.

My husband, a Frenchman, and I, an American, adopted a simple box of pink dragées to send to our friends and family in the States and inscribed it with the given name of our daughter. They were delighted to share the "sweetness" of our happy event.

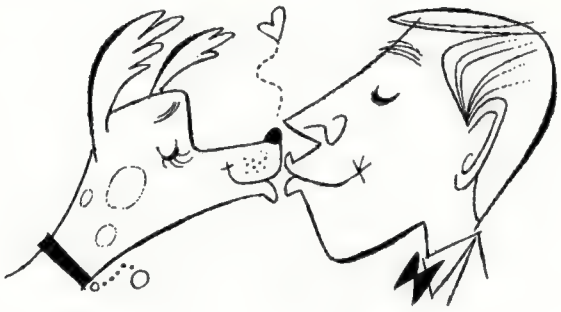
M. ET MME. GILLES ABRIOUX
Versailles, France

REDBOOK will pay $50 for each baby announcement used. Announcements must be original and must have been actually used to announce the birth of a child of the contributor. Announcements must be submitted within six months after the date of birth, and cannot be returned or acknowledged.

Entries should be sent to Department A, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. All published entries become the property of the McCall Corporation, the publishers of REDBOOK.

BY PAUL STEINER

Kissing Hazards



A **psychiatrist** recently reported that colds in the nose are often caused by an unhappy marriage. So if you've had a family spat—kiss and make up. Maybe the "cold" will disappear. But, however beneficial and enjoyable kissing may be, it frequently can get you into trouble, as the following cases will show:

A Windsor, Ontario, bandit walked into a restaurant, marched up to the pretty cashier and handed her a note reading: "Give me all your money or I'll kill you." After she complied, handing him $150, the intruder took her in his arms, kissed her roundly and whispered: "Remember me, Baby, I'm good looking."

While a San Francisco man was kissing a girl in his car, the vehicle rolled down one of the city's famous hills and bumped into another car 400 feet away.

A young Detroit woman was granted a divorce after telling the court that her husband "thought it funny to kiss the dog good-by and give me a pat every morning."

After a stranger on a train tried to kiss her and said he hoped to be seeing more of her, Colleen Asquit, of Skipton, England, replied: "You certainly will. I'm the new policewoman. You're under arrest."

An actor in Richmond, Va., tried to kiss a leading lady during rehearsal, missed and broke his nose. He then asked the State Industrial Commission to award him $176 for medical expenses. The commission ruled the accident was in line of duty and let him have the money.

While a Pittsburgh man was standing on a downtown street corner, an attractive woman ran up to him, kissed him, made off with his wallet and $160 before he knew what happened.

In Denver, a chagrined youth told police that he parked in front of his girl friend's house for the "usual goodnight kiss," then took her to her door and returned to his car to drive home. But while he was bidding his lady good night, his gas tank had been siphoned empty.

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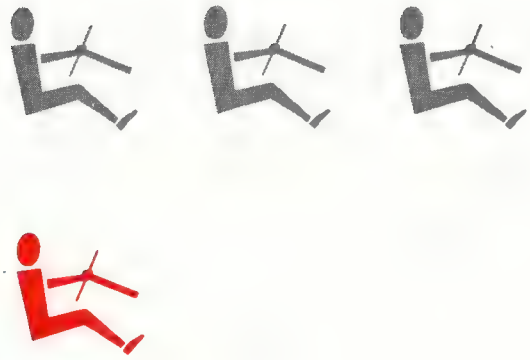


THE DRIVER WHO CAN WRECK YOUR FINANCIAL SECURITY

One out of four motorists is uninsured. If you are hit, you may have to pay all the costs yourself. Here is what must be done to protect you

BY CLARENCE WILLIAMSON

As Clara and Pete Chase were driving along the Long Island road, their world was very nearly as sweet as the June twilight. They were in their late twenties; they'd been married, with no serious squabbles, for three years. Pete, a carpenter, had been getting steady work since mid-January, and Clara's job as secretary to an insurance broker was pleasant. Their two-year-old Chevvy was finally paid for and they had accumulated nearly $1,000 toward the down payment on a house.

They were traveling at about 45 miles per hour—below the speed limit—and were third in a spaced line of three cars as they approached a long curve in the two-lane road. Then, so suddenly they hardly had time to see it, another car came around the curve toward them, too fast to make the turn. It hit the left rear wheel of the first car in their line, flinging it into a plowed field; sideswiped the second, overturning it; was itself spun around by the collisions and crashed into the Chases stern-first.

The impact slammed Pete's feet against the floorboards and broke his left ankle. From somewhere a long sliver of glass or metal sliced his right arm from wrist to elbow. Clara was thrown through the windshield and received a cut that started above her left ear, traveled along her scalp, down her cheek and under her chin.

Clara spent two weeks in the hospital, lost a month from work; Pete was in the hospital for a week and lost six weeks' work. Their car was a total loss. Their hospital and doctors' bills amounted to nearly $700; Pete lost $540 in income and they had to pay $1,500 for a secondhand car to replace theirs. Total damages: $2,740.

The driver who caused this was uninsured and had no money to *(Continued on page 93)*

The Twisted Key

A terror-filled suspense story which will keep you on the edge of your chair— and leave you gasping with surprise!

BY FRANCES HYLAND
ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGI

Maybe disaster doesn't always strike at the peak of happiness. Maybe it just seems that way later on looking back, but to Josie the peak had been reached the morning the television set was delivered.

Josie knew she was a muddle-head, for so many people had told her so, and always there had been fear and loneliness, but on this sunny summer day, her only worry was whether or not she should try to tip the smartly-uniformed men who had brought the set.

She should have asked Cousin Laura. Cousin Laura always knew just the right things to do. If the men were too grand to accept a tip, Laura might say, "Would you boys like a drink?" and even if it was only eleven o'clock in the morning, likely they'd say "yes" because anything Laura suggested promised excitement.

Since Josie hadn't the courage to offer either a tip or a drink, she just thanked them, saw them to the door, and it was then that it happened. About to close the door after them, she stopped when one of them said, "Hold it!"

He took her key ring from the lock on the outside of the door and handed it to her.

"These things belong on the inside, not the outside," he said and went on down the hall.

That was the instant when fear came up in Josie's throat and mouth so badly that she could taste it.

She'd forgotten again!

When she had come to New York to live with Cousin Laura in the Lexington Avenue apartment, Laura had cautioned her.

"Be sure the doors are always locked and don't open them to anyone you don't know, day or night. There's no superintendent in the building and half the time the street door is left open. There have been robberies. The bulbs on the landings burn out or people take them and sometimes a drunk wanders in and goes to sleep in a dark curve of the stairs. If this happens, don't try to pass him. Come back upstairs or, if you have been out, back away quietly and get the grocer at the 36th street market to send the delivery boy home with you."

(Continued on page 84)

Josie stared into the mirror while the man, still in shadow, started toward her.

WHAT YOU CAN'T SEE ON TV

BY WILLIAM PETERS

Is it "good taste" or sheer cowardice that keeps valuable programs off your screen? Here are the facts on television's quiet but deadening censorship—and how you can help overcome it

Last December, when station WGN-TV in Chicago suddenly canceled its television première of the motion picture, "Martin Luther," there was an immediate and nearly unanimous outcry against what was variously described as outright censorship, a craven bowing to pressure and sheer stupidity. From the heat generated both in and out of the television industry, one who had not been following its activities closely might have thought this an isolated case of suppression in an area of relative freedom.

It was not. That same month, when fighting broke out at a professional football game between the Chicago Bears and the Detroit Lions, CBS cameramen, in response to an unwritten understanding with the game's promoters, aimed their cameras away from the mob scene, onto the stands. In March, 1956, NBC abruptly canceled an installment of "Medic" which included a 90-second sequence showing the Cesarean delivery of a baby—a sequence described by the network as "unsuitable for family viewing."

In February, 1957, CBS canceled a regular five-minute program of news analysis by its chief Washington correspondent, Eric Sevareid, because the script allegedly reflected Sevareid's opinion. That same day Edward R. Murrow, another CBS newscaster, allegedly injected his opinion into a news program on the same issue—the State Department's refusal to allow American reporters into China—and was reprimanded for it. Although these two incidents involved radio broadcasts, both Murrow and Sevareid appear regularly on CBS television, and the principle involved is the same for both media.

A few weeks after these two respected reporters had run into trouble, CBS announced that it was canceling plans to present a TV play entitled, "The Commentator," which was to have dealt with the issue of whether a news commentator and a network should editorialize.

At about the same time, Father Thurston N. Davis, a Jesuit priest and editor-in-chief of the highly regarded Catholic magazine, *America,* was denied clearance for a script prepared for CBS radio's "Church of the Air." The script, later published in *America,* dealt with three areas of tension between Catholics and Protestants—birth control, censorship and parochial schools. The official CBS explanation: "The style and general approach of [the] sermon did not fit in with the program, which is inspirational and devotional in nature." This incident prompted the executive director of the National Council of Catholic Men to call on CBS to permit discussion of "important moral and religious issue of our time."

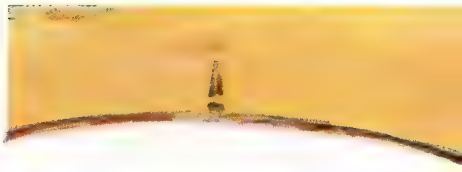
These examples of programs you have been prevented from seeing and hearing have been well publicized. But they are only examples. Every day large areas of information and entertainment are being blacked out for America's TV viewers. The causes of the blackout range from the timidity of network executives and advertising agencies to the economic interests of sports promoters, from the stubbornness of politicians to sponsors who quake at the outcries of small but vocal pressure groups. Whatever the causes, however, the net effect is that the American people are being deprived of programs which could afford them great value and pleasure.

What can you do about it? A great deal. It is important to remember that the executives who run the nation's TV stations are not merely private businessmen. They are licensed by and responsible to the Federal Communications Commission. They have been entrusted by the nation with an extremely valuable and influential medium of communication and are obligated, under the law, to use the public airwaves in the public interest. This is a report on how and where they are failing to live up to this obligation. When people understand that what they can and cannot see is frequently determined by small but active pressure groups, perhaps they will raise their own voices in a demand to get what they've been missing.

What is "good taste"?

A good deal of what is actually censorship or precensorship is justified by the industry on the grounds of its "family audience," "good taste" or "the public interest," and one must grant that few viewers want pornography brought into their living rooms. The difficulty is that "good taste" can be stretched to cover a lot of ground—including an aversion to controversy.

But "good taste" aside, there are other, less openly admitted, reasons for the censorship practiced by stations, networks, sponsors and their advertising agencies. Basically, they involve an attitude expressed succinctly by newspaper columnist and TV master of ceremonies Ed Sullivan in a 1950 column. "Advertising agencies, held responsible by sponsors for correct exercise of discretion in programming, want no controversy of any kind." Combined with an endless battle among sponsors and networks for the largest possible audiences, this attitude explains not only much that is not seen on television, but also much that is. ("Lassie" and "I Love Lucy" are often mentioned in television circles as ideals toward which other programs should aim precisely *(Continued on page 80)*



What man would believe his own ears if his bride of five months and five days awoke one morning and asked

"Who Are You?"

I was still angry when I woke up, but when I looked over at Bobbie asleep on her side on the bed, I wasn't so angry any more. She slept with one hand touching her face and her hair all fluffed out on the pillow, and she looked like one of Raphael's cherubs that had somehow developed a figure like Marilyn Monroe. The more I looked at her, the less angry I was. "Bobbie. . . ." I said.

She opened her eyes. She looked at me and blinked. She looked around the room and then back at me. I said, "Good morning, darling."

"Who are you?" Bobbie said.

"What?" I said.

"Who are you? She sat up in the bed. "Where am I?"

"Where the devil do you *think* you are?" I said—and stopped. She looked too pretty to quarrel with any more. So I said, "I'm sorry about last night, darling. I didn't mean to break that bust, and you know I didn't mean for it to hit you on the head. That was an accident. I do have a terrible temper, but I'll try to control it. I'll even quit teasing you about being theatrical."

It was a good speech, and I sat back and waited. Now it was time for Bobbie to say she was sorry she had put on such an act and that the quarrel was her fault; then I would say it was my fault and she would say, no, it was hers. Then I would kiss her to change the subject, and since it was Sunday with no need to leap out of bed and rush down to the office, it was all a very pleasant subject. Some of our best times were when we made up after quarrels.

So I waited. And Bobbie looked at me. She looked up and down the length of the bed. She looked around the room as if she had never seen it before. She looked carefully at her left hand. She said, "Are we married?"

It was just this sort of thing *(Continued on page 70)*

BY WYATT BLASSINGAME
ILLUSTRATED BY BOB LEVERING

Chuck Kelly came back from war a national hero (above). *In the years that followed, he battled for his wife, Betty, and children through desperate illness, repeated unemployment and a run of bad luck that almost destroyed him.*

A Man's Fight for His Family

"Commando" Kelly had earned the Medal of Honor, but when misfortune struck his home, he needed even more courage—just to live from day to day

BY ANDRÉ FONTAINE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY FRIED—PIX

The door to the office opened, and the doctor appeared with May at his side. He told her to take a seat for a few moments, then looked at Chuck Kelly and said, "Will you come in, please?" Kelly knew instantly that it was bad, but he didn't say anything as he walked in and sat down in the chair next to the desk.

The doctor's face was solemn. "I'm afraid I have very bad news for you, Mr. Kelly. Your wife has cancer; I believe she has only a few years to live."

Kelly blinked, but his voice was level, almost uninterested. "Wouldn't an operation stop it? What about X-ray treatment?"

The doctor shook his head. "You can try them, of course. An exploratory operation would show how bad it is, but I think we already know that. I doubt that X rays would help. I haven't told your wife—I think it would be better not to."

Kelly didn't say anything more. On the way down in the elevator May asked what the doctor had said. Kelly, who believes that people can take what they have to take, answered, "He says you have cancer." May didn't say anything, didn't cry or do anything at all. They walked out of the Medical Arts Building and went home to their two children and their house on Armandale Street in Pittsburgh.

Probably you have heard of Charles Kelly. A few years before that day at the doctor's, he had become one of the 15 living Americans to receive the Congressional Medal of Honor, the nation's highest decoration for courage.

"When you have to tell the kids there isn't any more to eat, you don't feel like much of a man"

Kelly was 22 at the time, a slim, tough kid who'd grown up in a back alley in Pittsburgh and learned a cocky independence from his blacksmith father, from earning his own way as soon as he finished grade school, from being able to handle himself in street fights.

He went in on the beaches at Salerno, Italy, in September, 1943, and in two days of furious fighting around Altavilla he led volunteer patrols against entrenched German machine gun positions and wiped them out and took another patrol through two miles of enemy-held territory under constant sniper, mortar and artillery fire. When his company was surrounded in a house, Kelly ranged from window to window pouring a torrent of fire into the enemy. In a few hours he burned out nearly half a dozen Browning Automatic rifles and then used, in succession, a Thompson submachine gun, Garand and Springfield rifles, carbines, a 37 mm. anti-tank gun and a bazooka. Once he repelled a German assault by picking up 60 mm. mortar shells, pulling the safety pins and hurling them like hand grenades.

Later Kelly led 44 men across the bloody Rapido River and brought eight back. Three times his outfit was in the line at Cassino—for 15, 43 and 36 days at a time, under fire so terrible that once Kelly, a sergeant, was the highest-ranking officer left alive.

Kelly's exploits won him the nickname "Commando" and constitute a record of courage that seldom —if ever—has been surpassed in U.S. history. But is the kind of brilliant courage that carries a man to the peaks in a flashing moment of war the same kind that sustains him in the slow, grinding attrition of everyday troubles that so many heads of families must endure?

In the five years after his date with the doctor, Kelly was to find out—was to have his courage tested to the utmost. For there is nothing in the world that is more important to Chuck Kelly than his wife and kids—not his job, not his war record, not even his own well-being.

At first the cancer didn't interfere with May's activities much, and Kelly stayed at home at night to look after Virginia and young Chuckie in order that May might go to the movies or play cards with her friends. But increasingly, before the movie or card game ended, the pain would hit her. After a while she gave up the nights out. About a year before she died she couldn't

walk upstairs any more; Kelly carried her. And sometimes she'd get great cravings; Kelly went out and hunted the city for strawberries or ice cream.

After she became so weak she had to stay in bed most of the time, Kelly hired a nurse to come in and bathe, massage and feed her—and give her the morphine shots that were steadily increasing in size and frequency. Finally May got so thin and was in such pain, she didn't want the children to see her; they were sent to her sister's to live. But she never cried.

At this time Kelly was working as bodyguard and chauffeur for the late Charles J. Margiotti, then attorney general of Pennsylvania. He was making a fair wage, but long sickness can devour any income. When the money ran low, the doctor taught Kelly how to give the injections. May required almost constant attention now —injections every 45 minutes—and Kelly's boss let him stay at home all the time during the last weeks.

He often slept in a chair and grabbed a sandwich when he could. The rest of the time he sat with his wife, talking to her, holding her hand, watching her die. Finally death came, in April, 1951.

Kelly had to sell the house and furniture to pay the bills. He moved to a hotel and his brother Ed, who worked in the Post Office, took the two children. Kelly's job kept him out of town a lot but he visited the kids as often as possible. Every time he left, they wanted so badly to come with him that he felt like a criminal.

The following year, Kelly was asked to help campaign for General Eisenhower's first term as a "Veteran for Ike." While in Louisville, Kentucky, he met Betty Dugzinsky.

He had met her once before during the war when he was on tour trying to boost War Bond sales and she was a star-struck kid of 14. She'd come up for his autograph, a cute, blonde youngster, and he'd whistled to make her feel good and pulled out a nickel. "Here," he'd said, "call me when you grow up."

Now he was in Louisville with the campaign troupe and she was running a photography studio there. A friend called her, said she was having the veterans over for dinner and would Betty come to help entertain them? Betty hadn't forgotten Kelly. She went home, dug out the nickel and was at the friend's house when he walked in the door.

"You owe me another nickel," she said.

"What!"

"You owe me another nickel. Telephone calls cost a dime now."

"What? Who are . . . Do I know you?"

Then Betty explained.

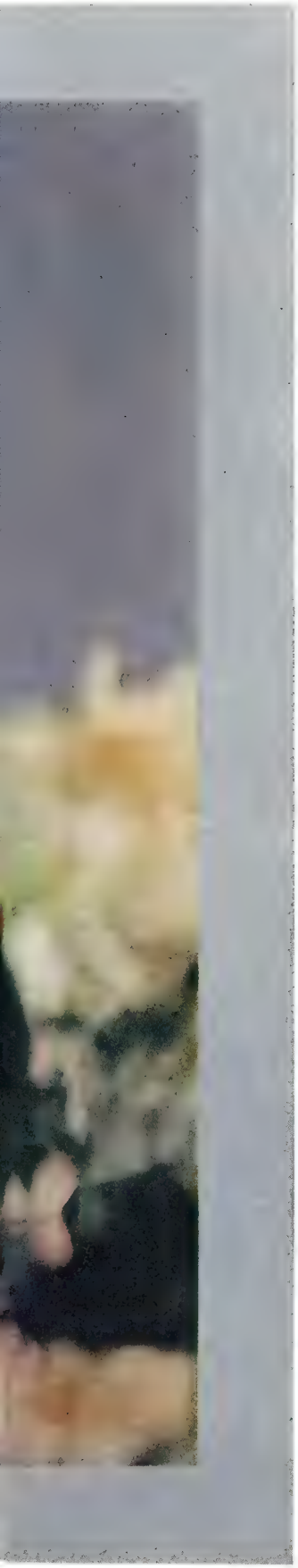
Before the evening was over, Kelly told her seriously, "I'm going to marry you." Betty didn't believe him, of course. The next night the troupe was in St. Louis; he called Betty and talked for half an hour. He called next from Detroit, then Worcester, Massachusetts, then Washington, D.C. Six weeks after they met they were married in Jeffersonville, Indiana.

But they couldn't be together right away. Kelly had to find a place to live and save money for furniture. So Betty went back to her job in Louisville and he stayed in Pittsburgh. Kelly looked for a furnished apartment big enough for three kids—his own two and Mike, Betty's son by a previous marriage. Finally he found one that was big enough, but it cost $125 a month and had a gas furnace which cost $40 a month to run during the winter and even then didn't heat the place.

To get more money, Kelly quit working for Margiotti and went back to his old trade—house-painting. He was bringing home about $100 a week, but he had to work at night to do it. Being alone frightened Betty so that after a while Kelly switched to day work, even though it meant a cut in take-home pay.

There was a strike that summer which meant no pay for two months, and Kelly was laid off three weeks before Christmas when the *(Continued on page 78)*

"Commando" Kelly is a gentle, understanding father who believes a man should help with the children. He loves being with his family, whether to fix a kite for Mike, 6, and Bennie, 2, (above) ***or to sit around the supper table with*** (clockwise) ***baby Jerrie, 7 months; his wife, Betty; Virginia, 10; Mike, 6; Lee, 4, and Chuck, Jr., 9.***



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JACQUES LOWE

Our Baby Was Born Too Soon

There was one chance in ten that our child could live—and doctors could do little to help. Each day a new battle for life had to be fought

BY BARBARA ALDEN as told to VIVIAN CADDEN

I knew I was pregnant right away. Not that I could feel it my bones. It's my digestive tract—or whatever sends up those waves of nausea. It was the same with the twins, David and Christopher, six years ago. And with Jeffrey, two years ago. But Jerry and I were so excited about the thought of a new baby—it had to be a girl this time—that I couldn't worry about the miserable mornings.

In about three weeks an obstetrician confirmed my hunch. After that I had routine monthly checkups. The morning sickness calmed down and everything was, the doctor told me, "proceeding normally." The baby was due on April 8, 1956.

The trouble started December 29th. I woke up in the middle of the night and found my bed wet. There was no pain, and the thought that I might be having a miscarriage didn't cross my mind. During pregnancy bladder control isn't always perfect; I assumed that this was what had happened.

In the morning there were no trouble signs. I got out of bed and went into the kitchen. Mother was staying with us for the Christmas holidays, and she was putting up the coffee.

"Guess what happened?" I said gaily and started to tell her.

The coffee pot clattered as Mother turned around.

"Barbara, get back into bed. Your water must have broken."

I stood there for a moment. Then I walked over to the phone and dialed the doctor.

There was no doubt in *his* mind as to what had happened. Even though he told me that labor would almost certainly start soon, I begged him to let me stay at home until it did. Reluctantly he agreed, ordered me to stay in bed and prescribed an antibiotic against possible infection.

I hung up the telephone and walked into the bedroom. Now there was nothing but fear; I was going to lose the baby. I went back to bed, and Jerry came and sat beside me. He didn't try to comfort me. There was no comfort. This baby that I could feel inside me was going to be born dead.

I stayed in bed for two days, just waiting. When you are ready to have your baby, every nerve in you seems to be listening for the first pain. Every rumble in your stomach is magnified; each stirring of the baby alerts you hopefully.

At four months our child was still smaller than most babies are at birth.

I had to think of the baby as "it"—as anything but the daughter we wanted so badly

Now I waited the same way, but with dread instead of hope.

On New Year's Eve, Jerry carried me into the living room and put me on the couch, so we could "celebrate" together. David and Christopher, in their pajamas, came in to say good night and "Happy New Year."

"Do you think we'll have the baby, Mummy?" David asked. They had both asked it several times in the last two days. I said, "No, I don't think so."

The pain started about ten o'clock. Not like labor pains that come and go with a rhythm. Just a gnawing pain in my stomach that got steadily worse. I didn't mention it at first. Then Jerry saw it.

"Lets go right now," he pleaded.

I was still holding on to some thin thread. It wasn't labor. It was just pain. It would pass. But I knew it wouldn't.

"Not yet," I said. "We can't call the doctor now. We just can't. Let him have New Year's with his family. I can wait until midnight." It was two minutes after the New Year when Jerry called and we started for the hospital.

Labor rooms always seem to be off the busiest corridor in the hospital. I could hear people buzzing up and down as a nurse got me ready. There was a party going on in one of the rooms and the staff was going to it in shifts. Then I heard someone greeting my doctor in the hall with, "What are you doing here tonight?" And my doctor replying, "I've got a tough one. A miscarriage." Some nurse called out, "Oh, doctor, come down and see how we've decorated the room when you get a chance."

Then he was there explaining very carefully to me that he couldn't give me any medication for the pain—that would write off the remote chance that the baby might survive the birth. I remember how careful he was with his words. He didn't want to give me any false hope.

I could stand the pain. I was never on the verge of begging for relief. What I couldn't stand was knowing whether it was a boy or a girl. I had to think of it as an "it," as a premature baby of no particular sex, as anything but the daughter that Jerry and I wanted so badly.

Several times I said, "It's still kicking," and he replied calmly, "Yes, it's still alive." But I knew that he did not mean this as encouragement, but as a simple statement of fact. I don't think that at any time I had any real hope.

The labor lasted about five hours. Then the baby came. Not silent, or crying weakly, but bellowing lustily. It was a cry for which I was totally unprepared. It rang through the delivery room. But there was no word of encouragement from the doctor or the nurses, no happy announcement. Just that cry and then a silence.

And then a nurse gasped, "Do you think she'll live?" and I knew what I had so desperately wanted not to know. It was a girl.

Later, in my hospital room, I was visited by a doctor I had never seen before. He said he was a pediatrician and that my obstetrician had called him in to look at the baby. He had just seen it. It weighed a pound and ten ounces.

I raised myself on my elbows to look at him and search his face for an answer.

On the surface, he said, it looked no worse than many babies of this size and degree of prematurity.

"But when we see such an infant immediately after birth, there is no way of evaluating its particular chance of survival. We cannot say, 'This baby will live' or 'That baby will die.' What we do know are the statistics. Under two pounds the chances for survival drop sharply."

"This baby has no better than a ten per cent chance to live," he said. "And I have to tell you that there is little help we can give right now. Survival depends, not so much on what we do, as on the baby's basic vitality. We cannot feed it or give it drugs to make it gain weight. We can only provide the best environment for survival in the light of our present knowledge."

"If the baby can pull through the first 48 hours," he said, "its chances of survival will begin, very slowly, to rise. But even after a week or two it will still be touch and go."

And then, because he thought I might snatch at this straw he told me gently that I might not want to hope that this baby would live.

The causes of prematurity, he said, are still not well established, but doctors assume that they fall into two categories: those connected with some failure of the mother's reproductive mechanism and those connected with some defect in the constitution of the fetus. If the cause of this baby's premature birth was related to a serious defect in the fetus, he said, I might not want to hope that it would live. Most of these babies, he added, are too handicapped to survive.

He spoke to me as though I were a class of medical students. It sounded cold. But I think it was the kindest way. There was nothing he could say to ease my bitterest grief—that it was a girl we were losing. But somehow he made me feel better.

What he said helped Jerry, too. He had been struggling with himself about how to tell the twins what had happened.

David and Christopher were six years old. They knew how babies grew. We wanted to be honest with them. Yet we wanted to spare them as much as we could.

Before I went to the hospital, we had told them that there would probably be no baby. A baby needed nine months to grow and this one was not ready to live. But now there was a baby, and it was alive.

"Is it a boy or a girl?" Christopher asked.

"It's a girl," Jerry said.

"What are we going to call her?" David wanted to know.

"I don't know," Jerry said. "We haven't given her a name because we don't know if she will live."

The twins took it very well. They had been excited at the idea of a new baby, but they didn't share our unqualified enthusiasm. They were having enough trouble with Jeffrey, who, as far as they were concerned, was precisely at the nuisance age. They announced all over school that they had a baby sister who was born too soon and would probably die. Jerry said he thought they enjoyed the interest that this news generated in the first grade as much as they would have enjoyed telling happier but less spectacular news.

On the second day the baby was still alive. I had not seen her. I didn't want to. But that day it was decided to move her to a hospital which had a special premature unit. Then, in spite of all my resolutions, in spite of the doctor's warnings, I could not keep myself from feeling, "They are taking *my* baby away, and I may never see her." I struggled with myself, saying what was *(Continued on page 98)*

Temperature, humidity and oxygen concentration can be controlled in the incubator. It's the safest place for most babies whose birth weight is less than five pounds.

George crouched beneath the shower of blows,
then coldly, with method, ripped his hands
into the stomach of the champion.

Father-and-Son Night

He had fought them all—for money and glory. Now he fought to restore a small boy's pride

BY WILLIAM FAY
ILLUSTRATED BY KEN RILEY

George Hogan, a family man, drove out of New York in the morning for a visit to Camp Stalking Deer, a summer retreat for sons of solvent parents. It had been a three-hour journey, and when the sun was high enough, it made the calm lake gleam like polished dimes in the green cup of the hills. George Hogan was pleased with the world the Lord had made, with his wife, who loved him, and with the children they had reared.

"How many kids you got now, Georgie?" the man beside him asked.

"There'll be four when the new one arrives," George said. "You think we're doing all right, Herb?"

"You can bet your busted nose you're doing all right."

George looked at the other man, but he said nothing. Herb Shreiber was a boxing writer whom George had known through all the years of his own career in the fight game. Herb was a short, plump man, as smooth all around as a hothouse tomato, with hands like a doll, George found it strange that Herb should have an avid appetite for bloody contests between other, stronger men. He was en route to a prize-fighter's training camp a few miles beyond.

"It's funny—I mean your sending the kid to a camp so close to Bootsy's joint," the sports writer said.

"That's how I got to know about the camp, Herb—training at Bootsy's a few years ago."

"You going to stop for the kid first, George?"

"No, Herb. I'll drop you off at Bootsy's first and then drive back."

"You don't want to see Bootsy and Eddie Seaboard—even for old times?"

"I wouldn't mind seeing Bootsy, Herb. He never managed me, but we were friends from the time I was a preliminary boy until I quit the game three years ago. As for Eddie Seaboard—well, I don't think it would be wise to visit with Eddie—not with my son along."

"Seaboard doesn't love you, does he, George?"

"What do you think?"

"I think he'd cut your heart out with a wooden spoon. He says you retired for only one reason; you didn't want to fight him."

"He says a lot of things," *(Continued on page 74)*

THE TRAGEDY OF

An outspoken critic of American life argues that our attitudes have made beauty an obstacle, not an aid, to a woman's real fulfillment

BY PHILIP WYLIE
PHOTO BY BEN SOMOROFF

A lovely model ends her fifth marriage in anger and lawsuits. The husband of an internationally famous beauty, enraged by another man's attentions to his wife, shoots the rival. A married movie queen journeys around the globe, changing her male "traveling companion" regularly and flaunting him before the world.

These one-sentence case histories underline a paradox in our society. One quality unites the women involved—their beauty. And this very beauty, so highly prized, so strenuously sought after, is keeping many women from achieving the satisfaction in life that comes readily to millions of relatively plain wives and mothers.

It is time that we Americans—especially our younger men and women—began to question the exorbitant value we have put on a fair face and figure. For there is mounting evidence that our attitude toward beauty is hurting not only the women who possess it, but the men who pursue these women—and, most severely perhaps, the men who marry them.

But aren't women *supposed* to attract men? And is there anything that will attract more men in less time than dazzling good looks? Doesn't an especially attractive girl have five (or 50 or 1,000) times as good a chance to select a husband as a plain one? How can languorous eyes and curly hair and an up-tilted nose possibly be regarded as anything less than fortune's favor?

But modern students of beauty-in-trouble have found many reasons to regard beauty as a barrier to personal fulfillment. The causes of this unhappy situation have their roots in the attitudes of Western civilization and, in particular, in our American attitudes. For we have not just admired, or even revered loveliness. We have exploited it. We have turned it into an object, a thing, into a woman's most useful gadget. We have brought up our sons and daughters to accept the inhuman notion that beauty is something a girl can sell. Moreover, it is something that sells a girl. If she has it, she earns more money with less work; her charms quickly catch the eye of the man of her choice.

Where does this overvaluation of physical attractiveness lead? The fate of the woman who "has everything"—looks, money, prestige, homage—is often too sordid for even the most shameless scandal magazine to print.

The actress I thought fairest of them all in my adolescence died in poverty after years as a narcotics addict. She began to take dope to bear the strain of picture-making, crowds and the attentions of every man who met her.

In an elegant bordello near Beverly Hills, long since closed by the police, at least three motion picture stars, then at the peak of their careers, *(Continued on page 71)*

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Where There's Smoke

BY MILLIE McWHIRTER
ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER SKOR

Fearfully she watched her husband's old flame. But when jealousy exploded into revenge, she fought fire with fire

I used to think jealousy was something that went with green eyes, that fed on suspicion. So naturally it bore no resemblance to me. My eyes are hazel, the kind that'll go with anything if it isn't going very far. And I feed on the advertised specials at the Supermarket. But then there came a night when Jim's old flame blazed upon the scene, wearing a chiffon dress and a come-hither look, and my eyes began to go green. And I worried about it.

I began worrying even before I met the girl who was the old flame. I began on the night I first heard about her.

That was the night of the party I attended in Fairvale, Jim's home town. We'd been married only a month, and this was my first introduction to Jim's circle of friends. The Fairvale circle, I discovered, was drawn around well dressed women and tanned men, whereas in my home town the boundaries are largely a sign at one end that says WELCOME TO ADAIR, and a sign a few miles down the road that says, THANK YOU, COME AGAIN. But now I'd come to Fairvale with Jim, and this party at the home of Kay and Steve Porter was being given for me. So I wanted desperately to be bright and gay and give something to the party, too. But before the evening was over, I began to feel as if my one contribution to the party was to eat the hors d'oeuvres before they got cold.

In the beginning, Jim and I stood in the entry hall with Kay and Steve, greeting each of the guests. I said, "How do you do?" to the people, who asked the same thing of me. I smiled when the men grinned at me, slapped Jim on the back and said, "How'd you do it, ole boy?"

Then, the crowd having assembled, we moved into the Porters' living room.

Steve Porter and Jim are architects, who work for the same firm. But there the sameness ends. Steve and his wife are sophisticated people who give the appearance of having been designed to go with their modern house, their blond furniture, their curved sofas. Jim is a tall, lanky man who was made for an upholstered chair with a footstool. And I was made for sitting on that footstool by him.

But that night of the party, I was seated on a hassock by the stone fire-

place. I was eating the French fried shrimp, and smiling at Jim's friends, and making what I hoped would pass as gay conversation. Then, suddenly, the conversation passed me.

Steve Porter had finished offering the cigarettes around. Now he leaned against the stone mantel and, when there was a quiet moment, he said, "Hey, now, I've got news! Heard about Janice Hale?"

For a moment, there was no sound except for the wood crackling on the hearth.

"The gal's coming back to Fairvale," he said. "They say she's tired of California."

A kind of excitement swept into the room, as if Janice Hale possessed a blithe spirit that could be conjured up by the mere mention of her name. The men, the women looked up, laughed, whooped their approval.

Steve slapped his thigh. "Life'll really pick up now!" he said, as if, until now, life had just been sitting around doing nothing.

Steve bent down to get a match, and I leaned closer to him. "Who's Janice Hale?" I said.

He straightened. "Quite a gal," he said. And he looked across at Jim. "Quite a gal, huh, Jim?"

It was then that Kay Porter picked up the hors d'oeuvres tray and walked over to Steve. Steve was laughing, his head thrown back. Kay picked up a shrimp, popped it into his mouth.

"Hey, lay off!" he shouted. "That's hot!"

"Yes," Kay said, and her voice had the subtle force of a kick under the table. "It is."

Kay turned, glanced at me, and I had a strange, uncomfortable feeling that she was trying to cover over this talk of Janice Hale, as if it were something that shouldn't be left lying around. *But why?* I wondered. Then I looked at Jim.

He was sitting gazing at the smoke from his cigarette. A lock of dark hair fell over his forehead like an eyeshade, giving him the appearance of a man never quite able to leave his work behind him. He'd had a long day over his drawing board, and I wondered now whether he'd not even heard the conversation, whether he was still thinking of some new designs. But could that cause the look of tightness around his mouth, that kind of wistful, small-boy expression in his eyes? It was the same expression I'd seen the first day I met Jim, but then not again until tonight.

I held out my hands to the fire, trying to warm them. And the talk about Janice Hale continued.

". . . Will you ever forget the night at the Club," Steve said, "when Janice and Jim won the case of champagne?"

They would never forget it. Not if they lived to be a hundred, a million.

". . . Remember last New Year's Eve when Janice and Jim . . ." Janice and Jim, they said. The two names linked together in this gay chain of memories.

It was natural, I told myself, that old friends should reminisce about the gay times they'd had together. So I tried to smile back at Steve, tried even to feel sorry for that woman who'd lost Jim to me. But as the talk continued to turn to Janice Hale, jealousy turned on me. I became frightened of that gay woman, that beautiful woman. Now I wondered whether Jim's friends were comparing me with her. I wondered whether they were thinking (maybe even *he* was thinking) not *How'd you do it, ole boy?* but *Why?* Why, when a man could've had a girl like that, would he choose a girl like Betty? Not unattractive, no. But just a girl with hazel eyes and freckles on her nose . . .

And then I went back to thinking of that first day I met Jim. That day in Denver.

I'd gone there to work as secretary for the firm of architects that was planning the new housing project. I'd typed the correspondence to Jim Grantland, asking him to come as consultant. And from the conversation in the office, I'd learned something about him, too. He'd distinguished himself by his fervor for ripping out the old tenement section of Fairvale and designing the new developments to let in the air and the sunshine. One of the architectural journals had had a write-up about the man who'd "paved his own road to success." He'd sold newspapers, worked his way through the University, served in the Army and returned to his home town of Fairvale where he was the youngest man ever accepted into the well established firm of Rogers and Mann. There was no picture of him, and yet I recognized his lean face, his serious eyes, the moment he walked into the office that day.

He carried a brief case tucked under his arm, papers were sticking out of his overcoat pocket and his hat clung to the back of his head, as if it never quite managed to catch up with its owner.

"You're early, Mr. Grantland," I said, even before he introduced himself. "They're all out to lunch."

He grinned, as if my recognizing him was some sort of joke we shared. He studied my face, as if he were searching for something. And then he smiled.

"All right if I wait here?"

I nodded. "All right."

I watched him as he sat down, took his brief case onto his lap and began leafing through his papers. There was a kind of pride in his eyes, a gentleness in the way he held his papers, as if they were something dear to him. And I thought, *Here is a man who must have known the lack of wide windows and fresh air and clean playgrounds.* Here is a man who still has the look of hunger around his mouth.

I'd brought my lunch that day. Meat-loaf sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs. "Here," I said, spreading them out on a paper napkin. "Have one of my sandwiches."

He looked up at me, and the lines were deep around his eyes. Then a smile relaxed his mouth; a sparkle began in his eyes. His expression was one of unexpected pleasure, as if he were surprised that anyone would give him anything.

He went over to the Coke machine, brought back two Cokes. "Have one," he said. And I did.

It seemed so natural, so right, that we should share this lunch together, that, in the weeks to follow, we should share picnics and hikes in the mountains. And six months later, when Jim's work in Denver was completed, we were married. We drove back to Fairvale and Jim's bachelor apartment.

Jim was still paying on the debts incurred when he was studying, and we couldn't afford to live in the fashion to which Kay and Steve Porter were accustomed. But we had the upholstered chair, the footstool, and it had been enough. At least, it had seemed enough until now.

But now, as I sat in the Porters' living room, hearing Steve's laughter, watching Jim's wistful expression, I had the feeling that I was witnessing something being acted out in pantomime, like a game of charades with the meaning still hidden from me.

And I began to wonder whether Jim wouldn't really be better off with a girl like Janice, who could do so much for him. *But I'll do everything I can for him now,* I thought.

And so, whenever I saw Jim watching me, I'd smile at him as if to say, *Don't worry about me, darling. I don't mind. I'm not going to be a jealous wife who pouts and ruins an evening.*

I said it aloud to him that night after we were back in our apartment.

"Your friends were nice to have a party for me, Jim," I said. "I-I guess the *(Continued on page 90)*

Weekend, Anyone?

Want to get away this summer? An expert invitation-wangler shares his (almost) sure-fire techniques

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNY HAMPSON

It's always nice to spend a weekend with friends in the country, particularly if you live in a crowded city. But it's pleasant even for country dwellers. You get a change of food and scenery, and you're awakened on Sunday at the crack of dawn by other people's children instead of your own.

You may get an invitation without any effort on your part, but sometimes a little spadework is needed. At work, for instance, you may have a friend who lives in charming, rustic Cedarville.

As the weekend approaches, you make your pitch. "Hi, Jim," you remark, "how's everything out in Cedarville?"

"Can't complain," he says.

You sigh and say, "I sure envy you living out in the country. I'll bet you have great fun on weekends."

"Yep," he says. "We play tennis and golf. Go to the beach. Loll in the hammock and look at the garden when we feel like it."

Here, with great sincerity, you say, "You lucky couple!" Then add, "This weekend I guess it will be just like all the others for Beth and me. Steaming hot sidewalks and air full of carbon monoxide. For relief we'll probably have to go to an air-conditioned theater and see some third-rate movie."

Your plight should, of course, move him to suggest: "Why don't you come out to Cedarville and bring the kids? We've plenty of room."

But homeowners are tricky; he may reply: "I sure feel sorry for you."

This establishes him as a sympathetic character—within limits—but it also establishes the fact that your pitch failed.

Well, there are other approaches. This one can be used by anyone—city or country dweller, man or woman. You run into your friend, Sue, and you're in possession of some facts about their summer cottage up on the coast.

"Sue!" you explain. "I was hearing that wonderful news about Harry! Aren't you the lucky girl to be married to a man like that!"

"Lucky?"

"Of course. I mean his adding a brand new guest room onto your house—and doing it all by himself."

"Oh—that," she replies. "Yes."

"It must be wonderful to have a guest room," you say. "Never know when it will come in handy."

"Very handy," she may agree. "Right now the room is filled to the ceiling with packing cases and furniture. Harry's brother is building a house, and we promised them they could store their things here until it's finished."

This is discouraging. But it doesn't prove that a weekend invitation is impossible to get. There are other ways.

You could, for instance, try a more aggressive pitch. You run into a couple you'd love to visit. First steer the conversation onto the general subject of weekends and then ask:

"Did I tell you about the weekend we spent with George and Sally Turner last summer?"

They shake their heads, and you're off. "It was terrific!" you proclaim (you, this time, being the masculine member of the family). "We bought them a carton of their favorite cigarettes, two bottles of Old Heathermist, a five-pound box of candy, a dozen tennis balls and a whole slew of toys for the kids."

Pausing briefly for a nod of approval, you then continue, "I mowed their lawn and weeded the entire vegetable garden, and Peggy cooked Sunday dinner for them."

Your good wife, Peggy, lowers her eyes becomingly and murmurs, "George and Sally are *such* an appreciative couple. They said we were the most ideal weekend guests they'd ever had."

This is sure-fire. You're bound to get an invitation. Of course, it commits you to quite a lot of expense and toil, but the main thing is it's sure-fire. Well, *practically* sure-fire. Every rule has its exception.

What might happen—mind you, I say *might*— is that one of them replies, "We've had guests like that—the Andersons. What a wonderful couple they are!"

"Must be the salt of the earth," you agree.

"Yes," says Jim—or Jean, "in fact we're so fond of them that we're having them out every weekend all summer."

But, of course, I'm giving the exceptions. One of these approaches should certainly work. And if they don't, well, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you've given it a good try. That's what counts in life, you know.

Besides, some of those air-conditioned movie theaters are mighty comfortable. . . . THE END

Johnny Woods broke the bread stick in two and handed half to Marny. **"Saludos!"** *he said.*

VIEWING THE MOON

BY REBECCA SHALLIT
ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

The headwaiter bowed as though they were old customers and ushered them to a table for two with a view of the lake. Marny pulled off her gloves one finger at a time and glanced around. The hillbilly guitarist was roving the room, singing softly of Barbara Allen. Candle flames glimmered at the tables. And in the lake among the water lilies the white swans fed, their feathers reflecting pink light from the setting sun. It was all exactly the way the older girls had described it.

"Old Man Almanac promises a moon tonight. After all, when you come to Tony's you don't want to miss the moonlight. Right?" Johnny Woods said, with the air of one who has been here before. He watched the white swans feeding.

"Pretty good view of the lake from here, huh?"

★ A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE

"Terrif," Marny said. She folded her hands in her lap and stared with self-conscious rapture at the view.

The waiter brought them bread sticks in a woven basket. Johnny Woods broke the top bread stick in two and handed half to Marny.

"*Saludos*!" Johnny Woods said. Solemnly they crossed bread sticks.

This is the way it begins, Marny thought. Coming to Tony's with a boy. Crossing bread sticks together. For luck. And later, maybe, holding hands across the table while the sunset dissolved into moonlight . . .

Viewing The Moon, the older girls called it. Not that there actually had to be a moon in the sky the night you came to Tony's with a boy you—liked. It was just a phrase, the older girls said. But once you had Viewed The Moon, they said, you knew simply and suddenly what it was all about. And until that had happened, you were strictly an infant and still belonged with the hopscotch and jumping-rope crowd.

Marny took a deep breath to calm herself. Sometimes, when she got too excited, she couldn't eat. And the older girls raved about the food at Tony's.

Johnny Woods consulted the menu. Briefly. Either you'd been to Tony's before and knew what the older crowd always ordered. Or you hadn't. "You—you want the lobster dinner, Marny?"

"My mouth drools at the very thought," Marny said. She hoped the older girls were right when they said a lobster wasn't as hard to crack as it looked. But when she peeked at the price of the dinner, she almost fainted. She faltered and glanced at Johnny Woods. He looked a bit pale, too. But he had already summoned the waiter.

"Two lobster dinners," Johnny Woods said.

"You want two lobster dinners? Complete?" the waiter said. He leaned a confidential elbow on the table. "Listen, sonny. Why don't you kids split an order between you? I bring antipasto, ravioli, soup, two vegs, the lobster, all the et-ceteras, you order another dessert and coffee and you're all set. Only difference, it costs less. Get it?" Marny wanted to die. The waiter was treating Johnny Woods like a—kid. Too young to bring a girl to Tony's. But Johnny merely smiled.

"Pops, when I bring a girl to Tony's, I'm prepared to pay the tab. Get it?" Johnny Woods said. "The order stands."

"Okay." The waiter shrugged. "What you want for the first course?"

Blindfolded Marny could have ordered. The onion soup, natch. The lobster, absolutely. And Tony's famous lime chiffon pie for dessert. The waiter wrote it all down and departed. The sun disappeared behind the lake and the antipasto came to the table. The ravioli followed. Moonlight shone silver upon the lake and the onion soup appeared. Marny sipped carefully. She guessed you had to get used to onion soup. Then the lobster arrived. Broiled and brilliant, split down the middle, the biggest lobster Marny had ever seen—except for the one staring up from Johnny Woods' plate.

"You have to admit they don't stint on the food here," Johnny said.

"They—they certainly don't," Marny said. After that, they hewed the rest of the way in silence. The waiter cleared away and brought the lime chiffon pie and coffee, and the hillbilly guitarist strolled over to their table and sang of Lord Lovel and Lady Nancy Bell.

Johnny Woods and Marny held hands across the table. Because that was one of the things you came to Tony's for. And whatever song the troubadour sang that night, you and the boy who had brought you always called that "our song" forever afterward. Marny sighed. Her head was beginning to ache. She had crossed bread sticks with a boy and held hands by moonlight and they had a song to remember. But whatever it was you were supposed to know, suddenly and simply, at such a moment Marny guessed she'd never find out.

She looked at her lime chiffon pie rising like pale green foam out of its pastry shell, and turned pale green herself. An older girl she knew passed by their table. She took one look at Marny's face and stopped.

"Come along and let's powder our noses," the older girl said. She led Marny to the powder room. "Butterflies roaming around inside? Wash your face in cold water and put on fresh lipstick and you'll be all right." She waited while Marny obeyed. "Better now?"

Marny nodded. "I guess maybe a whole lobster was too much for me."

"You mean nobody tipped you off about *splitting* an order when you come to Tony's?" the older girl said. "Oh, well, cheer up. There has to be a first time for everything. But what were you two infants doing here?"

"Viewing The Moon. I guess," Marny said dully.

"Oh, Marny baby!" the older girl said. "Don't you know you can't just *decide* to View The Moon? It's something that just—happens. When you're ready for it. And when it does, you don't have to guess. You know."

"Oh," Marny said.

When she came back to their table, Johnny Woods was sitting with his chin slumped in his hands. So she knew some older boy had wised him up. She wished she could think of some way to comfort him. Because she did—like Johnny Woods. A lot.

"Johnny?" she said softly. "I—I think it was *terrif* of you to order a whole lobster dinner for me, just because it was my first time here. But I'm petrified at what it must have cost!"

"What's a lousy couple of bucks?" Johnny Woods said. But he looked up. She saw that his eyes were overbright. "Listen, Marny, don't you know I'd—I'd personally fish up every lobster from the bay for you? If that was what you wanted?"

"Would you, Johnny?" she whispered.

"Yeah, I sure would, Marny," Johnny Woods said.

They looked at each other. Marny had never known that moonlight could be so beautiful. And all the love songs of the world were in the ballad the troubadour was singing.

"So, next time I bring you to Tony's, I'll know enough to split an order between us," Johnny Woods said, grinning. "Now how about eating some of that nice expensive pie?"

Marny ate her pie. It tasted divine. And when she looked at Johnny Woods, her veins sang with the knowledge of what it was all about. But for some crazy reason her throat suddenly felt tight with nostalgia for that younger Marny who had come here tonight. Because she knew something else now, too, that the older girls hadn't mentioned. Even if you wanted to, Marny knew now, you could never go back to the hopscotch and jumping-rope set—once you had Viewed The Moon. . . . THE END

ON THESE TWO PAGES ★

Artist Arthur Stewart understands from personal experience the emotional release that creative work provides for the tense, withdrawn inmates of mental hospitals.

BY JEAN STEWART
WITH ARTHUR GORDON

The Most Rewarding Night of Our Week

Two young people find they can brighten their own lives by lighting up the lonely world of the mentally ill

That first night the hospital looked unbelievably huge and menacing. We sat in our old car, my husband and I, trying to nerve ourselves to go in. But the longer we sat, the more reluctant we felt. An almost superstitious fear of mental illness seems to be ingrained in all of us—fear that, even if every reasonable precaution is taken in dealing with mental patients, something unforeseen may happen, something shocking. This was the fear we were experiencing now.

Our brave plan of conducting an art class for emotionally disturbed people had originally been my husband's, and I was counting on him to lead the way. But now. . . . "Maybe they won't have anything to do with us," he said gloomily. "Maybe we're just wasting their time—and ours."

His forebodings were mild compared to mine. "What if they . . ." I stopped, unwilling to complete the sentence. I knew perfectly well that the hospital authorities, who had welcomed our idea, would not let us come into contact with patients who were violent or so seriously disturbed as to be dangerous. But I was frightened all the same.

I really think we might have run away that night, might have given in to our fears and telephoned some excuse or other, if it hadn't been for one small selfish thing. We had hired a baby sitter for the evening. We had driven perhaps a dozen miles to reach the hospital, using 15 or 20 cents' worth of gasoline. Not large items in some family budgets, but significant in ours.

Finally, Arthur and I climbed out of the car. Carrying our easels and crayons and drawing paper, we forced ourselves to approach the entrance. Like two children sent to the principal's office, we stood there, waiting for the door to open. Finally it did open, and we stepped, un- *(Continued on page 88)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY IKE VERN

Jean and Arthur Stewart carried palettes, easels and drawing paper into Indiana's Beatty Memorial Hospital with misgivings that first Tuesday evening. But the deep gratitude on the faces of their "pupils" brought them back again and again.

Only a few hundred people have ever seen the ageless snow of Hay Pass at the Continental Divide. But you can—at $6 a day.

BEYOND ROAD'S END

You'll leave the busy world behind on guided pack trips into America's wilderness areas

BY GEORGE S. WELLS
PHOTOS BY JOE MUNROE

The clip-clop of hoofs was muffled by the soft dirt as our pack train crawled like a tiny worm up among the soaring crags of the Wind River Range. Suddenly a deer took off in an explosion of motion among the lodgepole pines.

"Third today," called Iris, my wife, turning back in her saddle from the sun-dappled trail ahead. "Traffic's heavy."

Heavy indeed—with tracks of elk and bear as well as deer marking our trail. But, except for our own, there were no horseshoe prints on the route we followed into the virgin solitudes of the Bridger Wilderness Area of Wyoming. In all our days to follow there, we were to meet only four other human beings, members of a Forest Service trail-maintenance crew.

In this, the 283,000-acre Bridger is typical of 79 wilderness areas in 11 states. Each is carefully preserved in its original, primitive condition—unmarred by man's "improvements." With mechanized transportation prohibited, not more that a few score people a year work along the Bridger's forested trails to high meadows and unfished lakes reflecting the peaks of the Continental Divide.

We had started out that morning from the little town of Pinedale, Wyo., on a new kind of holiday that is fast growing in popularity—a "packaged vacation" beyond the boundaries of civilization. Increasingly, outfitters are offering lower group rates to entice the city-softened into comfortable guided adventure beyond road's end.

We had climbed into our saddles at 8 o'clock—Iris and I, a Chicago dentist and his wife with two small children, plus Chuck, the outfitter, leading a string of pack horses with all the equipment, and his wife, Marie, who'd cook and attend to minor camp chores.

Now the forest of the lower slopes began to thin out. Our horses gentled especially for dudes like us, followed the trail through a meadow carpeted with alpine flowers. And then . . .

"Lunch stop," Marie called.

The altitude already had sharpened our appetites, and hefty meat sandwiches disappeared in a tremendous hurry. But

Primitive areas are made to order for kids. Hay burners are the only transportation allowed—which is fine with Ann *(above)*. She and Mike actually *enjoyed* the 40-degree waters of Alpine Lakes *(below)*—and their yield. An "old hand" after getting her second trout, Ann could share a fellow's glee *(below)* at landing this flashy cutthroat. Almost every cast is taken in this unfished paradise.

There's plenty for all—and plenty's needed of a crisp morning in this high country. The dishwasher is a nearby mountain stream. Tang of wood smoke *(left)* will linger long after the horses are unsaddled *(top)* at trip's end.

the jagged skyline ahead still called. Soon, Chuck ordered, "Check your cinches." We moved up into a new world, a region of rock outcroppings, broken by meadows and an occasional small lake lined around by evergreens.

I still remember vividly the sense of "smallness" that overcame me—a feeling that returns as strongly every time I revisit this world unchanged since time began—when the soft trail fell away and we entered the amphitheater of alpine heights. In these vast solitudes, the familiar world is far behind, beyond reach; here, each man is on his own as never before perhaps in his life; here, there is nothing to lean on or hide behind. You get a new perspective on yourself, dwarfed by nature's huge majesty.

A shout from Bill, our dentist friend, broke my reverie. He came clattering up to pass me at a wide point in the trail. He was already unfastening his spinning outfit in anticipation of our rest stop at Bourn Lake.

"This lake is full of goldens," he called out. "I was up here three years ago and almost broke my arm pulling 'em out."

Marie, riding behind the pack string, turned in her saddle. "Don't forget the rule of the trail; you eat all you keep."

The youngsters came along from one of the side jaunts they'd been taking all day off the trail on their little dappled Indian ponies. They, too, wanted to fish. And they wanted to swim. Before they'd worked it out, Chuck and I had pulled in three golden trout apiece. And Bill, farther along the lakeshore, was howling with delight. "A twenty-incher for sure," he shouted. (It was only sixteen inches when we measured it.)

Quickly refreshed, we hit the trail and were soon sliding—a little stiffly—out of the leather at the base camp. Chuck had picked a site in a wooded canyon just below Summit Lake. From here, we would make shorter trips during the next few days to the myriad tracery of lakes—named and unnamed—which seem to gather in every hollow of the Wind River Range like jewels from a broken necklace.

"Just in time," Chuck announced, busily unpacking. Soon he had rigged a tarpaulin among the trees. "You can figure it'll rain just about four o'clock every afternoon," he explained.

Sure enough, leaves soon stirred in a breeze that carried more than the normal chill of 10,000 feet altitude. The first big drops came in, drifting on the wind, as Chuck finished the job. For the next ten minutes, it seemed as if the sky had burst open as we huddled together under the tarp. Then, as suddenly as it had arrived, the storm was gone. The sun was shining again, and the ground was steaming dry.

"I'm always surprised," Bill confided, "when I see how strong the sun's rays are up here. You can stand around shivering in your undershirt and get a sunburn at the same time."

But Bill didn't have much time for talk. His fishing gear was out again. The kids went off to "climb mountains" and dragged their mother, Agnes, off to provide the necessary praise. Iris and I were happy just to sit and breathe, to feel supremely alive.

Chuck was working with skilled speed. Marie's wood-burning stove was set up first, then the tents. Later Chuck hobbled the horses, to prevent their straying too far in the night.

An evening breeze swept down from the tinted heights of Glover Peak to the north, and the lapping of wavelets on the lake blended with the sizzle of steaks to complete a mood of almost vegetable content. If time had stopped at that instant, I would have been utterly satisfied.

But then Marie called, "Chow!" And as we sat on logs around a crackling fire *(Continued on page 94)*

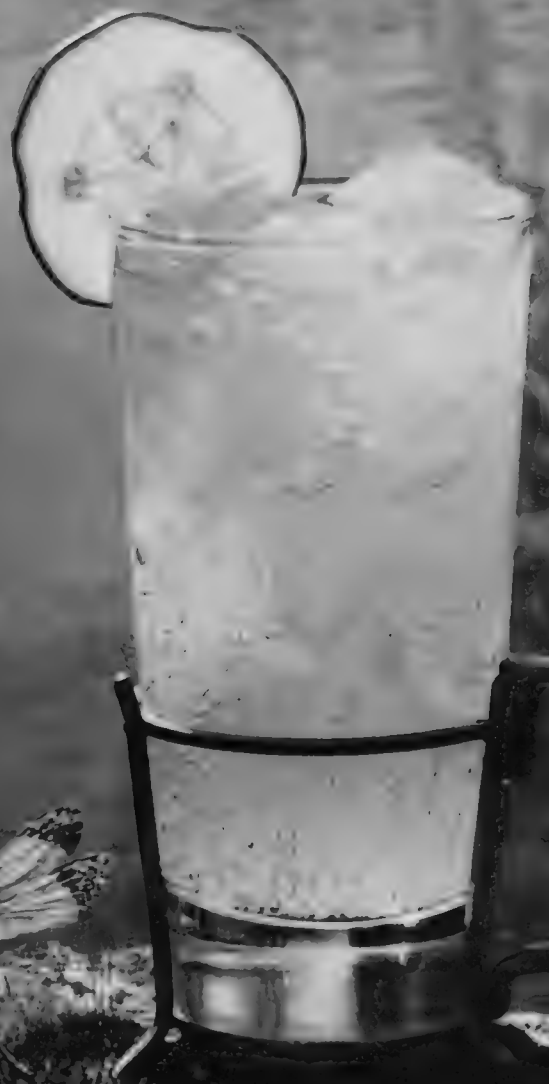
YOUNG ADULTS *at home*

FASHION

FOOD

HOME DECORATION

BEAUTY



Cool Comfort All Summer Long

Photo by George Lange

Even the nicest solid shortenings smoke but—

Wesson Oil takes the smoke out of frying!

Smoke's out! Flavor's in!

Enjoy cleaner frying with no clinging odor

Brighter flavor in foods—no greasy film even after they've cooled

Digestible frying is more safely prepared than with costliest solid shortenings

Easier and thrifty—Wesson's the shortening you pour and can use again and again

©1957 WESSON OIL & SNOWDRIFT SALES COMPANY

SOLID SHORTENINGS SMOKE. The special ingredient they contain, that makes them good for baking, breaks down at frying heat. Smoking shortening is breaking down and that can hardly be good for you.

WESSON OIL DOES NOT SMOKE because it is *all* shortening in its purest form—nothing added. Wesson is so clear and brilliant, so light in body, it sparkles as it pours. It's the freshest money can buy.

You'll find out! Delicate Wesson Oil *babies* fried foods

YOUNG ADULTS
HOME DECORATION

Polly Bergen, Busy Working Wife And Mother

To bring you a practical round-up of ways to live a calm and cool life this summer, we consulted one of the busiest wives and mothers we know, Polly Bergen. During working hours Polly is a CBS television actress—weekly panelist on "To Tell the Truth," recent star of the TV version of "The Helen Morgan Story," for which she recorded a Columbia album, "Bergen Sings Morgan."

Of her home life with her husband and school-age child, Polly says, "I love cooking and hate housekeeping. But right now I am redecorating our apartment. Because children tend to devastate things, our house won't have any don'ts in it. . . . Every room will be a room to live in."

Polly and her husband rarely get a long vacation; they weekend on a small boat. "That's why," Polly tells us, "one of my first get-ready-for-summer moves is to make our city apartment look more airy and cool." To see how Polly suggests summerizing a living room, turn the page →

Photo by Carmen Schiavone

You'll Feel Cooler in A Room Dressed

In the cold of winter a room should have a *look* of warmth and cheer, something beyond the steady comfort and even temperatures provided by modern year-round heating and cooling systems. Here you see a room in which the furniture is arranged in a way that focuses attention on the fireplace and its warming blaze. Color and texture are worth several psychological degrees. The brilliant Siamese pink of the sofa is played up by the muted tones of the oranges and yellow-greens, all colors on the warm side of the palette. Napped texture suggests warmth in the soft pile of the runner rug, the velvet cushions on the sofa and the felt cover on the small table. The covered-up effect of fabric draperies and the table cloth takes the chill off bare surfaces, as does the implied texture of small prints used in large areas. For counterpoint to the indoors look, we placed a generous amount of greenery about the room.

Photos by George Lazarnick

for Summer

In the heat of summer what could be better than the cool haven of a living room dressed for the weather? The rule for rooms, as for people, is to wear a little less. See the difference it makes to replace the opaque fabric draperies with the airiness of beaded curtains. The nylon rug, impervious to moths, is whisked away from the oak parquet floor. Tables are bared to show the smooth texture we associate with coolness. The fire is pulled from the fireplace to be replaced by the cool green of a plant. Furniture is rearranged to make the garden, only a step through the sliding aluminum-framed doors, a part of the room. Most important of all, though, is the change in color scheme to the serene coolness of blues and violets. The openness of the print of the chair slipcover adds to the feeling of spaciousness, while some very small prints and the brilliant stripes of the floor sitter give interest to the scheme.

For more ways to dress a room for summer, turn the page →

Here are some easy-to-make changes to give your rooms a cool look for summer

Changing a window treatment is an easy way to summerize a room. When doing it, be sure to consider the exposure of the room. If too bright sunlight is apt to stream through the window, creating unwanted heat at certain hours, look for a way to shade the window. Draperies with the summer look of light colors and open prints can nevertheless be in fabrics that shut out light. Inexpensive slatted blinds (see opposite page) are available in a wide range of colors. Split bamboo and matchstick bamboo, used either horizontally or vertically, work to good advantage in summer blinds. When sunlight is no problem, you might use a billowy sheer fabric or the white crispness of organdy.

Keep general illumination low. Bright lights not only look warm; they do give off heat.
Use garden-fresh flowers in the summer season when they're plentiful.
Room accessories, like summer jewelry, look cool in crystal, white and straw.
To be cool, as well as to think cool, treat your home to air conditioning.
For an over-all cool atmosphere, try the new green, blue or turquoise light bulbs.
A bowl of chilled fresh fruit makes a pretty centerpiece—an excellent dessert.
Set your table with cool salad meals often for summer suppers.

Illustrations by Miyo Endo

Changing a floor covering for the summer months may be practical if you do not have permanently installed carpet. Should you decide to store woolen rugs, do have them cleaned; then store them in the wrappers. It's smart to have them mothproofed, too, for future protection. Summer rugs are made from sisal and kraft fiber, shown in these sketches, as well as cotton and synthetics. You'll find that you can change the whole character of a room by changing the shape, color and texture of its floor covering. For example, if in the wintertime you have a room-sized carpet, you might switch for summer to the less covered look of brightly colored scatter rugs in easy-to-launder sizes.

CREDITS

Parquet flooring: National Oak Flooring Manufacturers' Association; Furniture designs (except pink table) by Paul McCobb; Fire basket: Howard Miller Clock Company; Beaded curtains: Allied Display; Fish rubbing: Karl Mann Associates; Alwinite aluminum sliding doors: General Bronze Corp.; Fabrics for draperies, floor sitters and print cushions in winter room: Greeff Fabrics, Inc.; Fabrics in summer room: F. Schumacher & Co.; 100% nylon carpet: "Powder Puff" by Cabin Crafts-Needletuft; Marble: Markwa marble tile by Vermont Marble Co.; Silverware: "Flower Lane" by Oneida Ltd., Silversmiths; Floor sitters: of U. S. Rubber Koylon; Hanging lamp: George Tanier, Inc.

Turn the page for chilled salad meals ⟶

Carmen Schiavone

Chilled Salad Meals for Summer Eating

"Weekends on the boat we resort to salads and cold cuts because we have only a small refrigerator and a 2-burner for cooking," Polly told us. "Anyway we want to eat light when the weather's hot and we don't want to fuss with a lot of cooking; weekends are really our only vacations." For just such light weekend eating we've developed the menus and recipes on the following pages. And all of these salad meals are conveniently made from pantry-shelf canned or packaged foods. You can keep foods for these recipes stored to use whenever you need them or you can safely transport them, without refrigeration, to your vacation destination.

CURRIED RICE AND CRAB MEAT SUPPER

(photographed at left)

**Bouillon on the rocks*
**Curried rice salad* *Asparagus spears*
**Crab meat salad*
**Jellied stewed tomatoes*
Assorted crackers
**Apricot pudding*
Iced Tea

**recipes below and on next page*

Bouillon on the Rocks: *(photographed at left)* Chill 2 cans beef bouillon several hours. Pour over ice cubes in a tall glass. Add a twist of lemon peel. Makes 4 servings.

Turn the page for more salad meals →

Food Photograph by George Lazarnick

CURRIED RICE SALAD

(photographed on page 58; recipe doubled to serve 8)

1½ cups water
1 teaspoon instant onion
½ teaspoon salt
1⅓ cups precooked rice
1 tablespoon vinegar
2 tablespoons salad oil
¾ teaspoon curry powder
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
¾ cup mayonnaise
1 No. 2 can asparagus spears, drained and chilled

Bring water to a boil. Add onion, ½ teaspoon salt, and rice; stir to moisten rice. Cover and let stand in a warm place 13 minutes. While still warm, stir in vinegar, salad oil, curry powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Chill about 2 hours. Just before serving, add pimiento and mayonnaise. Mix lightly. Arrange in a mound in center of large platter. Stand asparagus spears around rice. Makes 4 servings. Garnish with crab salad and jellied tomato molds.

CRAB MEAT SALAD: Chill 2 9-ounce cans crab meat. Remove from cans and take out hard pieces of cartilage. Save a few large crab meat pieces for garnish. Flake rest coarsely; combine with a little mayonnaise and a few drops of lemon juice. Arrange in mounds around rice mold. Garnish rice with crab meat pieces.

JELLIED STEWED TOMATOES

1 16-ounce can stewed tomatoes
1 envelope unflavored gelatine
¼ cup cold water

Empty tomatoes into a bowl; break up pieces slightly. Sprinkle gelatine on water to soften. Place over boiling water and stir until gelatine is dissolved. Stir gelatine into tomatoes; mix thoroughly. Pour into four ½-cup molds and chill until firm. *(5-ounce paper drinking cups may be used for molds.)* Unmold and place around rice. Makes 4 servings. Garnish molds with mayonnaise if desired.

APRICOT PUDDING

1 3¾-ounce package vanilla pudding mix
¾ cup water
1 cup apricot nectar

Combine all ingredients in a saucepan. Cook over moderate heat until mixture comes to a full boil. Pour into sherbet glasses. Chill. Serve with whipped cream topping if desired. Makes 4 servings.

BEAN SALAD BUFFET

Pineapple juice
**Kidney bean salad*
**Sausage cornbread*
Pickles and olives
**Crunchy chocolate pudding*

**recipes below*

KIDNEY BEAN SALAD

1 16-ounce can kidney beans
½ teaspoon chili powder
1 tablespoon vinegar
⅛ teaspoon garlic powder
½ teaspoon onion juice
⅓ cup mayonnaise
Salt and pepper
1 can crisp noodles

Drain beans. Combine chili powder, vinegar, garlic powder, onion juice and mayonnaise. Mix lightly with beans. Season with salt and pepper. Chill thoroughly. Serve on bed of crisp noodles. Serves 4.

SAUSAGE CORNBREAD

1 package cornbread mix
1 4-ounce can Vienna sausages

Heat oven to 400° F. *(hot)*.

Prepare mix as directed on package. Pour into baking pan. Cut sausages into ¼-inch crosswise slices. Scatter over batter. Bake 30 minutes. Cut in squares and serve hot with butter. Serves 4.

CRUNCHY CHOCOLATE PUDDING

1 3¾-ounce package instant chocolate pudding
⅓ cup coarsely crumbled peanut brittle *or* chopped peanuts

Make pudding as package directs. Fold in brittle *or* peanuts and chill until serving time. Makes 4 servings.

JELLIED HAM PLATTER

**Ham-liver mold*
**Green beans vinaigrette*
**Cheese bread sticks*
**Quick apple pie*

**recipes in next column*

HAM-LIVER MOLD

1 envelope unflavored gelatine
½ cup cold water
1 bouillon cube
½ cup cold water
½ cup mayonnaise
1 teaspoon finely chopped onion
1 4½-ounce can liver spread
1 4½-ounce can deviled ham

Sprinkle gelatine over ½ cup cold water in a saucepan to soften. Add bouillon cube; place over low heat and stir until gelatine and bouillon cube are dissolved. Add remaining cold water. Cool. Gradually stir into mayonnaise; add onion. Blend half the gelatine mixture with the liver spread and the remaining half with the deviled ham. Turn liver mixture into a 2½-cup mold; chill until firm. Spoon in ham mixture. Chill until firm. Unmold and serve with green beans vinaigrette (*recipe below*). Makes 4 servings.

GREEN BEANS VINAIGRETTE

1 16-ounce can whole green beans
⅓ cup salad oil
3 tablespoons vinegar
⅛ teaspoon Tabasco
½ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 small onion, sliced

Drain beans. Combine salad oil, vinegar, Tabasco, sugar and salt. Beat until blended. Add onion. Pour over beans; cover and let stand in refrigerator several hours. Serve on platter around ham-liver mold. Makes 4 servings.

Cheese Bread Sticks: Roll packaged bread sticks in melted butter or margarine, then in finely shredded cheese. Place on a greased cookie sheet. Heat in a moderate oven *(350° F.)* about 5 minutes. Serve hot.

APPLE PIE

1 package piecrust mix
½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon flour
¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg
¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon
1 No. 2 can sliced apples
2 tablespoons butter or margarine

Prepare pastry mix as directed on package. Fit half into an 8-inch pie plate. Mix together sugar, flour, nutmeg, cinnamon and apples. Pour into pie shell. Dot with butter. Cover with rest of pastry. Seal and flute edge. Bake in a hot oven *(425° F.)* about 30 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

MOLDED CHICKEN PLATTER

**Chilled vichyssoise*
**Molded chicken salad*
Cranberry garnish
Potato chips
**Broiled ginger pears*

**recipes below*

Chilled Vichyssoise: Chill ready-to-serve canned vichyssoise. Top each serving with finely chopped chives.

MOLDED CHICKEN SALAD

1 envelope unflavored gelatine
½ cup cold water
1 10½-ounce can cream of chicken soup
½ cup cold water
¼ teaspoon Tabasco
2 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ cup mayonnaise
1 5-ounce can boned chicken, diced
1 5-ounce can water chestnuts, drained and chopped
⅓ cup toasted salted almonds, chopped

Sprinkle gelatine over ½ cup cold water to soften. Place over boiling water and stir until gelatine is dissolved. Blend ⅓ cup water into soup. Stir in dissolved gelatine, Tabasco, lemon juice and mayonnaise. Chill mixture until of consistency of unbeaten egg white. Fold in remaining ingredients. Turn into a 3-cup mold. Chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with sliced cranberry sauce. Serves 4.

Broiled Ginger Pears: Arrange 8 canned pear halves, cut side up, in a baking dish. Pour pear sirup around them; fill each pear center with honey. Sprinkle lightly with ground ginger. Place in preheated broiler; broil till hot. Serves 4.

TUNA-VEGETABLE LUNCHEON

Hot tomato soup
**Tuna vegetable salad*
**Blueberry muffins*
**Minted fruit cup*

**recipes in next column*

TUNA VEGETABLE SALAD

1 8-ounce can mixed salad vegetables
Water
1 envelope unflavored gelatine
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ teaspoon Tabasco
¾ cup mayonnaise
1 7-ounce can tuna, flaked

Drain vegetables. Measure liquid and add water to make ¾ cup. Sprinkle gelatine over liquid in saucepan to soften. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until gelatine is dissolved. Remove from heat; stir in salt, lemon juice and Tabasco. Cool. Gradually stir into mayonnaise until blended. Mix in vegetables and tuna. Turn into a 3-cup mold and chill until firm. Makes 4 servings.

Blueberry Muffins: Prepare and bake blueberry muffins as directed on package of blueberry muffin mix. Serve hot.

Minted Fruit Cup: Add a few drops mint flavoring to 1 No. 2½ can fruit cocktail. Chill several hours in refrigerator. Serve in chilled cups. Makes 4 servings.

DELICATESSEN LUNCH

**Superb potato salad*
Chilled julienne beets
Assorted cold cuts
Muenster or Swiss cheese
Canned baked apples

**recipe below*

SUPERB POTATO SALAD

2 16-ounce cans potatoes
½ cup sliced stuffed olives
⅓ cup French dressing
½ teaspoon onion juice
½ teaspoon celery seed
2 teaspoons prepared mustard
⅓ cup mayonnaise
Salt and pepper

Drain potatoes thoroughly. Slice them into a bowl. Add olives. Combine French dressing, onion juice, celery seed and mustard. Pour over potatoes and toss to coat pieces. Chill several hours. Just before serving, stir in mayonnaise and season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve on bed of drained chilled beets. Arrange cold cuts and sliced cheese on serving plate with salad. Salad recipe serves 4.

FRUIT SALAD DINNER

**Clam chowder*
**Mixed fruit salad*
**Broiled cheese rounds*
**Peanut cake squares*

**recipes below*

CLAM CHOWDER

1 can concentrated clam chowder
1 cup evaporated milk
¼ cup water
Butter

Combine chowder, evaporated milk and water. Heat, stirring occasionally. Pour into bowls and top each serving with a pat of butter and a sprinkling of freshly ground pepper. Makes 4 servings.

MIXED FRUIT SALAD

1 17-ounce can pitted Bing cherries
1 16-ounce can orange sections
1 8-ounce can pineapple chunks
¼ cup mayonnaise
1 tablespoon French dressing
1 tablespoon orange sirup (drained from orange sections)
½ cup miniature marshmallows
1 cup shredded coconut

Drain cherries, orange sections and pineapple thoroughly. (*Save fruit sirups for use in fruit punch*). Combine fruits in a bowl and chill thoroughly. Mix together mayonnaise, French dressing and orange sirup. Chill. Just before serving, drain fruits again and mix lightly with dressing. Fold in marshmallows. Serve on plates bordered with coconut. Makes 4 servings.

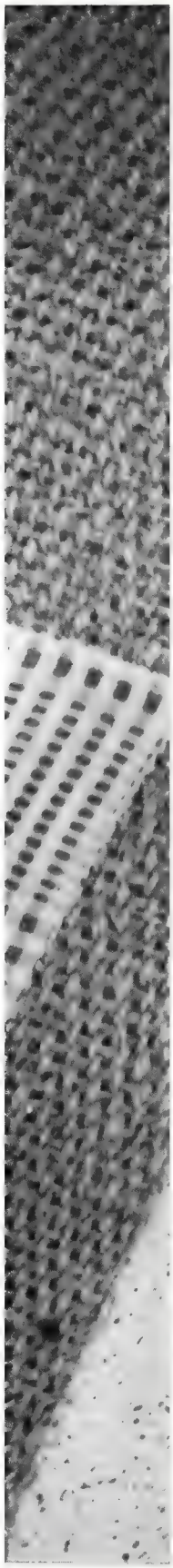
BROILED CHEESE ROUNDS

1 5-ounce jar sharp cheese spread
Melba toast rounds

Spread cheese on toast rounds. Place on cookie sheet and broil in a preheated broiler until cheese is melted. Serve hot with fruit salad. Allow 6 to 8 broiled cheese rounds per serving.

Peanut Cake Squares: Prepare 1 package of peanut cake mix and bake as directed on package. Frost with peanut frosting mix when cooled. (*For small families get the combination cake and frosting mixes that come with their own foil baking pan.*) Cut cake in squares to serve.

Turn the page for Polly Bergen's tips on cool summer beauty care →



Cool Beauty— All Summer Long

We asked busy Polly what her beat-the-heat beauty secrets were. "They're not secrets at all," she said, "I have a routine, and I allow nothing to interfere."

"Most important—I never rush"

Polly makes it a rule to be five minutes early for appointments. She's timed her morning beauty routine and knows it takes exactly twenty minutes.

"In conversation I steer clear of how frightfully hot it is"

The old principle of mind over body does help. Ever try to imagine you have goose-pimples when the thermometer hits 90?

"I always carry my shade with me— I'd be lost without my sun glasses"

It is wise to avoid the sun's glare, not only because everything looks hotter in its blaze, but because squinting leads to those fine little lines around the eyes.

"I love to spray cologne all over myself"

Keep your cologne in the refrigerator all summer long. When you use it chilled after your shower or bath, it is like a wonderful cooling mist on your body. Keep all your creams and lotions in the refrigerator, to help you start the day feeling refreshed.

"I emphasize my eyes—my best feature— with mascara and bluish-green shadow"

Make the most of your eyes—winter and summer. A little shadow seems to increase their depth of color. Be sure your eye-brow-pencil has a very sharp point. For a natural effect use two shades of pencils—one a shade lighter than your hair and one that matches your hair color.

"With my fair skin, I have to take the sun easy"

Heed these few rules: Start with short doses of sun. Use suntan lotion generously. Lie in a position so that the sun's rays hit you at a slant. Wear sun glasses. Occasionally use a rich cream on eye area and put on moistened cotton pads while sunbathing. Protect lips with a creamy lipstick.

Polly never "shilly-shallies" about anything. She is firm about getting eight hours' sleep every night, just as firm as she is about allowing enough time for grooming. "When you *look* your best—your calm cool and collected best—you get a lift physically and emotionally."

Turn the page for Polly's choice of bathing suits →

Photo by Carmen Schiavone

"Each July finds me searching madly for a really good-looking bathing suit," Polly told us. These smart cottons are just that, and each has a matching cover-up to shield you from too much sun.

A pretty pair *(left)*, mother and daughter in similar suits of Sanforized cotton, smartly checked. Also in blue, brown. Mother's in 10 to 18, about $11. Daughter's in tot's size about $5; in girl's size about $6. The terry jacket in S, M, L, about $10. All by Jantzen

Soak up the sun in *(right)*, this two piece suit in Fuller's petit point cotton. A drawstring inside the pants shortens them for extra tanning. Also in brown, blue, red, in 30 to 36, about $11. Matching shirt about $7. Both by Catalina

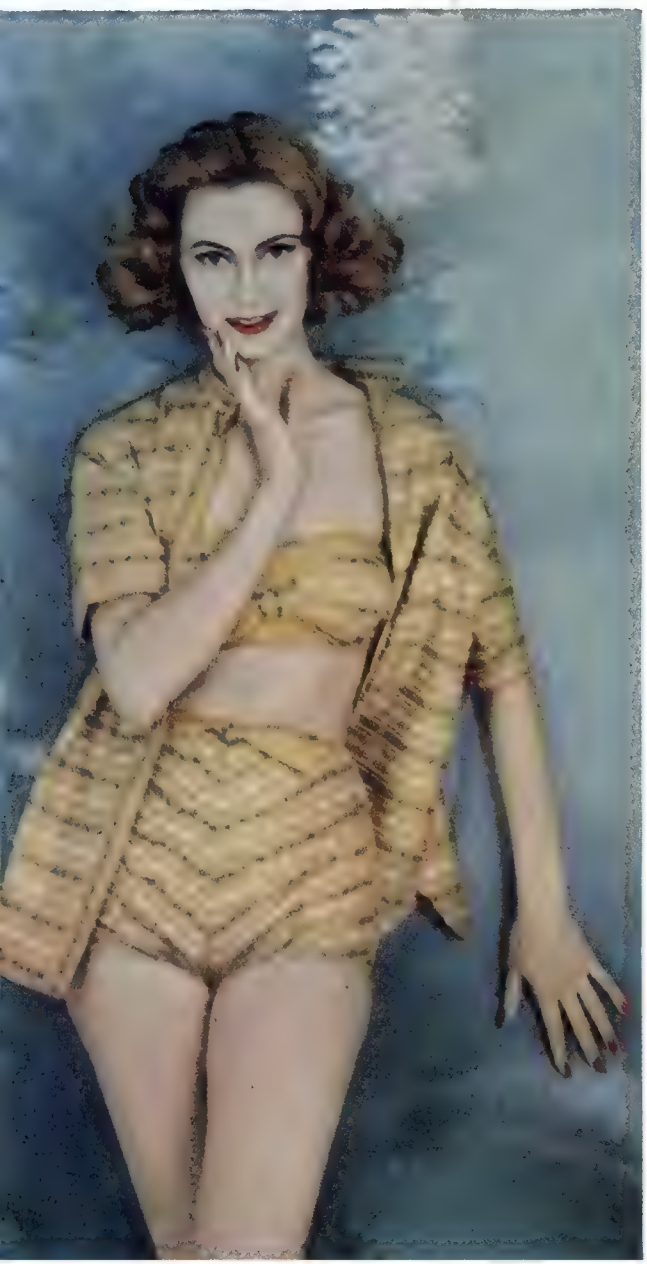
The costume look *(far right)*, sheath bathing suit in a gay Scandinavian printed cotton by Fuller. Also in gold. In 32 to 38. About $11. Matching skirt, about $7. By Catalina

On our cover: Polly wears a flattering white sheath in elasticized bengaline of Celanese acetate. Also in silver, black, coral, blue, in 10 to 16, about $20. By Rose Marie Reid. Madcaps hat. (we added chiffon band)

For stores where these fashions may be seen, turn to page 82

Photos by Carmen Schiavone

Beach Dressing with Comfort and Flair



"Who Are You?"

(Continued from page 30)

which had started our argument last night, but I held onto my temper. "Bobbie—" I said.

"I'm wearing a wedding ring," she said thoughtfully. "And I feel at home. I don't feel frightened when I look at you. But I don't know who you are. I don't even remember who I am."

"You're Sarah Bernhardt," I said. "What kind of a game is this?"

"Sarah Bernhardt?" Bobbie said. "It sounds familiar, but I wouldn't have known it was my name. What's yours?"

"Boris Karloff. Now look, Bobbie. I *said* I was sorry about last night. It was an accident the bust fell off the mantle just as you stooped over. I'd have explained it to you then if you'd let me."

She sat there in her nightgown as if she were posing for calendar art and I wanted to get the argument over with. She said, "If my name is Sarah, why do you call me Bobbie?"

"Forget it."

"I can't. I can't even remember it."

I threw back the cover and got up. "All right," I said. "So you want to go on with the fight. Last night you were going home to your mother the first thing this morning. If you are going to keep on with these high school theatrics, you might as well go."

"Well," she said, "if *that's* the kind of temper you've got, I *will*." She started to get out of bed and looked down at herself and stopped. She pulled the cover up again. "Boris," she said, "just how well do I know you? If we are married, why have we got different names?"

"An old theatrical custom," I said. I went in the kitchen and made coffee. I fried an egg and put it on a piece of toast and ate it. I was finishing when Bobbie came in. She had dressed and she stood looking slowly around the kitchen. "I must live here," she said. She ran her hands down over her hips. "The clothes in the closet all fit me."

"I hate to think of the act you'd put on if you found some in there that didn't!"

She looked at me with a faintly superior, but also baffled, expression and apparently decided not to answer that. Instead she asked loftily if I had fixed her any breakfast.

"Fix your own," I said.

She drew herself up. "Boris," she said, "how long have we been married, if we are?"

"Five months and five days. Long enough for the honeymoon to be over."

"That's obvious." She took the frying pan from the top of the stove and banged it back down. "If I married you, I suppose I had a reason at the time, but I can't imagine now what it was. Why would any girl marry a man with a disposition like yours?"

"Probably so you could stage these mad dramatics and blame them on me. "However," I said, "this is the first time you have let your thwarted career make such a fool of you."

"And it'll be the last!" Bobbie shouted. "If I told you last night I was going home to my mother, I'm going!" She stalked to the door and flung it open.

"Bobbie—" I said. But she had already stopped. She looked back at me as if she were about to cry. "Boris," she said, "where does my mother live?"

It hit me then for the first time. I started to shake, and I didn't know whether it was from anger or fear; I just knew it was bad. For the first time I began to wonder if this was more than an act. If that blow on her head had actually injured her, if she was suffering from amnesia— It was a thought I couldn't face.

But if this was just another of her stunts, then she had carried it too far. I sat there and looked at her and shook, and I wanted to go back to last night and change everything.

We had been listening to the news on TV. The national debt was up another billion; two gunmen had held up a liquor store in Tampa and there had been shooting on the street and much excitement; the Kremlin had announced that it was actually a Russian, Columbusky, who discovered America. When the news was over, I wanted the wrestling matches. Bobbie wanted a play. I remarked that, if she liked real acting, she'd watch the wrestling and keep quiet. This led Bobbie to lecture me on my lack of culture, and finally she got out that bust of Sarah Bernhardt and put it on the mantle.

This bust was a plaster monster some drama teacher in high school had given her, but its looks wasn't the worst of it. The worst was what it did to Bobbie. It reminded her of the "career" she had given up to marry me. The career had got her as far as the local Elks' Frolics and third place in a Southwest Florida High School Oratorical Contest, but under the influence of that bust, there were times when she felt sorry for Broadway because I had deprived it of her talents. Now and then this led to a display of temper on my part.

Last night had been one of those times. I said that, if we had to have that joke on the mantle, let's make it a good one and started to draw a mustache on Madame Bernhardt. Bobbie grabbed for the pencil. We knocked over the bust; some flowers fell off the mantle. Bobbie bent to pick up the flowers. I watched the bust rolling along the mantle and could have stopped it, but didn't. Of course I hadn't realized it was going to fall right on top of her head.

It hit her a pretty good lick, but before I could even say I was sorry, she had run weeping into the bedroom and slammed the door. I watched the wrestling matches and thought about sleeping on the sofa. But it was uncomfortable. I went into the bedroom. "Bobbie—" I said. She didn't answer. "All right," I said, and got in the bed on my side, and after a while I went to sleep.

So now I sat at the kitchen table and looked at her and felt the shaking way down inside me. She wasn't really hurt, I told myself. She hadn't really lost her memory. This was just a trick to get even with me for letting the bust fall on her head.

And then I thought, *Suppose it isn't. Suppose she's really been hurt. Suppose she can never remember. . . .* I thought of a lot of things I wanted her to remember, and there didn't seem to be anything, except last night, that I wanted her to forget.

"Bobbie," I said, "maybe we can get that bust fixed. Let's go look."

But she stood there in the doorway with her face wrinkled as if she were going to cry. "What bust, Boris?"

"Don't call me Boris!"

Then she did start to cry. "Why not?" she said, sobbing. "You told me that was your name. But I don't know. I don't even know my own name. I don't even know if we are married."

"We're married," I said. "But if this is one of your tricks, I don't know how long we are going to be." I put my arm around her and led her to a chair and told her to sit there. I ran in the bedroom and pulled some clothes on over my pajamas. I kept telling myself, "It's just an act. She's just being dramatic." I told myself this so often and so fast that I became sure—almost—my trembling was from anger and nothing else. If it was an act, I wanted to show her up so she'd never try such a stunt again. If it wasn't.

I went back and helped Bobbie out of the chair and out to the car. She had almost quit crying now and she sat close beside me. "Take me to Mother's," she whispered. "I think if I see her I can remember. . . ."

Her mother lived a mile over on the north side of town, but her mother was nobody I wanted to consult in this crisis. When we got to the main street I turned south. Bobbie looked faintly startled. "Where are we going?"

"Don't worry," I said. "You are going to be all right."

I drove to Doc Edwards'. Doc Edwards was an old man, semiretired, but he had known Bobbie all her life and he was a good doctor. Also he was about half deaf, probably made that way by hearing his own voice. He couldn't prescribe aspirin without sounding as loud as a Wagnerian tenor. I figured that, with her shouting at him and his shouting at her, not even Bobbie could keep up an act—if it was an act. And it *had* to be.

The doctor lived alone in a big two-story house with a couple of acres of land around it and no other houses in sight. We parked and Bobbie said, "Is this where my mother lives?"

"It's where a doctor lives," I said. "Come on."

I thought maybe she would stop there, but she got out and we went up the steps and I knocked on the door. There was no answer. "He's here," I said. "He just doesn't hear us."

The door was unlocked. There was a big, old-fashioned living room and beyond that a smaller room that served him as an office when patients came to his home. The door was cracked open. I took Bobbie by the arm and went and pushed the door open.

A man sat on the table with his shirt off and a big bandage on his shoulder. He was a small man with an ugly face

and he was looking straight at us. The doctor stood beside him holding a roll of adhesive tape. "I'm sorry, Doc," I said. "We'll wait in the living room."

"Go home!" Doc yelled at us. "I'm busy!"

"We'll wait!" I yelled.

"No you won't!" he shouted. "Go home. Go to somebody else. Get out!"

"Doc," I yelled, "Bobbie—"

Then I saw the other man. He was standing to one side of us near the wall. He was tall and skinny with two teeth missing in front. He wore a black suit and he had his hand in his coat pocket. He said, "Come in, friend. And you too, baby."

"We'll wait outside," I said.

Skinny took his hand from his pocket and there was a gun in it. He said, "Come on in. Over there on the far side of the room, you. Baby, you come over here."

The man with the bandage said, "Carmino, I think—"

"You ain't *ever* thought," Skinny said. He gestured with the gun toward where he wanted me to stand, and I stood there. "Pinky," he said to the man with the bandage, "the cops are looking for our car. They got descriptions of us. So we need a new car and we need somebody to drive us. You and Doc and the boy friend can sit in the front. Baby and me'll sit in the back. And if anybody stops us, you can explain I'm your Uncle William, huh, baby?"

"I don't think you're my uncle," Bobbie said. She looked at me. "*Is* he my uncle?"

"If so, you've been holding out on me." I looked at Skinny and the man on the table. "You're the two who stuck up the liquor store in Tampa last night and shot the policeman."

"Yeah," Skinny said. "And if it hadn't been for that lousy cop, we'd be safe in Miami now and no need to stop for a doctor. But that cop's in worse shape than Pinky. So think about him before you start getting any ideas."

"I've *been* thinking about him," I said, completely honest.

"Keep on. Pinky, get your shirt on. We got to be going."

"Where are we going?" Bobbie said. "I want to go to my mother's."

"Your Uncle William will look after you, Baby," Skinny said. He put his arm around Bobbie.

"Now look—" I said.

Bobbie slapped him.

He blinked, and then he grinned. "A spitfire," he said. "Well, baby, you got to learn." He hit her with his open hand. He hit her hard and she stumbled and fell over a chair, and I heard her head go *bong* as it struck the edge of the table.

I heard it, but I didn't really see it because I was jumping across the room and Skinny was swinging the gun around and I hit the gun just as it went off and then I hit Skinny. He went down and the gun skidded across the floor and I jumped for it. I had my hand on it when I heard Bobbie and the doctor yell. I saw a pair of feet beside my hand and the shadow of a swinging arm and I thought, *The one with the bandage.* Then a charge of dynamite went off behind my right ear and the floor lifted and wrapped itself across my face. . . .

For a while there were faint and meaningless sounds from the outer world. Then Bobbie's voice came through saying, "Eddie, oh, Eddie, are you all right?"

"With a skull like his," Doc Edwards was shouting, "nothing could hurt him but an idea."

I got my eyes open. I was lying with my head in Bobbie's lap. Skinny and his friend were piled against the wall to my right, their wrists and ankles done up with adhesive tape. "After what Bobbie did to the little one with the paperweight off my desk," Doc yelled, "it was probably a waste of adhesive to tie him."

Shortly afterward the police arrived, then departed, taking their prisoners with them. Bobbie touched the back of my head very gently. "You're sure you're all right, Eddie?"

"I got a headache," I said. "What about you?"

"Me?"

"We came here because of you."

She looked at me and her face was puckered in a thoughtful frown. Her eyes were big and blue and innocent. "We did? I guess in the excitement I've forgotten why we *did* come. I just remember hitting my head against the table, but I've forgotten what happened before that."

"Yeah?" I said. "And what about last night? That Sarah Bernhardt bust?"

"Oh, Eddie, don't worry about breaking that thing. It was just a holdover from my childhood. I know I never could really have been an actress. I'm a housewife." I took her by the shoulders. "Bobbie," I said, "tell Doc why we came here."

Her face clouded. "I—" And then she began to blush. "Imagine forgetting *that!*" she said and turned to Doc Edwards. "Doctor, I think you're going to have a new patient. In about seven months."

"Wh—wh—what?" I said.

But she and the doctor had gone into his office and shut the door. I walked up and down the living room. I thought, *I can make her admit*— And then I thought, *But suppose*— I thought, *That second blow on the head could*— And then I thought that probably I never would know and that this was just as well, because now I had something a lot more important to think about.

So I had my answer all ready when Bobbie came beaming out of the doctor's office. "Oh, Eddie," she said. "We'll have to start thinking about a name."

"If it's a boy," I said, "we'll call him Boris. And if it's a girl, Sarah."

"Those are funny names," Bobbie said.

"I like 'em," I said, and I put my arm around her and we went home. It was still early Sunday morning.

. . . THE END

Beautiful Women

(Continued from page 43)

occasionally joined the regular girls, literally playing the role of prostitute for "thrills" and to relieve boredom. What surfeit, what desperation, what enormous frustration these three exquisite young women must have suffered to drive them to such drastic lengths.

The lesson which these one-time beauties may never have learned is simple enough; the beauty that attracts in no way satisfies. In itself, beauty is only a beginning for love between man and woman, only a potential. But the beautiful girl is taught early, to her later loss and sorrow, to believe that love is synonymous with physical charm. As the exhibition of her face and figure leads her to special notice and perhaps a career, the young woman begins to regard herself as a physical object—nothing more or less. In her mind, being a woman comes to mean being a shape, a complexion, a certain pigmentation. These attributes assume greater and greater importance in her personality until no woman in the true sense remains. She is no longer a person; she is an ornament.

But doesn't all the world cherish and desire the ornament? Doesn't beauty contribute its share to humanity by its mere existence and display? Is not every woman who has beauty even "more" woman than any other? Isn't she, in short, entitled to be loved just for being lovely? All the answers, as many women learn too late, are "no."

The man who marries a particularly attractive girl may have noticed her first, felt his first heart-leap, because of her attractiveness. But it is not beauty to which he makes love. It is to a woman. It is not beauty for which marriage exists. It is for a wife and mother. And though he takes pleasure in the appearance of his wife over the years, that pleasure will almost overnight become a minor element in marriage. For he will come to know her as a person, and the person—not the appearance—will maintain, increase or destroy his love.

The girl who has come to identify womanhood with her looks has, in a sense, decided not to be a woman. She has fallen in love with her face, at the expense of her inner being. And to the degree that she then uses outward appearance as a substitute for character, she is lost. She equates beauty and career. Or she depends on beauty as a social "open sesame," where less pretty girls must rely on inner qualities. She counts on her looks as a means of shedding responsibility; she discovers she can smile cops out of tickets and judges out of fines. She has something special which, she assumes, makes her special. But she has lost touch with the really lovely part of woman in the process, that vital part which wins love only by giving love.

A woman doesn't have to be a professional beauty to make a profession of her looks, and every husband who finds such a wife is wedded to disappointment. Some develop a secret contempt for the woman whose self-esteem depends on a mirror. Others, as we shall see, turn their contempt on themselves. Yet what woman, finding that the charm on which she has always

depended does not resolve the intricate problems of marriage, blames herself? Why should she? All *other* men still respond to her beauty as the man she married once responded. So, she concludes, *he* must be wrong—cruel, insensitive. And the marriage is in trouble.

How great this trouble can be and how widespread it is was first made clear to me by a psychiatrist some half-dozen years ago. A young man (call him Bill) recently graduated from college and working his way up in a Wall Street banking house, came to the doctor for advice. Two years before, he had married a tall, exquisite brunette, a very popular fashion model. Entranced by her, ecstatic when she accepted him over dozens of suitors, Bill anticipated an idyllic marriage. But he gradually discovered that his wife did not respond to him.

Being young, infatuated and "modern," Bill felt panicky. He'd secretly feared when he courted the girl that no one man could hold her—himself least of all. And now, he thought, she missed the constant male attention to which she had grown accustomed. Being married was like being owned, and that, Bill decided, was at the root of her "inhibitions." They talked about it. He now loved her more than ever and was prepared to face anything to keep her as wife. She thought that perhaps he was right; the notion of extending her premarital flirtations to actual affairs was exciting.

So she experimented in love. Her affairs were exhilarating at first . . . and then, very soon, disappointing. They were also very damaging to her marriage. She felt guilty. How her husband felt, as he spent evenings alone wondering where his wife was, and with whom, can be imagined.

Then Bill discovered to his horror that, although he still cherished his wife, he was unable to make love to her. "Impotent at twenty-eight!" he told the psychiatrist. Moreover, his wife took his failure as proof that he was being unfaithful, a suspicion which no doubt tended to reduce her own guilt.

What happened to this young couple is a good approximation of what has happened in other "modern" marriages. The wife is frigid. The husband loves her. So the cure of her frigidity becomes a goal for which any sacrifice of pride or convention seems worth while.

The point my psychiatrist friend emphasized had to do with the wife's beauty and her attitude toward it. As a professional model, he explained, she had transferred her natural feelings and desires from the wanting-giving-loving sensations of a normal woman to a conviction that all she had to do was to show off her beauty and everybody would be happy, herself included.

"Notice," the doctor said, "that it was the husband who came in for treatment. He was sure the trouble was with him. And by the time he came to me, he did have symptoms, but they originated in his wife's difficulties. I asked to see her, and treated her for two and a half years. Successfully, in that case. But . . ."

"But what?"

He sighed. "When she began to understand the source of her problem, she brought another lovely model to see me. That one was a matrimonial repeater. Also frigid. So she kept trying and divorcing new husbands. Then they brought a third girl to me. Probably the most . . ." he searched for the right word ". . . the most persistent nymphomaniac I've had as a patient. She was in a continual round of desire and disappointment. When she came to see me, she was on the verge of suicide."

"What happened to her?"

He shook his head. "I wasn't able to help her find, inside herself, what love meant. What giving oneself means. She stuck to her basic, unconscious feeling, instilled in her since childhood, 'I'm beautiful; therefore, I should get all I desire from life.' For a few years I got to be a sort of specialist in the troubles of models and show girls. One would send another. Different symptoms, but always the same problem at the core—frigidity. Women who show off their beauty all day, who exploit it, rent it out, so to speak, can't enjoy it or themselves normally. They're disoriented. Too much ego is invested in the glamorous shell. Nothing's left for private living.

"I treated about 20 girls for frigidity. From them I heard the stories of hundreds more. But, then, the loveliest debutante of the year, or the prettiest high school senior, is likely to develop the same problem.

"I wouldn't say that every young woman who exploits her charms is frigid. All I'd say is that, if I were a man in search of a wife, I'd stay away from fashion shows and model agencies, musical comedies and Hollywood. I wouldn't want to risk marrying a woman who thought she'd contributed her full share by being beautiful, and who also expected something special from me, as a male, because she'd given me something so specially admired."

That is one intrinsic problem the beautiful girl must face. But extreme beauty in marriage almost automatically handicaps the husband. Bill's story tells only part of that masculine difficulty. In "Paradoxes of Everyday Life," psychoanalyst Milton Sapirstein and psychologist Alis de Sola analyzed the incessant challenge to the male presented by great beauty. The man who marries a belle inevitably feels that, because she accepted him, he is expected to surpass in every way the abilities of all the men who had courted her and lost.

That feeling, the authors point out, is a very menacing one to marital happiness. To begin with, the husband knows that the ravishing mate at his side could have had at her side men with more money, men who were better athletes or men with a more romantic or worldly past. And since the male role in sex is one of aggression, that role is not easily performed by a husband whose head is filled with memories and fantasies of males his wife might have found more satisfying.

Husbands who live under the challenge of beauty easily grow panicky. And a state of panic, no matter how slight, is not conducive to aggressive ardor. The very recognition of anxiety means, to most American males, that their potency is somehow failing. And then, of course, it does fail. The majority of cases of sexual inadequacy in males starts, after all, with psychological causes, not physical inadequacy.

The authors note that the extreme adulation America pays to women with great sex appeal frequently makes such women openly challenging. Their attitude toward love becomes, "See if you're man enough to master me!" or, perhaps, "I'm a prize practically beyond price—see if you can pay it." A woman with that attitude may attract many men because of her beauty, but she may very well frighten them out of their passion. Dr. Sapirstein reports that a celebrated beauty once stormed into his office with the demand, "Aren't there any potent men left in the world?"

To aggravate the situation, American women, beautiful and not so beautiful, have come to imagine that they are special just because they are female. A recent book by British anthropologist Eric John Dingwall, entitled, "The American Woman," traces the change that has come over Miss and Mrs. America from Puritan days to the present. He points out that the Puritan way of life was reverent and sexually rigid, but rewarding. It provided deep satisfactions in the feeling of relationship it afforded between man and God. It fitted people with the courage essential for harsh frontier life, where danger was always near and work never at an end. Furthermore, it was far more realistic, earthy and tolerant of others than we have been led to imagine.

With the coming of industrialization in the 19th century, much of the hardship and peril of the past began to vanish. Life became easier, leisure increased and Americans no longer required the support of Puritanism. But puritanical morality was kept and even grossly exaggerated in the age of Victoria. Women were assured they were so delicate they would swoon at the sight of a mouse. Motherhood became not just noble, but "sacred." And the most savage punishments were inflicted on little boys or girls for conduct that is now known to be perfectly natural. America's morals were shaped by some of the most awesome ignoramuses and bigots who ever lived, the believers, not in the real religion of the Puritans but its mere husk.

Since then, woman has won certain overdue rights. But she has not yet recognized the fact that she is a person—like a man. She continues to think of herself as

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something special, something emotionally or morally superior to males. At the same time she tries, owing to male default or her own unwarranted self-assurance, to take over many masculine functions in society.

This confusion of roles has drastic consequences for normal husband-wife sexual relations. Americans, Dr. Dingwall asserts, are the most sex-obsessed people on earth. One need only look at American entertainment to see what he means. I have pointed out elsewhere that the tension, anxiety and near-frenzy of the American businessman serve as an escape from his sexual fears, from his feared wife and his fearful default as a father. Much of what American males do in business has as its final aim the enhancement of the ease and luxury of women. Great steel mills roll to ease housework or to make ever more feminine cars to take ever more self-softened people over smoother roads by wider bridges. Most of what we call progress is an advance into greater luxury. The fruits of male production go to women; thus men try to redeem themselves for evading their true male role.

The wife of the henpecked husband doesn't really enjoy her dominant position or she wouldn't, couldn't henpeck. The authority which women have taken up because of male default rests uneasily on their shoulders and adds nothing to their inner contentment. The fact that they must bear this burden means that their men have walked away from it and from them.

When a woman as dominating, confused and disappointed as the American woman is, in addition, very beautiful, her tribulations will be increased. If such a woman has counted on her appearance to guarantee happiness (and all America insists that it does!), her personal calamity when she finds she has been deluded will be critical. Hence, beauty in America is an extremely risky attribute.

We should have expected as much. Billboards, popular fiction, movies, TV programs—all flaunt beautiful girls and urge us on to fantasy. Yet every principle we learned at mother's knee forbids us even to dream, and the police are waiting if we try to act out what is incessantly suggested. Until we Americans undertake to relearn the real nature of human beings, of men and women, we'll have emotional chaos. Until we grow up enough to feel in our hearts that sex is intended to make people love, not fear, each other and that the reason for love is family, the gulf between men and women will widen.

And the beautiful women will widen it most. They will know only how to sell their beauty, not how to give love. They will know how to use their beauty to merchandise oatmeal and steam shovels, not how to make a family.

For beauty is only a façade. Young men are enticed by it; they have been taught to desire it in a girl above all things. But once they gain the treasure, they find they have won only the shell of a woman. The lovely girl, relying on her appearance and its high esteem in the eyes of everyone around her, has never had to develop those deeper qualities which her plain sister needs to attract suitors. She is trapped by her own beauty; it acts as a bar between her and other human beings —between her and life itself. . . . THE END

Father-And-Son Night

(Continued from page 41)

George answered wearily. He hoped his words had the sound of unconcern. He had never before known anyone who really hated him, and he had no desire to see Eddie Seaboard.

"Why did you retire three years ago, George?" Herb asked him then. "On the level, I mean."

"I retired for the same reason Rocky Marciano and a lot of other fellows retired. I wasn't getting any younger and I had my family to think of. I wanted to get a decent job before my brains were scrambled in the ring."

They came pretty fast to the last pitch of road that led to the lake. A sign said, CAUTION—CROSSING, causing George to slow down on the level macadam. The camp for boys was just ahead of them, very big and handsome, spick-and-span in the noonday sunlight, with totem poles as bright as candy sticks on the left-hand side of the road. Boys in khaki shorts and sun-tanned hides were crossing the road with a pair of counselors in charge.

"There's Joey now," George said. He stopped the car on the grass at the side of the road, knowing now that the delivery of Herb Shreiber would have to be delayed. He saw Joey speak once to a counselor, then come scrambling in loose-jointed haste—the son of a former middleweight champion of the world—skinny, slat-legged, with no more muscle than a three-cent slice of turkey breast. George walked a few steps from the car to meet the last lunge of the running boy. He caught him and held him in a reckless embrace that did not exaggerate his love.

"Hey, Joey—you look like a tiger."

"I weigh sixty-nine pounds," Joey said. He spoke proudly of this progress. "I gained a pound and a half."

"With your pants full of bricks you weigh sixty-nine pounds," Herb Shreiber said. George watched his son consider Herb in slow and thoughtful appraisal.

"This is Mr. Shreiber, Joey," George explained. "He writes funny things for the papers, but he likes to try them out on people first."

"Hello, sir," Joey said.

It was pretty high class at Camp Stalking Deer, George decided; for $600 the season, it was both as he remembered it and as the catalogue described it, yet not so high class as to be unwholesome. The counselors were Dartmouth and Yale and Amherst boys, a few of them with first names such as "Sprague" and "Ellery" and "Hartwell," but they looked all right in spite of it. George, however, was a little surprised to find himself a lion among them.

"I didn't have to tell them about you one bit," Joey said. "They knew it before they ever met me, every one of them. They read all about you in the papers. Ask Cousin Mark."

The campers, for some reason, addressed their counselors as "Cousin," rather than as "Chief," the way the catalogue, stating the Indian motif of Camp Stalking Deer, had explained. Joey's counselor was a young man known as "Cousin Mark," a Yale boy in a T-shirt and a visored cap. The beaten-up spikes of his old baseball shoes proclaimed him more than a summertime athlete in competition with children. Cousin Mark looked fine. Now the bulk of the boys and counselors came crowding close.

"If you guys will give me a breather," George said, "I'll drop Mr. Shreiber off a few miles from here." He turned to Joey. "I'll only be about twenty minutes, son."

"You may take Joey with you, Mr. Hogan," Cousin Mark volunteered brightly. "No regulation against it, sir."

"That so?" George said. "Well, now." He tried to think of something else. "I wouldn't be breaking up his schedule?"

"Not in any way, sir. After all, we've been expecting you, and Joey is free for the day."

The boy had already taken his father's arm. Herb Shreiber said, "C'mon, let the kid see the seamy side of Eddie Seaboard; let him see how the meatballs live."

They drove about six miles altogether, following the indentations of the lakeshore. They passed an amusement park called Lakeside Grove, where a Ferris wheel stood in a clearing, as tall as any of the great surrounding trees. The smell of buttered popcorn hit them full blast, but they didn't stop. "On the way back, maybe," George said.

They went through the village of Lakeside and on the edge of the town there was a brightly painted pavilion that overlooked the lake; close beside it was an improvised arena where Eddie Seaboard, the current middleweight champion, was training for a fight. George's own ideas about Eddie Seaboard were, of course, conditioned by one blatant and alarming thing—the champion, whether from malice or pinched pride, hated him. He stopped the car.

"Well, Herb," he said lightly, "good luck to you. Write a nice piece for your paper and give everyone my love."

It would have been easy to get away then, George thought later, if it hadn't been for the *rabbity-rabbity-rabbity-boom!* of a punching bag erupting in the quiet afternoon. Joey jumped from the car and ran in the direction of this commotion like a puppy on stilts.

"Joey!" he called.

But the boy had disappeared into a fold of the canvas that blocked off the arena.

"Herb," George said, "go get the kid for me, will you?" But it was already too late. He could see Bootsy Manero, the champion's manager, walking toward the car. He had known Bootsy too long and too well to turn rudely away. The truth was that, of all the world's unincarcerated thieves, he least resented Bootsy Manero, a rapid man with his hospitality, his money, or his charm. You could not hate him for having discovered a surly gold mine, because, whether saint or psychopath, there was no denying that Eddie Seaboard could fight.

"Georgie-Porgie!" Bootsy said.

"It's not the district attorney, Boots."

"Come in; have a drink; we'll roast a welterweight in your honor. Hey—was that your kid?"

"That was Joey."

"The time flies, don't it?" Bootsy paused nostalgically. "I remember he was born the night you fought Pawley, Georgie. I made a nice dollar that night."

"How?"

"I didn't bet on Pawley."

He was a cute one, Bootsy, and he knew where your pride was fat. He knew what it meant to you to be a champion, undefeated, safely retired, honored wherever you went. This was, of course, the sharpest thorn in Eddie Seaboard's pride, hearing the sports writers, along with the wise and knowing boys around the gym, proclaim dogmatically that Eddie could not have licked one half of Georgie Hogan. The *rabbity-rabbity-rabbity-boom!* of the punching bag began again.

"Eddie?" George said.

"He don't begin his real work for a few weeks yet. He's got four weeks time before the fight."

"How's he doing, Boots? How's his disposition?"

"Well, bein' a champion has broadened him," Bootsy said. "I mean he can chase more broads a whole lot farther now, an' he's got twenty-six suits of clothes to do it in." They walked into the pavilion then and Bootsy said to the bartender, "The clean glasses, Otto. This is no bum. This is Georgie Hogan, the pride o' the record books."

George had one beer, stingingly cold and rich in the goblet. Standing here, with his back to the bar, he could see into the arena. George was taller than most men and he appeared deceivingly slender. His nose was not dented badly, but the evidence was there. Half listening to Bootsy, his eyes were on Eddie Seaboard, shadow-boxing in the distance. Bootsy said then, "How's the textile business, George?"

"It isn't bad at all."

"You make a hundred thousand bucks this year?"

George laughed. But he did not reply. The truth was that he had done very well in the textile business since retiring from the ring. At his present age, with his best athletic years behind him, he was pleased to have it this way.

"You look like you could fight tomorrow, Georgie."

He shrugged, then he said, truthfully, "I'd rather stick to textiles, Boots; I'm thirty-five years old."

He saw Joey get up from a wooden bench in the arena and venture closer to Eddie Seaboard. Very soon he could see that they were talking and the champion turned his head toward the pavilion. That was the first time he emitted his shrill hyena laugh, like nothing this side of the zoo. The boy backed instinctively away,

The Magazine Research Bureau reports to us that Mr. Howard H. Petersen of Kansas City, Missouri, has been selected in its survey of men's reading interests as the typical man reader of the February 1957 REDBOOK. The monthly award has been sent to him. —THE EDITORS

and George, merely watching, was suddenly jumpy and nervous inside, because he could feel the trouble and smell the trouble and he wished most sincerely that they had not come here today.

"Boots," George said, "call the boy. Give him a bottle of pop or something. He'll meet enough delinquents later on."

"You nervous, Georgie? That's not like you," Bootsy said, but Bootsy wasn't cruel. He went to the wide screened window and whistled through his fingers. "Hey, Joey—c'mere!" The boy came slowly, looking over one shoulder at Eddie Seaboard. Then George saw the champion pick up a towel and follow the boy. When they arrived, together, Joey's thin face was pale. His unhappy glance was raised to his father.

"I told him you could lick him," Joey said. He made this statement as though, in a classroom, he had been asked the sum of five and five, then been challenged when he answered ten. "You can, Pop—can't you?"

"Sure, Joey—eat 'im up alive." He tried to give it the comic, just-between-us-adults treatment, hoping the other man might just conceivably understand. "How about that, Eddie?"

"You stink," the champion said.

He made the statement flatly, without preamble or a shade of humor. The words stayed alive. Their malice was like an unhealthy poultice clinging to them all. The few people at the bar were motionless. You could hear Eddie Seaboard's passionate breathing. You could watch the sweat stream down his jaws into the fatness of the towel wrapped around his neck. *Say something,* George thought; *say it now,* but no words came. He could see Joey's mouth begin to tremble. In his own legs, there was a gone feeling.

"Grow up, Eddie," he managed finally to say, but it was weak. It was like climbing to the topmost platform of a diving tower, then descending from the challenge, step by shameful step. Joey had moved to his father's side.

"All right, Tiger," Bootsy Manero said to the champion, "go get yourself a new bone."

"He wouldn't fight me for a million dollars," Eddie said with contempt. "The bum retired just so he wouldn't have to fight me. Deny it!" he shrieked at George. "Deny it, I dare ya! I'll fight ya here for nothin'! I'll take ya down to the ring!"

"All right—be quiet!" Bootsy shrieked in turn. "Georgie's a family man. He can't afford to fight for nothing."

"Nice fam'ly man." The champion's glance passed appraisingly from father to son. "A helluva fam'ly," Eddie said. "Look at this skinny jerk. You can tell the stork brought this one account of he looks just like a stork."

George raised a hand then, automatically, but Bootsy and Herb Shreiber intervened. His gesture failed to match in power or conviction the maniacal laugh that came from the champion.

"Because he looks like a stork," Eddie Seaboard said slowly. "Hey, how about that?"

Intoxicated with the joke he had made, choking on the fruit of his own comedy, he left them. George Hogan felt numb and beaten and ashamed. He felt like a stranger at the side of his son.

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you, Georgie," Bootsy said after a while. "You think it's all because the guys who write for the papers, like Herb here, keep sayin' you were the best of them all?"

George professed not to know.

"Or maybe you weren't the best, eh, Georgie?" said Bootsy very shrewdly then. "Ah, well, I'm sorry just the same."

They left Bootsy's place and drove in silence past the popcorn stand at Lakeside Grove. George didn't look at the boy. His lips framed things to say, but they were never the right things. It was not until they were turning in past the totem poles of Camp Stalking Deer that Joey spoke.

"Why didn't you sock him, Pop?"

"I don't know." George reached for the boy's hand at his side. "If I ever figure it out, I'll let you know. Is that all right, son?" Glancing quickly he saw the thin shoulders tremble. He heard the solitary sob. Knowing he could not buy back the last, unhappy hour, he wished only he were himself young enough for the luxury of tears.

There was a time when George Hogan would have considered the evening's proceedings at Camp Stalking Deer as corn-laden as any dozen acres in Nebraska. At a firelit powwow, in the Stalking Deer tradition, he had not expected Mr. Wadleigh, the camp director, to induct him into the honorary society of Senior Blue Beavers. Certainly his old and irreverent companions from Stillman's Gym or the Gaiety Delicatessen would have choked on a mere whiff of salami to see him squatting here, straight-faced, and wearing a feathered headdress equal to a thirty-five-pound turkey standing on its comb. He would not have known, except for a reading of the roll, that while there were seven governors of states, six congressmen, one popular singer and one left-handed pitcher among the honorary Senior Blue Beavers, he was the first ex-boxing champion to be honored in this way.

"Him paleface chief," said Mr. Wadleigh, an otherwise rational man. "Him mighty warrior and friend to all Blue Beavers. How is it written?"

"It is written forever," two hundred and fifty children solemnly affirmed.

I'm a bum, George was thinking. *My guts froze tight as a fist this afternoon; I was afraid of Eddie Seaboard then; I'm afraid of him now.*

The smoke from the birch logs spiraled skyward. The firelit faces of the children glowed. He could see them measure him with awed respect. His son sat in their midst, cross-legged like the rest, his lips held tight, his gentle eyes observing everything. Once, when their glances met, the thin face brightened with a smile, and George felt much improved.

George was allotted the extra bunk in Cabin #4 that night, but he did not sleep. He lay awake listening to "Cousin Mark," the counselor, reinforce the Indian motif of Camp Stalking Deer by snoring like a buffalo. Along about midnight, the contented Yale man rolled over on his stomach. The snoring stopped. George continued, with his eyes wide open, to listen to the play and pressure of the wind in sky-high pines. He kept trying to guess his way into the secret thoughts of a boy who was nine. He felt certain that Joey would not be asleep. He sat up.

"Joey?"

"Yes, Pop?"

The answer was immediate, and in the pause that followed, the wind seemed bigger, louder in the trees. It cleansed the cabin with the clear smell of the pines and helped to make you hungry. From a distance, faintly, George could hear the grind of mechanical music—the carousel, he supposed, at Lakeside Grove.

"You hungry, Joey?"

"Kind of, I guess."

"You like a hamburger?"

"I woudn't mind." Then after a moment: "You think we could?"

George was standing in his bare feet on the cabin floor. "It mightn't be strictly according to the rules," he admitted, "but a Senior Blue Beaver can do no wrong." He lifted Joey from the upper deck. They began to get dressed. Outside, waiting for them, the moon was jack-o'-lantern bright.

At Lakeside Grove with its lack of customers, the Ferris wheel turned dolefully. It was almost closing time. A lady fortune-teller secured the shutters of her booth and then, at contented leisure, scratched her back against the protuberance of the lock.

"Is she a gypsy, Pop?"

"That's right. She's a real one."

"You ever know any real gypsies?"

"Well, I knew a fighter once named Gypsy Joe Gans. I guess he was a real one."

"Could he lick Eddie Seaboard?"

So there it was, at the top of the boy's mind, always waiting, always ready. "Could he, Pop? Could that gypsy you knew lick Eddie?"

"I'm sure he couldn't, Joey. Let's forget it."

"Could you lick Eddie Seaboard, Pop?"

George Hogan sighed. He said tiredly, unconvincingly, "Sure. Any time. Any place."

"That's what I thought." The boy's arm, locked in his own, had tightened with false, whipped-up fulfillment. "That's what I told the guys at camp."

They threw lumpy baseballs at some stacks of rubber bottles, and for an expenditure of ninety cents, they won a pinwheel worth a dime.

"You were throwin' them real sharp, Pop."

"I'm a real sharp fellow. How about a box of—what's the matter Joey? What's wrong with you?"

The boy stood rigid. "He's over there," Joey whispered,— "Eddie Seaboard, Pop. He sees you now." The desperately wished for, manufactured confidence of a moment ago was gone. The fear came up as big as goblins. "Please, let's get out of here. I don't want anything to happen to you, Pop."

It was not a happy time for father or son. Eddie Seaboard wasn't more than twenty feet away. He was with Herb Shreiber, the sports writer, and a smaller man whom George didn't know. Eddie carried a kewpie doll, two souvenir pennants and a bag of popcorn.

"It's the papa stork and the baby stork!" the champion said shrilly. Neither his bad jokes nor the giddy pitch of his voice diminished the trigger-readiness of Eddie Seaboard's scorn and his hate.

"What about it?" George asked.

A chill wind swept the small amusement park. The silly pinwheel George was holding spun and clattered in his hand. He heard Eddie laugh again in that wild, derisive cackle that always made you wonder whether the man were drunk. But George knew better. He noted quickly the physical arrangement of the clearing where they stood. He had no confidence, no hope at all, that a clash could be averted now. Yet he was less afraid than he had been the other time. It was perhaps because there was finality in this. The earth was hard-packed underfoot, he noted. It ran at a slight declination towards the lake. A string of lights from the clapboard booths of the concessionaires illumined the ground.

"Maybe there ain't no mamma stork?" the champion asked with taunting innocence. "You didn't bring the mamma stork?"

"Shut your mouth in front of my boy," George Hogan said.

Herb Shreiber, expressionless, had stepped aside. Then Eddie Seaboard threw the popcorn in George's face.

They fought with their bare hands, and yet, out of fixed and unalterable habit, they fought like professionals. Eddie Seaboard did not come swinging with the unplanned, headlong rush that George had hoped he would employ. Eddie fought from a crouch, his body weaving, his head a moving, difficult target. If he was a fool at many things, he was not one in the practice of his craft. Power flowed from the younger man. His hands flashed suddenly. His left fist, then his right crashed against George's face. George stumbled, all but falling under the impact. He felt the salty warmth of his own blood in his mouth. He maneuvered carefully so that his back was to the string of lights, permitting them to etch in brightness every feature of the advancing champion. George watched him carefully—waiting, seeking the range; then he stabbed his own left hand into the champion's face. He slipped beneath the crashing right that Eddie swung at his head. He countered with a blow of his own. . . . He fought. . . .

Strangest of all to George was the unnatural silence. Here, with a dozen men, a frightened boy and a gypsy woman as their witnesses, you could hear little more than your breathing and the *splat* of the bare-handed blows. The dry dust of the midway rose and danced in the fitful glare of the burning bulbs and the soft glow of the moon.

George was not fighting badly, he realized. A cool desperation controlled him, but weariness, as it had to come, came all too soon. He tried to make the most of every move. He tried to keep the other man attacking on the upgrade of the slanted ground. There were no rounds, of course. There was no treasured minute for repairs. There was no comfort for aching arms, nor respite for your legs. George's lips were smeared and caked with blood. His right eye was half closed. *God help me now*, he thought, but it was not a whimper. He was thankful that the mechanics of his trade had not deserted him. He stepped within the wide arc of a careless blow by the champion, driving his own fist home with wrath and power. Eddie Seaboard stumbled back. The first flash of doubt was plain on his face.

"Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!"

It was the gypsy woman, a partisan to George's cause. Her voice was shrill as pain. Now Eddie Seaboard surged back, wild with pride. Again George stumbled, but he did not fall. In terrible need, he grasped the champion, holding to him resolutely in a clinch, drawing the breath he needed, planning what next to do. Oddly enough, and perhaps through pride, Eddie did not attempt to knee him in the clinch. They broke apart. Again George managed to maneuver until the glare of the lights was on the other man and the pitch of the earth in favor of himself. He kicked off the moccasin shoes he had been wearing, knowing that he could move more adroitly without them. The pebbles underfoot were not too many and he hoped there was no glass. He taunted the champion:

"What are you waiting for?"

Once he had seen Eddie Seaboard turn in puzzlement, as though, like anyone trained to three-minute efforts, he missed the clang and respite of the bell. George hadn't expected Eddie to tire, but there was evidence that it was happening. Perhaps these midnight hours were a customary thing beyond his manager's control, and buttered popcorn less than an ideal diet for a reigning champion.

"Come on, you bum!" George called.

The champion came, as invited, his strong arms flailing, the power of his youth almost too great a force to stand against. George crouched beneath the shower of blows, then coldly, with method, ripped his hands into the stomach of the other man. Eddie kicked at him for the first time then. Eddie kicked and tripped him and George fell heavily. But as he fell, he rolled. The champion, diving after him sprawled in the dirt. George climbed to his feet.

"Get up," he told the champion. He circled back and away. "Get up," he repeated, for he knew that now was the time, if ever in their lives there'd be a time.

Eddie Seaboard got up to try again, this time with his hands. But he moved more slowly. Fatigue, frustration and a will much stronger than his own had peeled his confidence away. George hit him squarely with all his remaining strength. Eddie Seaboard fell back and landed near one of the booths. He shrieked obscenely, then reached for a length of board. Herb Shreiber, standing by, stepped on his hand. The gypsy woman laughed. The others crowded close.

George Hogan walked with his son and Herb Shreiber to the car parked near the road. Herb gave him a dampened cloth to wipe his face, if not to repair it. Now, looking at the cloth, he dropped it in a rubbish can, then turned to his son.

"It's a stinkin' business, huh?"

The small boy clung to him, his thin hands tightening, tightening. "You never kicked him once," Joey said in sobbed thanksgiving. "Never once!" After a moment the two of them got into the car. "He hurt you much, Pop? You feel all right?"

"I feel like a Senior Blue Beaver," George Hogan said.

He waved to Herb Shreiber, standing in the road, and then, with his son beside him, he drove slowly back to camp.

. . . THE END

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A Man's Fight

(Continued from page 35)

weather turned bad. Still, since they'd already bought the kids' presents, Christmas was all right that year. Weather kept Kelly out of work four months that winter—about average for painters—and although he managed to pick up some jobs on his own, there was barely enough money to go around.

Prices kept going up. Lee was born in the spring, and Kelly started having trouble with his boss. A misunderstanding arose and Kelly started losing good assignments. Finally he had to pawn the diamond engagement ring he'd given Betty. He got $43 for it.

One night Betty said it seemed to her they weren't making any headway; they couldn't help going into debt. She thought they could do better in Louisville where her uncle, who was superintendent of a highway construction crew, could help Kelly get a job. She also counted on finding a much cheaper apartment in a municipal housing project.

They went to Louisville, Kelly did get the job and—eventually—they moved into the housing project. Kelly started as a pick-and-shovel man at $1.25 an hour and worked his way up to foreman in charge of the heavy machinery, just under Betty's uncle.

The job was at the airport in Frankfort, Kentucky, about 50 miles from Louisville. Kelly was living in a cabin near a gas station down the road from the airport and coming home only on weekends. He missed the kids so much that, if they were still napping when he got home Friday afternoon, he immediately charged in, woke them up and took them all out in the yard to romp for a couple of hours. They had five youngsters now; Bennie had been born that spring.

Kelly is not a man who thinks that kids are a woman's business. When one of them called out in the night for a drink of water or a little reassurance he was the one who got up. Betty has one bad ear and Kelly teasingly says she always sleeps on the good one so he'll hear the kids first. "I used to figure that taking care of kids was a 50-50 proposition," he said, "but now I know it's a 75-25 deal. Seventy-five for the wife and 25 for the husband. Betty has them all day long; the least I can do is get up with them at night."

What he doesn't say is that he's so crazy about them he's delighted to see them any time.

Then, suddenly, there was trouble. The baby, Bennie, started to run a high fever. He became flushed and still. The doctor said it was bronchial pneumonia and ordered him into a hospital. The hospital was overcrowded and understaffed; when Bennie woke up and cried, no one came to care for him. Betty and Kelly couldn't stand it; they bundled the baby up and took him to another hospital.

It was touch and go for a while. The baby's wind-pipe would close up and specialists had to be called in. But Bennie pulled through. The bills knocked a hole in the Kellys' budget that wasn't repaired for more than a year. And shortly after Bennie came home, bad fortune struck again.

Kelly stepped off the bus one Monday morning on his way to work and turned to go up to the cabin. It was gone. There was only a pile of ashes and a few charred bits of wood. In it had been all his work clothes, tools and some of his personal belongings. The only thing he could salvage was a blackened pair of pliers.

Under his arm, Kelly had a new pair of jeans and a work shirt; in his pocket was $5. He went into the men's room at the gas station, changed his clothes and went to work. That night he and three other men slept in a trailer that belonged to the gas station owner. Later, the other men rented rooms, but Kelly couldn't afford one. For a month he slept in the unheated trailer, washed in the men's room of the gas station and took baths at the airport. Replacing only those clothes he couldn't do without put the Kellys further into debt.

There was one bright note; Betty's uncle had said he was sure there'd be work all that winter. Two weeks before Christmas the weather went bad just as the airport job was finished. Before another one could be started, word came that the two men who owned the company were dissolving their partnership. However, one of them said that, as soon as they got the legal details settled, he was going to continue the business alone and he wanted Kelly to come back to work. He said it would take about three weeks. Nine months later work still hadn't been resumed.

Things quickly became desperate. Kelly couldn't get unemployment insurance in Kentucky because he hadn't worked there long enough. Because he hadn't worked recently in Pennsylvania, he could get only $14 a week from there. And the weather stayed bad, preventing work in the construction trades.

Meantime he made the rounds looking for some kind of factory job. Nobody was hiring.

"You go out of the house in the morning with a bus ticket and 15 cents for chewing tobacco in your pocket," Kelly said. "You ride downtown and walk into the first place and ask the man for a job, any job. He says they're not hiring right now, so you turn around and walk out again.

"Maybe it's three, four miles to the next place and you walk because you don't have the money for a bus. It's the same thing over again. You do that three or four times and then you have to go home and face the wife.

"You walk in and she looks up with a smile that's got hope in it and asks, 'Did you do any good?' And you have to say, 'Naw,' and go sit in a chair.

"You sit there and think, try to think what you can do. There isn't anything. There's nothing you can grasp. Your wife sees you sitting there and knows how you feel so she says, 'Let's talk it out.' But you can't talk. There's nothing to say.

"Next day it's the same thing again."

And that's the way it was—for nearly four months.

In 1944, when Kelly came home from Italy with the Congressional Medal of Honor, he was a national hero. He talked to the President in the White House and they had a parade for him in the nation's capital. Pittsburgh gave him the keys to the city and everywhere he went the crowds of cheering people were so thick they had trouble forcing the cars through. He traveled the 48 states and everywhere it was the same. He was interviewed, photographed, honored at banquets.

Now, 10 years later, he knew that, if he told the newspapers about the trouble he was having, the golden flow would start all over again. But he couldn't bring himself to do it. Around Pittsburgh they used to say his father was "independent as a hog on ice." Chuck Kelly had the same independence, or pride, and he couldn't ask for help—yet.

When the good weather came that spring, he applied for work with all the painting contractors, but had no luck; they were hiring back their former employes first. When he was working in Frankfort, Kelly had bought Betty a diamond ring to replace the one they'd pawned and lost in Pittsburgh. Now they had to pawn the second; Betty said later she never wants another.

Betty's family helped out during these dark weeks. Her grandfather, who has a small farm in Lily, Kentucky, sent some food he'd raised and canned, and her mother and sisters helped, too. Harry Holt, an insurance agent and Republican precinct worker who had become Kelly's closest friend, helped out most of all. He hired Kelly to paint his house, which really didn't need it, and paid well for the job.

Kelly found another house-painting job and then in June he finally went to work as a painter-maintenance man for a real estate operator. He made $1.45 an hour and worked 50 hours a week.

Five weeks after he got the job, Betty went into the hospital to have their sixth child. The bill was $97.20, which Kelly had to borrow to get her out of the hospital.

The next day Kelly had a sharp pain in his stomach and didn't go to work. As it grew worse, he decided it was his appendix. That afternoon, when Harry Holt came over, they walked to the drug store and Kelly bought an ice bag. Harry told him to go to a doctor, but Kelly, thinking of the bills, refused.

Betty went to bed and Kelly stayed in a chair in the living room. The pain was getting intense, and pretty soon Kelly had the ice bag, a water bottle that was frozen solid and three ice trays wrapped in a towel, all on his abdomen. They weren't enough. He remembered that Betty had some sleeping pills for her own postchildbirth pain. He started to go for them and found he couldn't walk. He crawled into the dark bedroom and had a terrible time waking Betty who had taken some pills herself. She mumbled that they were in one of the kitchen cabinets, but she didn't wake up enough to comprehend Chuck's agony.

He crawled into the kitchen, but

couldn't hoist himself up high enough to reach the pills. He lay on the floor, drowning in the pain; then he blacked out.

Later the pain broke. He looked across and there was the familiar living room chair under the cone of light from the lamp. In his abdomen now was only a dull ache. He got up and lurched over to the chair and sat down and dozed.

At eight o'clock Betty came in, took one look at his drawn, white face and went downstairs to phone Harry Holt. Harry came over and took Kelly to the VA hospital. They checked in at 10:30 in the morning and Kelly told the doctors he thought his appendix had burst the night before. They took tests and operated at 4:30 that afternoon; by then peritonitis had set in.

Betty couldn't sleep that night. Harry had come by and told her about the operation and said Kelly was fine, but something about his manner kept her from believing him. Finally at about 12:30 she went into the kitchen for a drink of water. She was standing by the sink looking out the window at nothing when suddenly,

"I saw Chuck," she said, "and I could feel him there in the room. He was reaching out to me, and I knew something was terribly wrong.

"I started to cry and I don't think I ever prayed as hard in my life as I did right then. I stayed in the kitchen for three hours praying and crying and smoking cigarettes."

The next morning, Monday, she insisted on going out to the hospital although it was not yet seven days since she'd had the baby. Kelly was unconscious and stayed that way until Thursday. Each day Betty was beside his bed for the full four hours that visitors were allowed.

Kelly was in the hospital 12 days and lost 28 pounds. When he came out, the nation had heard of his trouble; Harry Holt told the newspapers when he went into the hospital. Then the golden shower began as the American people poured out their generosity on a family that needed help. One woman brought a chair, a couch and two lamps; another brought a bed; another gave clothes. After Kelly appeared on TV, letters with money poured into the Mellon Bank in Pittsburgh until the total reached $2,800. The most touching letter came from a woman in an old ladies' home; she wished the Kellys well and enclosed a dime.

Kelly received more than 100 job offers from all over the country, and the Governor made him a Kentucky colonel. The tiny Kelly apartment was swamped with reporters, photographers and broadcasters. President Eisenhower sent Kelly a telegram and later invited him to take part, on TV, in one of the question-and-answer shows that were a part of his campaign for re-election.

But the golden shower was not without its dark clouds. Kelly was invited to appear on the Strike It Rich television show and it was this appearance that swelled the money and job offers into a flood. But it was also an ordeal.

"He was scared to death," Betty said. "He knew he couldn't answer the questions they'd ask him because he never forgets that he didn't even go to high school. And he had to go up there before all those people and tell a story about himself that he didn't want to tell. He's an independent man and he was ashamed.

"He hated it, yet felt he couldn't refuse to go because we needed the money so badly. He very much wanted me to go with him, but the show people wouldn't pay my fare and we had no money of our own. So Chuck went alone and it took a lot of courage. I watched the show; at the end I could see he had tears in his eyes."

One day last fall Kelly was talking about courage. I asked him which took more—to face the Germans that day at Altavilla, or to live through the past few years. He answered instantly:

"The past years took much more. When you're in combat you have a job to do, you know how to do it and you know you can do it. So you just go ahead. Besides, when you're in a fight, you get so hopped up you don't even think about the danger.

"But these years have been rough. Your hands are tied. You have a thing to do, but you can't do it. You go in and ask a man for a job. It's a job you never had before and you're asking for it, but you don't know if you can do it. And you get so many 'No's.'

"Then there's your family. You give the kids cereal in the morning and they ask for more and there isn't any more. When you tell them, you don't feel like much of a man.

"But you just have to keep on and do what you can." . . . THE END

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What You Can't See on TV

(Continued from page 29)

because both are immensely popular and at the same time completely uncontroversial.)

Each network has its own official censor, euphemistically called a director of continuity acceptance. Stockton Helffrich, who holds this job at NBC, is probably representative of the more enlightened element in this little-known trade. "We are censors," Helffrich admits, "but we are also umpires. Our job is to screen both commercials and scripts not only for violations of good taste, but for free advertising plugs, things which play on superstition, racial, religious and national stereotypes, scientific inaccuracies and the like."

Helffrich is proud of the fact that his office has often resisted pressure groups, worked with writers preparing scripts on controversial subjects and taken the side of the writer and producer, though not always with success, against overcautious sponsors and advertising agencies. He admits, however, that sponsors, except on news and public affairs shows, do have the right to insist on script changes—a situation which sets radio and television apart from other mass media, such as newspapers and magazines. A random sampling of items from the monthly reports which Helffrich sends to his counterparts among NBC's affiliate stations indicates the sort of thing with which a network censor is concerned:

Changed (to something milder): "Just another Hollywood party girl playing easy-to-get at midnight suppers."

Banned: The showing of a toilet.

Cut (from Shakespeare's "Richard III"): The smothering of the little princes.

Cautioned against (after complaints from leather-jacket and blue-jean interests): Too many villains and too few heroes in leather jackets and blue jeans.

Allowed (by actual count over one year): Eight uses of the word "damn"; ten uses of the word "hell."

But the more serious excesses of television censorship by the industry itself do not come from such offices as Mr. Helffrich's or even from the code of the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters. This voluntary code, like those of each of the networks, is employed as a very general rule of thumb, not as absolute law.

The "Martin Luther" incident reveals how some of the forces responsible for the censorship excesses work. "Martin Luther," produced by Lutheran Church Productions, Inc., was released to theaters throughout the country in May, 1953. A critical and box-office success, it played at motion picture theaters for two years with few incidents and little protest. The Catholic Legion of Decency classified it separately, as follows: *This picture offers a sympathetic and approving representation of the life and times of Martin Luther, the 16th Century figure of religious controversy. It contains theological historical references and interpretations which are unacceptable to Catholics.*

In 1956 WGN-TV agreed to give the picture its world television première. A sponsor was found, and the showing was scheduled for December 21st. Robert E. A. Lee, executive secretary of Lutheran Church Productions, Inc., recalls that "soon after the scheduling was announced, we heard directly from the station that it was feeling pressure against showing it."

Lee learned that the station was expecting a visit on the subject from a representative of the Chancery Office of the Roman Catholic archdiocese of Chicago. An appointment had been made for December 14th. On December 19th, two days before the scheduled showing, WGN-TV canceled the film. Ward L. Quaal, the station's vice president and general manager, announced that WGN-TV did not want to be a party "to the development of any misunderstanding or ill will among persons of the Christian faith in the Chicago area."

An Action Committee for Freedom of Religious Expression, encompassing leading Protestant church groups, was formed, and its leaders labeled the cancellation "de facto censorship" and an admission on the station's part that "it is vulnerable to pressures which we are convinced, on the the basis of our discussions with WGN, have been mobilized by the Roman Catholic Church to secure the banning of this film." Monsignor E. M. Burke, chancellor of the Chicago archdiocese, protested "We have not made any representations to WGN-TV in any way. As far as the 1,800,000 Catholics here are concerned, it was an individual matter if they saw fit to protest against a film they consider historically inaccurate, if not downright insulting."

In New York, Robert E. A. Lee said, "This last-minute reversal of the station's carefully considered program judgment can only be interpreted as surrendering to pressure from sources that seemingly want to suppress certain pages of history. Efforts at thought control, wherever they are exerted, are un-American and are to be deplored."

WGN-TV's embarrassment became WISN-TV's triumph, for on March 8th this Milwaukee TV station, reproducing as nearly as possible the Chicago arrangements, gave "Martin Luther" its television première without incident. On April 23rd Chicagoans finally had an opportunity to see the film over WBKB-TV.

The "Martin Luther" incident points up two characteristics which run through most of the television industry today: a basic and largely unwarranted timidity toward anything remotely controversial and a surprising receptiveness to pressure. Jack Gould, TV critic for *The New York Times*, deplores this timidity but says that it is difficult to pin down. "Almost every time I write that something has never been on television, I get letters giving me dates, times and stations to prove me wrong. Since no one can possibly know what every local station is doing every day, you have to be careful about flat statements."

But the fact that a single station somewhere once handled a so-called tough subject does not disprove the point that there are many such subjects which have not been given time and treatment equal to their importance in the world today. No one, for example, would deny that there are religious programs on television. Yet the Rev. Everett C. Parker, director of the Office of Communication of the Congregational Christian Churches, testifying in June, 1956, before a Senate committee, was able to say, "The National Broadcasting Company originates 4,860 minutes of network television each week. Thirty minutes of this time, .62 per cent, are devoted to religion. Furthermore, this 30 minutes is divided between Protestants, Roman Catholics and Jews in varying proportions. The net effect for Protestants is that, during 24 weeks in the year, not a single minute on the NBC network is devoted to Protestant Christianity.

"The Columbia Broadcasting System," he continued, "maintains two 30-minute religious programs, both aired in the early hours of Sunday morning . . . Protestantism at present is faring somewhat better . . . over CBS than on NBC. It is absent from the CBS network only 23 weeks. Of course, in both cases the Roman Catholics and Jews receive even less time. . . . The American Broadcasting Company currently offers no noncommercial religious programs on its network, although I understand the program featuring Dean James Pike of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine may be restored in the fall." It was. A recent check with Dr. Parker revealed that, with this exception, the situation is still the same.

Jay Nelson Tuck, the *New York Post's* TV critic, says that "one of the great problems of television stems from its constant attempt to capture the largest possible audience. I believe there are many smaller audiences and that, when you consistently strive for the masses, you are likely to lose the smaller audiences."

TV drama reflects the problem in its most extreme form. To list all of the subjects which are never—or almost never—dealt with honestly in TV drama would be exhausting, but some of the more ob-

The Golden Scalpel

BY MAXWELL MALTZ, M.D.

He could not escape his past when a girl's courage challenged his future as a doctor. Turn to page 101

vious areas are racial and religious discrimination, civil rights, sectarian religion, irreligion and religious controversy, divorce, suicide, homosexuality and labor-management relations. There are also many specific subjects which are, for all practical purposes, untouchable—the loyalty-security question, lynching, interracial and interreligious marriage, mercy killing, bullfighting, pacifism, birth control, the use of the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution which forbids compelling a person to be witness against himself, and many others.

Some of these subjects have been treated in documentaries, although hardly to the extent that they occupy our minds and our newspapers. More have been subjects of discussion or debate, although, again, with carefully reviewed scripts. And, of course, most have been handled as straight news. But for dramatic shows they are virtually taboo subjects; on the rare occasions when they do appear, they have been watered down in advance.

In a recent article in the magazine *Commentary*, Henry Popkin, professor of English at Brandeis University, writes, "The favorite strategy of the popular arts is to sound a little liberal and then quickly drop the subject. Some equally vague liberals in the audience are stirred without becoming sweaty and excited, and, just as important, no one is offended."

This "new liberalism," Professor Popkin writes, "takes its stand for persecuted minorities. True to the new spirit of caution, however, they are usually distant, abstract minorities . . . a recent television play exposed the persecution of a man who chose to wear a beard. We are assured that this story is based on an actual incident."

"Six Television Plays," a book by popular TV dramatist Reginald Rose, contains scripts of six hour-long plays, all of which have been produced. It also contains a brief author's commentary on each. In his comments on "Thunder on Sycamore Street," which appeared on the program, "Studio One," Rose remarks, "Originally, 'Thunder on Sycamore Street' was conceived as the story of a Negro who moves into a white community. This was unpalatable to the networks since many of their stations are situated in Southern states and it was felt that viewers might be appalled at the sight of a Negro as the beleaguered hero of a television drama. . . . The selection of an ex-convict as the protagonist was the obvious choice since this could offend no known organized pressure groups. (I might add here that, in Act II of 'Thunder on Sycamore Street,' there is a derogatory reference to melted cheese sandwiches, which I sincerely hope did not offend lovers of same.)"

Referring to another play of his, Rose comments, " 'Crime in the Streets' was turned down by the sponsors or advertising agencies of three major networks for precisely the same reason. It dealt sympathetically with juvenile delinquency at a time when juvenile delinquents were considered to be eminently unpopular. . . . The claim was made by one network that 'Crime in the Streets' was too violent a show for the public to swallow. This is strange to hear when we can see every day that the networks are not afraid to dose the public with violence and murder as long as there is no reference to 'controversial' social problems."

Rod Serling, another well-known television writer, has not been immune to censorship problems. His play, "Noon on Doomsday," was based originally on the Emmett Till case, the kidnaping and murder of a Negro youth in Mississippi. To assure that Southern viewers would find no cause for objection, the Negro question was eliminated; no Negroes appeared in the play; the locale was changed to a New England town; and in a last, desperate effort to preclude identification of the carefully disguised problem in the play with the real problem of Negro-white relations in the United States, a scene in which a character was to drink a Coca-Cola was eliminated because it was felt that "Coca-Cola is a Southern drink."

Perhaps the outstanding example of avoiding the whole question of race relations is a play called "Minority of One," in which the entire subject was precisely race relations. To remove the subject would have reduced the script to blank pages. The job of making such a play "fit for television" obviously called for great ingenuity. On this score, at least, the medium was not found wanting. Between August, 1955, when its author, Kristin Hunter, won a $1,500 prize as a runner-up in a script competition sponsored by the Fund for the Republic, and February, 1956, when "Minority of One" was produced on the CBS religious program, "Lamp Unto My Feet," virtually everything about the play was changed.

From a half-hour documentary about desegregation in Camden, N. J., it became a 15-minute drama without specific locale. From a story based on a factual situation about a white girl forced against her will to attend an otherwise all-Negro school, it became a fictional story about the white daughter of a French woman and an American man who entered an all-Negro school against the wishes (or better judgment) of its Negro teachers. From a story in which a violently anti-Negro white girl, spurred on by her bitterly bigoted parents, is slowly won over by the Negro children in her class, it became the story of a completely unprejudiced French girl who, in the space of a day, completely wins over a group of prejudiced Negro children!

In one sense, however, the appearance on television of "Minority of One," mangled though it was, was noteworthy. For of 19 prize-winning scripts in the Fund for the Republic's competition—all devoted to some aspect of civil liberties—it alone has ever been produced. And this despite the fact that all were offered free of charge to networks, advertising agencies, producers and individual stations.

Were the other 18 scripts just not good enough? The three top-money winners were all written by professional writers, one of them Jo Sinclair, author of the 1946 Harper Prize novel, "Wasteland." Three of the six judges were highly respected and experienced individuals in the television industry itself—Julien Bryan, a documentary film producer; Elmer Davis, the well-known writer and commentator, and Eric Sevareid, chief of the CBS Washington news staff.

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OREGON

Portland ..... Lipman Wolfe & Co.

PENNSYLVANIA

Pittsburgh ..... Jonasson's

UTAH

Salt Lake City ..... Z C M I Dept. Store

VIRGINIA

Falls Church ..... Garfinckel's (7 Corners Shopping Center)

WASHINGTON

Seattle ..... Best's Apparel, Inc.

Page 68 — Mother's suit and jacket by Jantzen
Daughter's suit by Jantzen

NEW JERSEY

Hackensack ..... Arnold Constable & Co.
New Brunswick ..... Arnold Constable & Co.
Trenton ..... Arnold Constable & Co.

NEW YORK

New York City ..... Arnold Constable & Co.
Hempstead ..... Arnold Constable & Co.
Manhasset ..... Arnold Constable & Co.
New Rochelle ..... Arnold Constable & Co.

OREGON

Portland ..... Meier & Frank Co.

TENNESSEE

Nashville ..... The Harvey Co.

Page 68 — Mother's suit and jacket by Jantzen

ALABAMA

Mobile ..... L. Hammel Dry Goods Co.

ILLINOIS

Chicago ..... Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Evergreen Plaza Shopping Center Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Hillside Shopping Center Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
Wilmette (Edens Plaza) Carson Pirie Scott & Co.

INDIANA

Hammond ..... Carson Pirie Scott & Co. (Woodmar Shopping Center)

IOWA

Ames ..... Younker Bros.
Des Moines ..... Younker Bros.
Fort Dodge ..... Younker Bros.
Iowa City ..... Younker Bros.
Marshalltown ..... Younker Bros.
Mason City ..... Younker Bros.
Ottumwa ..... Younker Bros.

NEBRASKA

Omaha (The Center) ..... Younker Bros.

Page 69 — Beach costumes by Catalina

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles ..... Silverwood's
San Francisco ..... Macy's

DELAWARE

Wilmington ..... Oppenheim Collins

NEW JERSEY

East Orange ..... Oppenheim Collins
Hackensack ..... Oppenheim Collins
Haddonfield ..... Oppenheim Collins
Morristown ..... Oppenheim Collins

NEW YORK

Buffalo ..... Oppenheim Collins
Thruway Plaza Shopping Center Oppenheim Collins
New York City ..... Oppenheim Collins
Cross County Shopping Center Oppenheim Collins
Garden City ..... Oppenheim Collins
Hicksville ..... Oppenheim Collins
Huntington ..... Oppenheim Collins

OREGON

Portland ..... Meier & Frank Co.

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia ..... Oppenheim Collins
Willow Grove ..... Oppenheim Collins

If the case against the fainthearted producers of TV drama is devastating, the situation in documentary programs is not much better. Impressed by Edward R. Murrow's "See It Now" excursions into such subjects as the Clinton, Tennessee, school integration incident, the Milo Radulovich security-risk case and Senator McCarthy, many viewers have a vague feeling that here, in the area of documentaries, they have been getting something of substance. Yet the mere fact that, within the television world and without, these three programs put on by one individual are continually cited as examples of courage in documentaries indicates how little there has been to place beside them. The Radulovich show, still being exploited as evidence in television's defense, appeared back in 1953.

Even "See It Now" has at times come up against the threat of censorship, although Murrow's conviction that honesty and courage make for good television fare has usually won out in the end. An interesting illustration was the CBS network's insistence that the Clinton production, which featured a long sequence of race-baiter John Kasper giving voice to his opinions on Negroes, be shown to station managers on a closed circuit so that Southern affiliates would have a chance to decide whether to carry it locally. Murrow reportedly met this plan with the statement that the film would not be changed in any case. But the pleasant surprise to the fearful at the network was not only that no station refused to carry the show, but eight stations which were not CBS affiliates saw it and *asked* to carry it.

There is little doubt that Murrow, his network and his sponsors deserve considerable credit for "See It Now." Why is more like it not being done? Most people in the industry know the answer. As John H. Secondari, chief of ABC's Washington news bureau and a writer of TV plays, puts it, "There is an immense amount of censorship in broadcasting, and, strangely enough, almost all of it is self-imposed. Writers, producers and others simply stay away from controversy out of fear of audience response and pressure groups. The advertising agencies, whose reputations with all their clients are at stake every time they put something on television, are the most sensitive link."

Controversy is not the only area which frightens off sponsors. The list of subjects rarely seen on TV screens because they are supposedly of interest to only a small audience is almost endless. In addition to religion, it includes serious music; classical drama; musical, dramatic and literary criticism; poetry; philosophy; modern dance; art—to name but a few of the more obvious ones. It is true that many of these subjects—and other rarities on commercial television—are now being dealt with on the nation's 23 educational channels. But if you do not happen to live within range of an educational station—and most of us do not—you can consider yourself largely out of luck.

It is in the area of news that television has allowed itself the greatest freedom from censorship. Although the three networks differ in the policies governing their reporters, all generally insist that news broadcasters be employees of the network and that sponsors have no control over news scripts.

CBS, aiming at objectivity, states its position in the words of William S. Paley, chairman of its board of directors. "In news programs there is to be no opinion or slanting. The news reporting must be straight and objective. In news analysis there is to be elucidation, illumination and explanation of the facts and situation, but without bias or editorialization."

ABC, skeptical of the possibility of objectivity when dealing with human beings, utilizes what John Daly, director of news, describes as a spectrum of opinion. "We hire people with a background to interpret the news," he says, "and we give them wide latitude to comment and to draw conclusions from the facts. At the same time, we try to maintain an equitable balance of broad opinion on public questions, and on almost any question we will have a group of four to six of our newsmen in the center, with liberals on one side and conservatives on the other." NBC seems, in practice, to have adopted a more rigid (and safer) policy than either of these—to avoid analysis and interpretation altogether, merely reporting the hard facts of the news.

But if TV news has resisted censorship more successfully than other areas of programming, it is nevertheless true that, for a medium with the exciting possibility of taking its viewers directly to the scene as news is being made, there is actually very little news on television. In New York City, for example, the local station which carries the greatest amount of straight news gives its viewers an average of only 64 minutes daily.

Not all of the news events you can't see on television can be blamed on the industry itself, however. Some result from laws laid down by promoters who sell the rights to televise their offerings and hence can either withhold them completely or dictate the terms under which they can be televised. This kind of arrangement explains the "local blackout" of sports events and also why baseball "rhubarbs," football injuries and free-for-alls are shunned by TV cameramen. It also explains why Kansas City viewers have never seen a televised baseball game during the regular season and why Chicago viewers have yet to see one of their two professional football teams.

The baselessness of the promoters' fear that local televising will invariably hurt box office receipts is demonstrated by the CBS experience this year in televising National Hockey League games on consecutive Saturday afternoons. The second week's telecast of a home game of the New York Rangers was followed, the next day, by the first complete sellout audience of the year at Madison Square Garden. The Rangers have been selling out on Sunday nights ever since. Interestingly, hockey promoters, unlike their counterparts in football, *insist* that the cameras follow every fistfight to its finish!

Another important area often closed to TV cameras is that of city, state and national legislative bodies and committees at work. You cannot see the U. S. Senate or House of Representatives on television. Although resolutions permitting the televising of their sessions have been introduced in both houses, opposition is so great that the subject has never even come up for a vote. A number of committee hearings on the other hand—for example the widely-viewed Army-McCarthy dispute—have been televised both live and on film. The prevailing Senate rule leaves the final decision on TV coverage to committee chairmen. The same privilege was allowed in the House by former Republican Speaker Joseph Martin, but Democratic Speaker Sam Rayburn has consistently ruled against radio or TV coverage of committee hearings.

The radio and TV industry, which has fought hard for equal access with other news media to legislative sessions and committee meetings, has had more success with state legislatures and city councils than with Congress. A recent survey of the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters showed that 17 states have granted radio and television access to legislative sessions and committee hearings. Access to city councils has followed a similar pattern.

In their efforts to cover court proceedings, radio and television have faced a more difficult obstacle in the form of the American Bar Association's advisory "Canons of Judicial Ethics." Canon 35 states that "the broadcasting or televising of court proceedings is calculated to detract from the essential dignity of the proceedings, distract the witness . . . degrade the court, and create misconceptions . . . in the mind of the public and should not be permitted."

Canon 35 notwithstanding, radio and television have won some significant skirmishes in this area. Not long ago, Waco, Texas, became the scene of the first live television coverage of a murder trial, and more recently, the murder trial of John Gilbert Graham, the Denver airplane bomber, was televised on film.

What can you do about the many-sided censorship now afflicting U. S. television? How can you demand more adult programs, more honesty and less timidity in dealing with important, if controversial, themes? The answer is inherent in the system. If pressure against controversy can keep it off your screen, pressure for controversy can put it back on. Pressure for good programs can bolster faltering courage within the industry.

A letter to Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn and your Congressman and Senators can help in the fight to open Congress to further television coverage. A letter to your state legislators, city councilmen and local judges can do the same in those areas.

One man in a position of influence in television suggests that letters to sponsors, local stations and networks about specific programs can be much more effective if a copy goes to your local newspaper's television critic. He may print parts of it and thus give your ideas wider circulation.

Make no mistake about it—10 or 20 letters on the same subject at the same time often result in a flurry of activity at the biggest network. For this is an insecure industry, a fearful industry, an industry which pays hundreds of thousands of dollars to rating companies to find out how many people like what it is doing. You can tell its executives how well *you* like what they are doing for just three cents.

You may even get what you ask for. . . . THE END

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The Twisted Key

(Continued from page 26)

"Ought I to call a cop?" Josie had asked uneasily, and Laura had shaken her head.

"No. People like that don't mean any harm. They're just old and—sick."

Josie had thought, "How good she is. How kind. How beautiful!"

And now, she'd done it again. She'd slept through the night, and what was worse, let Cousin Laura sleep through the night thinking they were safe when anyone could have come in and "had his way with them."

Josie was only sixteen, but she knew what that meant. Back home women whispered about it. Here in New York the papers shouted it: "Rape! Murder! Psychopathic killer! Waitress hacked to death! Eighty-year-old woman beaten and attacked! Four-year-old girl . . . eight-year-old boy!" No sense to it! They didn't kill people they knew. Didn't kill because they were mad at anybody. They just came out of the darkness and pounced!

She mustn't forget again. If Cousin Laura knew, she might send her away. And if Cousin Laura turned her out, she didn't know what she would do.

Josie bolted the door on the inside and went back into the room. And then, looking at the key ring, she knew an even greater fear.

There were three keys on the ring; a small one for the mailbox in the downstairs vestibule; another key for the street door, and the third one was for the door that led straight into Josie's sitting room from the hall outside so that she didn't have to use Cousin Laura's door or go through her rooms if she had company.

The house had once been a private dwelling, and Laura's apartment occupied the entire fourth floor. There was no elevator, only an old and curving stairway giving access to a central hall. Josie's sitting room was almost directly at the head of the stairs and it was the key to this door that was making her cold all over.

It was bent in such a way that anyone could see what had happened. As before, she had foolishly left her keys in the lock outside, but habit had made her turn the knob of the Yale lock on the inside and shoot the bolt of another and second safety lock.

They hadn't been unprotected, then. The door had been locked, but while they slept, someone had stood outside Josie's door, turning and twisting that key, pushing against the tumblers of the lock, trying with such strength and deadly intent to get in that the key was twisted all out of shape. The part that fitted into the lock was still straight and usable, but the top part was bent over to one side as easily as you would bend a hairpin.

Josie tried to think of something else, tried to recapture the happiness she had felt at having a television set all her own. In a room all her own. It was incredible and dizzying luck for her to have a cousin like Laura after the years of being handed around from one relative to another. In houses already crowded with too many kids, she was another and unwanted one to be fed. Hearing the sighs of overworked aunts as they said, "Well, she'll just have to do her share." Keep your eyes down when you're served at table, always last and always when everyone else has had the best of it, the biggest portions. But what a difference, now.

"This isn't much of a life for a sixteen-year-old, with me out so much," Cousin Laura had said. She was fashion editor of a slick New York magazine, her clothes were out of this world, and men were so crazy about her it wasn't anything for her to have two or three dates in one evening. "Maybe a television set would keep you happy," she had continued, "until we do something about finding you some friends."

Keep her happy? It was heaven! But Josie had done it again. She'd forgotten again.

While she slept, a man had stood outside her door, turning and turning that key. Trying to get in to her and Laura. He would have been stealthy. No sound except maybe his angry breathing when the door wouldn't open. The hands that could twist the metal of the key that way were too strong to bear thinking about. Blunt stubby fingers. Broken nails and long black hairs on the backs of his hands, maybe.

And after he'd got inside, those hands on her throat. The terrible fear and the awful smell of him. The sour smell of unwashed clothes. Of cheap whisky from the Third Avenue bars only a block away. The unspeakable horror of assault. Of contact. Of having to touch, to fight someone like that!

With shaking fingers, Josie checked the bolts again. Tested the ones in Cousin Laura's rooms, only to go back ten minutes later and try them again, a precaution she was to take over and over again in the sultry, frightening days to come.

Every footfall in the hall made her start and listen. The woman in the apartment above went marketing twice a week, taking a shopping cart on wheels. When she came back with it filled, she had to back up the stairs and drag it after her, a step at a time. The first time Josie had heard it, it had sounded like someone with a club foot, painfully pulling himself up the stairs, the crippled foot thumping horribly as he dragged it up behind him.

Even after she had learned what it was, when she heard the slow thumping noise, she thought of the cripple. Now, with this new fear, the sound sent her heart racing, reminding her that someone, not a cripple, but a man with strong hands and no face had tried to get in from that same hall.

She dreamed about him at night, but he was only a shadow. A black deeper bulk of shoulder and hands that materialized out of the darkness somewhere in her room. Sometimes he was beside the bed, leaning over her. But in all her dreams, she never saw his face. Some nights she came awake sitting up in bed, sweat bathing her body—even pouring from her scalp—while she listened for the sound of a key in the lock, a furtive step on the stairs.

Some evenings, when Cousin Laura was out, Josie was afraid to turn on the television set for fear of being surprised by attack. Of failing to hear the footfall first, the soft turn of the lock.

She had learned to expect the rustling sound from the hall some time during the day. It was the trash man, emptying their baskets into a large burlap bag and pawing over the papers and garbage to see if there was something to salvage. Josie had lived on the leavings of others too long not to understand his hoping he'd find something. But because he was old and shabby and always dirty, his very presence became an obscenity.

She thought, "It could have been him," and began making sure that he was nowhere around before she went out into the hall.

There was one July evening when Laura didn't come home to change for dinner. Darkness had come slowly and Josie had been on the terrace. It was a gay spot of white window boxes, flowering plants and brightly colored furniture, and with a number of others like it, it jutted out from the kitchen onto an inside, tree-filled area that faced toward the tall apartments on Park Avenue and the Empire State building only a few blocks away.

Josie had eaten her dinner out there, lingering and feeling safety in the lighted apartments all around her, not realizing how the darkness had settled inside where no lights had been turned on. Setting her dishes in the sink in the dim kitchen, she was crossing through Cousin Laura's dark living room when there came a knock on the door.

It was such a soft knock that it had a kind of intimacy about it. Josie's heart began to race and she couldn't have answered if she'd wanted to.

In a moment the knock came again and Josie had the feeling that he could look right through the door and see her standing there, scared.

"Who is it?" she managed to say, but there was no answer.

After a long silence, the knock came again, and it was crazy! Him saying nothing, letting her know he was there, but saying nothing. Just knocking that soft scary knock. Like an invitation, a sly beckoning.

Josie cried out, "I said who is it? I don't open the door to anybody I don't know so—who is it? What do you want?"

A movement at her feet made her jump and look down. Something was being slipped under the door. Josie watched, afraid to touch it, but when the knock came again, she snatched it up and crossed the room to a table. Her hands were shaking when she turned on a lamp and looked at the thing in her hand. It was a cheap white card and printed on it in crude block letters was the message:

I AM A MUTE. HELP ME IF YOU CAN.

Josie began to laugh. She knew it was terrible to laugh at a mute, but she'd been so scared at his standing there and saying nothing that it was funny. And the relief was so great she just couldn't stop.

While she was still laughing she heard him go away. Heard his slow descent and had a moment of wanting to rush after him, tell him she was sorry and give him something so rich and beautiful that he would never forget her. But, of course, she couldn't go after him. It might be a trick. *He* might be using this way to try to get in.

Or, it could be the man who came next day, saying he was an insurance man connected with rent control. Josie didn't know about such things, but he told her he had come to check the apartment, so she let him in.

He examined the walls and ceilings, checked drains and electrical outlets and it was when they were in the kitchen, looking out to the terrace, that he asked her if she wasn't afraid of someone's entering the apartment from the terrace above them.

The one he was talking about belonged to a building that faced on 35th Street, but it angled out just above and only a few feet from a corner of Cousin Laura's terrace.

Josie could see that it would be no risk at all to a burglar, say, escaping from the apartment above, to jump to their terrace and take his chances on getting through their rooms to the safety of the hall and the street below. She'd never thought of this; she'd been too concerned with the threat of danger from the hall.

"We keep these doors locked at night," she said, pointing to the French doors that separated the kitchen from the terrace, "and when we're not using the terrace."

The man said that was a good idea and then he turned to investigate the small broom closet off the kitchen. This had a high window that also opened onto the terrace, but it was always locked, and Josie forgot all about it until the man had gone.

She was back in the kitchen, looking out and thinking about how it would be if somebody, in the night, did jump down from that terrace, when she remembered the window in the broom closet. She went in and looked and then the terror that was never very far away gripped her again. The window was unlatched, and she could swear that she had never seen it this way before. The man had been in there, out of sight, for several minutes while he talked to her through the open door.

Was *he* the man?

Josie pushed the latch into place and tried the window, tugging and straining to make sure that it wouldn't open. Foolishly she locked the doors to the terrace, although it was only ten o'clock in the morning. Then she tested all the other locks, desperate and undecided.

By all rights she should warn Cousin Laura because the terrace was close to where she slept. But Josie wasn't going to take that risk. Let Cousin Laura get the idea that Josie couldn't be trusted and it would be the same thing all over again. A gradual cooling off. Little things beginning to be more and more important until she was finding fault with everything Josie did. Reminding her. Smiling that nasty smile just like the aunts and simpering, "Well, you know how forgetful you are, my dear. I just wanted to make sure you hadn't forgotten this time."

No! Oh, no. She wasn't going to let this happen with Cousin Laura. This was too wonderful.

"Comes fall," Cousin Laura had said, "we'll have to do something about a school for you. Something special, I think," she had mused. "See if there are some latent talents wanting to be developed."

Cousin Laura always said things like that when a man was there. As on evenings when she was late getting dressed, she'd call Josie in to her living room and tell her to entertain whatever man was waiting. Cousin Laura's men were all either handsome or interesting or married or all three, and Josie suffered agonies trying to think of something to say to them.

She needn't have tried so hard because Laura would be calling out to them from her dressing room, and the man was really interested only in what Laura was saying. Then she would make an entrance, looking beautiful and exciting, and laughing maybe at something quaint Josie had said. She'd ruffle Josie's hair and speak to the man.

"I came from the same town as this one," she would say in a way that meant "believe it or not," and she would tilt Josie's face up, studying it until Josie's cheeks flamed with embarrassment.

"I'll have to take you in hand," she'd say. "New hairdo, clothes—the works. She's fey, don't you think?" she'd ask the man and then laugh a low little laugh when she saw that he was not even looking at Josie, only at her.

Josie would escape to her room and think about the time when she would be "taken in hand" and she could see just how it was going to be. Cousin Laura going first, into the terrifyingly smart Fifth Avenue stores. Everyone bowing to her while she included Josie with a sweeping gesture of the hand.

"This is my cousin. I want her made over," she would say, and then it would start. As in the movies. Girls and men working over her, a half dozen at a time, speaking French and everything happening so fast that it got all mixed up and whirling, until somebody led her to a mirror and she stood and looked and looked at the new Josie.

Of course, Cousin Laura had outfitted her when she first came to live with her. She had come home one evening with skirts and blouses and one-piece dresses. Cottons and nylons and even silks, all plain and very smart. No ruffles or heavy cheap scratchy materials such as the aunts back home had made her wear. And no hand-me-downs, Josie had thought, exultantly.

Before she had begun to be afraid, Josie had written long letters to her cousins back home. She told them about having her own sitting room and television set. About how Cousin Laura let her do as she pleased. How she gave her an allowance of twenty dollars a week, to do with as she wanted. She could buy her own groceries and eat in if she wanted, or she could eat in a restaurant. She could go to a movie any hour of the day or stay a whole day if she liked. Or go to two movies in a day, if she liked.

Of course she was too smart to send

Rich instant sauce!
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Chocolate: Gradually stir contents of 1 package instant chocolate pudding into 1 cup Karo Syrup, Red Label. Blend in ¼ cup water. Makes 1¼ cups. For a richer sauce, stir in two tablespoons melted margarine or butter.
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REDBOOK RECOMMENDS

for Young Adults at home

Tips for turning out Perfectly Molded Salads and desserts for cool summer meals

Cool, colorful molded salads and desserts not only look and taste good; they can be prepared ahead of time. Gelatine-based foods can even be unmolded onto a chilled serving dish an hour before meal time and held in the refrigerator all ready for the table.

Besides the handsome metal molds that are so attractive when doing double duty as wall decorations, paper, glass and china cups and containers can be used. In fact, you can use any wide-mouthed container you wish.

It's not necessary to grease or rinse a mold before filling it. It is helpful, however, to run cold water over the serving dish before turning the mold onto it so the food can be centered easily. Just slide it into place.

For best results in removing food from a metal mold, dip the mold in warm water to the depth of the food. Loosen the food around the edge with the tip of a paring knife. Place serving dish on top of mold; turn it upside down. Shake gently, holding the serving dish tightly to the mold. Carefully lift the mold away from the food.

The procedure for glass molds is the same. Use hotter water and hold the mold in it a few seconds longer so the heat can penetrate. Paper molds can simply be peeled away from the food.

Woodcut by Al Grossman

the letters. Let somebody back there find out how good things were for her here and they'd be sure to wreck it, some way. But she wrote the letters, piling it on and thinking, "Selfish pigs. If they could only see me."

This led to a game that was almost as good as television. Whenever Josie felt particularly grand, she would imagine that the cousins back home were watching her, faces pressed to a small, ultra-modern television-type screen which Josie could turn on and shut off at will. As she went along a New York street, or hailed a taxi with the practiced boredom of a New Yorker, she'd imagine the cousins watching her. Because of this, she bought so much candy and jewelry from the five and ten that she began hiding it in her room.

While she mounted the stairs, one hand trailing the curving banisters, when she entered her own sitting room and turned on her own television set, she let them watch. But after the key got twisted and the nights began to be filled with shadows and terror, she kept them off the air. No one, not even her cousins in an imaginary game, must know that she had been careless and forgetful again.

Labor Day weekend was almost upon them before Cousin Laura remembered about Josie's school. She'd been trying to get over a hopelessly involved romance with a married man by making hasty plans involving half a dozen other men when suddenly everything fell through, and Cousin Laura was stranded in town.

She came in to Josie's sitting room early on Saturday morning, looking sleepy and a little cross. She looked around vaguely, asked Josie if she knew how to make coffee and then began to respond very sweetly when Josie persuaded her to get back into bed and let her cook and serve her a real breakfast.

It was over her second cup of coffee and helping of toast and marmalade that Cousin Laura began really to see Josie. She remembered that schools always start right after Labor Day and seemed contrite for a minute until she figured that this year Labor Day was early and there was still time to enroll Josie somewhere.

Then she asked Josie what she did with herself during the day and Josie didn't know how to answer. She wanted Cousin Laura to know that everything she'd done for her was wonderful, but the fears of the past few weeks got in the way of her thinking and it came out badly. As if she'd been lonely.

At any rate, Cousin Laura took it that way and began making plans for their weekend. Sunday, she said, they would get up early and go to all sorts of places. Maybe Staten Island. Or, maybe the Cloisters. Fort Tryon Park would still be beautiful with green leaves and sun and the wide Hudson. She had neglected Josie, she insisted, but she would make up for it tomorrow; she would have fun herself, taking Josie to the places she hadn't visited in years.

Meantime, she kept telephoning.

Most of Saturday passed that way, with Cousin Laura on the telephone, getting no answers and swearing a little and then being amusing and nice about it. About four o'clock she'd had enough and she decided to take Josie to dinner.

When she helped Josie decide what to wear and how to fix her hair, she was giggling and Josie had never had such fun. It was as if they were the same age and going out on a double date. Cousin Laura had a drink at the little bar before they left and let Josie have a small glass of sherry. It was strange to her tongue and hot as it went down and, very quickly, standing there at the bar with Cousin Laura sipping her drink, Josie tuned in her cousins again. Let 'em get a load of her *now!*

All the way down the stairs, out and into the taxi that took them uptown to a small select cocktail lounge, Josie was the center of a television screen while three envious cousins back home looked on hungrily.

They didn't eat at the first place. It was just a stopover. But the head man and the waiters all knew Cousin Laura and made a fuss over Josie because Cousin Laura said, "Be careful what you give this child."

As a result, Josie was served innocuous but exciting-looking concoctions that tasted like nothing she'd ever had before while Cousin Laura checked the occupants of the lounge and bar and moved on to another, almost identical place.

Josie was getting a little bored and hungry for real food when they went into the fourth cocktail lounge and a good-looking man spotted Cousin Laura and came over to their table. He was nice to Josie, but she could tell he wasn't interested in kid stuff and wanted to get Cousin Laura away from the table. This was accomplished a little later when Cousin Laura went to the ladies' lounge, stopping beside him on the way back.

He made a fuss of pulling out a stool for her and she laughed and waved at Josie in a sort of helpless, apologetic way, saying she'd be back in a minute, and then the waiters began coming over to Josie and bringing her things, saying that her cousin and the gentlemen at the bar had ordered them.

The food was good, but the fun had gone out of the evening. Josie thought of her watching cousins back home and tried to put on some airs, but it wasn't much use.

She wished now that it were tomorrow because she and Cousin Laura were going to go places where there were sun and fun and light. She was thinking about this and looking at Cousin Laura when she saw her take something from her bag and slip it to the man. Josie didn't think any more about that until they were at home again and climbing the stairs. Josie was talking about what they were going to do and see the next day and Cousin Laura answered in a sort of absent-minded way. Racing up ahead of her and hearing her tone, Josie stopped and looked down, hoping she hadn't changed her mind about tomorrow.

They had reached their floor and Josie's door at the head of the stairs, Josie first and Cousin Laura on the step below. So far as Josie knew, Cousin Laura hadn't eaten and she must have had quite a few drinks. But she seemed okay. It was just that she had a funny expression on her face as she held her hand out to Josie.

"Let me have your keys, darling," she said. "I think I've forgotten mine."

Josie looked down at her. Just stood

looking down at her, and then she knew. She knew what Cousin Laura had slipped into the man's hand and why she needed Josie's key. She wasn't going to take Josie anywhere tomorrow. Not tomorrow or the next day or the next, if something better came along! All those promises! Why, she was just like the rest of them. And when she saw the twisted key, the whole stinking thing would start again!

Right now she was looking up at Josie with raised eyebrows and a mean look on her face. Josie could just hear her saying, in one of the aunt's voices, "What's the matter with you, girl? Are you deaf or just plain stupid? I said, give me your keys!"

Josie didn't give her a chance to say it. She pushed. She pushed hard and fast and then she screamed as Cousin Laura went backwards, clutching at the air and spiraling, bumping first against the wall and then against the banisters of the stairs, going down fast and screaming only once before she hit the floor of the landing two flights down and lay still.

The police were very nice to Josie. They questioned her there, the center of excited but sympathetic neighbors, and again at Bellevue, where they took Cousin Laura's body. A nurse gave Josie a sedative, but it didn't do any good. She cried all through her story, saying nothing about the man or the keys, protesting loyally but finally confessing that maybe Cousin Laura had had quite a lot to drink. But, she hastened to add, Cousin Laura drank a lot anyway, so it shouldn't have mattered.

Josie lied about her age, saying she was seventeen. She should have said eighteen because, when they found out that she had been living there alone with Cousin Laura, there was some question as to what to do with her. But Josie was so upset they finally let her go home with a neighbor woman who lived on the first floor and who insisted that Josie stay with her until after the funeral. Josie was afraid to say no, so she let the woman put her to bed and console her.

The news photographers were nice to Josie, too, and over the long weekend there were pieces in the papers, with pictures of Josie and the stairs. The police had asked the names of the nearest of kin and had notified the folks back home, but nobody came to the funeral. Afraid they'd have to take Josie back with them, she thought scornfully.

Only a few of the men who had called so often at the apartment were there, and there was no sign of the man to whom Cousin Laura had given her key.

On the way back from the cemetery, Josie began to be excited. It was over now. When she got home, she could relax. There would be no prying eyes, no need to watch everything she said or did.

Josie hurried up the stairs, giving only a glance at the spot where Cousin Laura had fallen. Entering through her own door, she hardly looked at the sitting room and the television set she had so recently coveted. Her objective was Cousin Laura's rooms. She was certain that Cousin Laura had always kept a large amount of cash in the house and she had an idea she knew exactly where to find it, but that could wait. Right now she was interested in the closets hung with clothes, the dressing room with its scented bottles and jars she'd never dared touch before.

There was jewelry, too. Hidden in Josie's room were the cheap things she had bought, but these things were the nuts. Heavy gold set with big stones, rhinestones like diamonds—nobody would know the difference. Strands of pearls, every length and size. Bracelets, earrings, necklaces.

Josie started with the creams, taking her time and sampling everything. Make-up came next and she lined her eyebrows, trying different shadings on her eyelids before she was satisfied and turned to the jewelry.

A clinging negligée caught her eye next, and she was posturing in it, studying the new and bejeweled Josie in a full-length mirror in Cousin Laura's living room when she thought she caught sight of a slight movement behind her.

Terrified, she stood looking into the mirror and trying to remember whether she had locked her door. The connecting door to her sitting room was open, but everything was in shadow now except where she stood, the make-up showing bright and hard in the lighted mirror.

Once more dusk had fallen and Josie was alone. She remembered that other time when the mute had tried to get in. All the other times when she had been afraid to open the doors, and a pulse in her throat began to beat so hard it almost choked her because the door to her sitting room was surely, slowly being pushed inward. Too dark now to see whether her keys dangled from the lock on the outside of the door, but not too dark to see the figure of a man, framed in the doorway, standing and looking at her.

Josie saw all of this in the mirror. Continued to stare into the mirror while the man left her door and, still in shadow, started toward her.

This was like a nightmare when you can't move and your screaming mind tries to force its sound through the paralyzed muscles of your throat. The man kept coming on, growing larger and taking on outline as he got closer. But he was coming up behind her. As long as she stood there, staring into the mirror, the man was behind her. Soon he'd be close enough to pounce. To grab her. Josie whirled.

He was only a few feet away now. An old man. Not the trash man, but an old man.

He said her name, but Josie didn't notice because now she saw the other men who had come into the room behind him. There was the good-looking news photographer who'd been so easy to talk to, a couple of men Josie had never seen before and the cops who'd questioned her at Bellevue. They were all staring at her, and they looked as if they'd just swallowed something bad.

Josie was pretty scared, but it wasn't then that she began to scream. She started screaming when she got a second look at the man nearest her, the old man who'd come in first. He'd got past her door at last, she thought wildly, the shadow without a face. Only this man had a face, and Josie knew she didn't have a chance. This was the face of the sheriff from back home, the old sheriff who'd been so nice to her when Aunt Anna, the one she'd been living with at the time, fell to her death down the cellar stairs. . . . THE END

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Into glass container put 2 graham crackers, broken into pieces, 1 heaping tablespoon vanilla ice cream and 1 cup cold milk. Cover and blend until crackers are finely cut, about 30 seconds. Serve at once with graham crackers. Makes 2 6-ounce servings.

BANANA SMOOTHEE

Put 2 medium-sized bananas, broken into pieces, into glass container; add 2½ cups cold milk. Cover and blend until contents are smooth and fluffy, about 15 seconds. Serve at once. Makes 2 12-ounce servings.

CHOCOLATE-COCONUT MALT

Into glass container put 1 egg, ¼ cup malted milk powder, ⅓ cup shredded coconut and 2 cups chocolate milk. Cover and blend about 30 seconds. Strain if you wish and serve at once. Makes about 3 6-ounce servings.

Woodcut by Al Grossman

Our Most Rewarding Night

(Continued from page 51)

willingly, into one of the richest, most rewarding experiences of our lives.

It all began very simply. We live—Arthur and I and our four small children—on the outskirts of Michigan City, Indiana, where we run a small commercial art studio. When things are slow, Arthur works as a sign painter. He would much rather spend his time trying to capture the bleak beauty of this sand-dune country on canvas, but families have to be fed—and Mary Katherine; Arthur, Jr.; Bonnie and Ray all have husky appetites.

The plight of emotionally disturbed people had always interested us. For my husband it was a very personal concern. The product of a broken home, he once had suffered a breakdown himself. During his recovery he found in drawing and painting a great release from tension. The idea occurred to him that what had helped him so much might also benefit some of the patients in the impressive new Beatty Memorial Hospital near Michigan City.

Somewhat hesitantly, he asked me what I thought of the project. I was all for it. We had no money to give to help these unfortunate people, but we did have our love of painting and drawing and a little talent, and I felt sure we could find the time.

So we requested the La Porte County Association for Mental Health to sound out the hospital authorities. Back came word that they welcomed volunteer workers of any kind, and that our "class" could be held under the supervision of the hospital's occupational therapist. Tuesday night, they said, would suit them fine. And so, carefully concealing our qualms from each other, we had come.

From the first everything we saw was reassuring. We were led into a big, brightly lighted hall where people who seemed much like ourselves were busy weaving rugs, making things from leather, learning carpentry and woodwork from skilled instructors. There were several glass-partitioned rooms, and in one of these a group of 14 or 15 people was assembled—patients who had expressed an interest in attending our class. One or two seemed tense and withdrawn; one young boy was boasting loudly and excitedly that he needed no instruction because he could draw anything. Otherwise, it might almost have been a meeting of the art group that we occasionally attend in Michigan City.

Arthur made a little speech in which he confessed that we were only amateurs, not professional teachers, and twice as nervous as our "pupils" could possibly be (this drew some wry laughter). He went on to explain our conviction that the creative urge exists in all of us, that anyone can learn to express himself with color and line, and above all that drawing or painting can be a rich source of pleasure.

Then we started off with "scribble" drawings, the technique that every two-year-old uses when he finds himself at large with a pencil or crayon. In scribble drawing, you just let the pencil go where it wants to, then see what meaning you can find—if any—in the results. A little like interpreting ink blots, really. The purpose, of course, is to get the beginner to relax and use his imagination. When you simply scribble, there is no fear of failure because you're not trying to draw anything in particular.

Even so, some of our pupils had difficulty getting started. One middle-aged woman, whom I'll call Mrs. Anderson, could draw only tight little spirals and circles. Another dropped her pencil in despair almost before it touched the paper, and I had to spend several minutes coaxing her to try again. It was during this session that I discovered how contagious tension can be and that the best antidote is a touch of gentle humor. For example, one patient came in late, and when I took him aside and explained that we simply wanted him to scribble, he was astonished. "But that's crazy!" he exclaimed and then gave me such a droll look that we both burst out laughing.

Arthur worked with Mrs. Anderson for a while, and it did seem that some of the tightness inside her relaxed, enabling the pencil to move more freely. The young boy who had boasted so loudly of his drawing ability scribbled industriously for a while, then fell to drawing tortured-looking tiger faces. One man smeared color around with apparent aimlessness, but when he was finished, it was clear what he had in mind—a crucifixion scene.

What the patients lacked most, we found, was any sort of confidence or belief in themselves. One or two showed talents, but when we praised them for it, they seemed embarrassed, reluctant to believe us. One woman asked hesitantly if we could possibly get her some water colors to practice with. When we said we would, she shook her head unbelievingly, as if unable to conceive of anyone from "outside" going to this much trouble.

There was a fairly young girl, with sensitive features and delicate hands, hovering near the door. An attendant was trying to interest her in joining our hobby group, for she had painted before. Indifferent and painfully shy at first, soon she was working on a landscape, discussing her efforts as if we were old friends. Her face glowed when she learned we were coming *every* Tuesday, and she assured us she would return.

The first session passed, for us at least, very rapidly. An attendant came to call the roll of patients. The doors were unlocked, and we found ourselves outside again.

I took Arthur's hand, suddenly grateful for the happiness we found in each other, in simply being together, happiness that sometimes we took too much for granted. I said, "That wasn't so bad, was it?"

Arthur shook his head. "They're just people," he said quietly. "Lonely people. Frightened people. I know what it's like."

We came back the next Tuesday night, and the next, and the next. A year went by. Some of our pupils dropped out, but new ones took their places. We advanced from scribble drawing to more ambitious efforts with water colors, even with oils. Some of the patients made little

progress, but in others the improvement was surprising. A spritely little lady of 70 arrived each Tuesday, assured us she couldn't draw at all, then proceeded to make charming drawings similar to those of Grandma Moses. One well-dressed middle-aged man first appeared at our class with a "number kit" and watched as some of the others worked with oils. After a while, he began to paint on his own. I have never seen a prouder look than the one which lighted up his face when, at last, he set his completed effort on the table and stepped back to view it.

Mrs. Anderson, who at first could draw only those tight little circles, became more and more relaxed and enthusiastic. After a few months she produced a landscape we liked so much that we took it home and hung it over our mantel. When we told her about this, she seemed deeply touched. I think our acceptance of her effort fulfilled a deep desire in her to be useful, to be of service to somebody.

Not being an expert, I am in no position to judge the actual therapeutic effect —if any—of our classes on the patients. But perhaps the ancient Greeks were not so far wrong when they tried to cure unbalanced minds with music and the arts. In any case, the hospital staff made it clear again and again that, in their judgment, the mere presence of volunteers tended to provide patients with a sense of security they so badly lacked.

It is easy to see why this should be so. Most emotionally disturbed people are unable to cope with the problems and pressures of the real world. They have been forced to draw back into themselves, to live in an imaginary, compensatory world. To persuade them to return to reality, an atmosphere of kindness and human warmth is the first requirement.

A volunteer can often supply this better than a doctor or hospital staff member, simply because he has no authority and no ulterior motive. The patient usually knows or senses this. The volunteer (who wears no uniform) is not a symbol of discipline or regimentation. And so, with the help of this new contact, the patient may begin to come out of his shell a little.

If a patient can be persuaded to participate once more in activities that appeal to him, he begins to build a bridge back to reality. A link slowly forms with the outside world—the world outside his own mind. As his confidence grows, his fantasy world may begin to fade. With help and guidance, he may ultimately be cured. At Beatty Memorial Hospital, in recent months, more patients have gone out than have come in—a state of affairs highly gratifying to Dr. W. R. VanDenBosch, the superintendent, and his entire staff.

At Beatty, we discovered, volunteers do all sorts of work. They supplement regular employes; they do typing and filing; they help find jobs for discharged patients—a very difficult project; they act as nurses' aids; they assist with entertainment programs and with letter writing; they conduct special classes in cooking, photography, drafting, typing, music; they play games or go for walks with patients and aides.

No special talent is required to be a volunteer; there is always something to be done. The need is great, and it is nationwide. About 750,000 patients are under the care of mental hospitals in the United States at this moment. Ideally, say the experts, there should be one volunteer for each of them. For now, at least, any such goal seems hopelessly remote.

In a survey conducted in 1954, most of the country's mental hospitals were queried about their volunteer programs—if any. About half replied. Of these, only a third had organized such programs, and the figures—necessarily very sketchy —indicated an average of one volunteer to every 36 patients.

More and more hospitals are organizing indoctrination courses, and the over-all number of volunteers is rising. But progress seems terribly slow when compared to the urgency of the need.

The hospitals require stable, intelligent persons, well enough informed to know that the hospitalized mental patient differs only in degree from his eccentric neighbor outside. Most hospitals provide a certain amount of indoctrination before a volunteer is accepted. At Beatty, for example, a small mimeographed manual warns volunteers that they may have to discard certain false ideas about mental disease before they can be effective.

"If you are like most people, you will need to catch up a little in order to be in line with present scientific teaching. For example, you should come to understand that:

1. Mental disease is a type of illness. It needs early and skillful treatment, just as heart disease does, or cancer. No one need be ashamed of this sickness, or of anyone in his family who may be mentally ill.
2. There are many different kinds of mental disease—some mild, some serious, some to be cared for at home, some requiring hospitalization.
3. Mental illness most often develops gradually and gives warning in advance.
4. The danger signals (symptoms) of approaching mental disease can usually be recognized, and if these are given prompt attention, threatened mental illness can often be prevented.
5. Shocks or losses may hasten the onset of mental disorder, but in such cases the underlying causes may have been present but unrecognized for some time. In many cases the true causes remain unknown.
6. Our 'asylums' are now becoming hospitals to which patients go to get medical and nursing care—and to get well.
7. Some kinds of mental disease probably have an inherited background, but a far greater number seem to arise from inability to adjust to a difficult environment."

Volunteers at Beatty are told that informality is important; it helps the patient feel at ease. But they are warned not to become too friendly or familiar. And if a conversation seems to be headed toward controversy, the volunteer is supposed to agree with the patient—or better still, change the subject.

Sometimes, admittedly, it's hard to know what to say. Once a somber-looking patient drew me aside and said he'd like

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to ask me a question. I agreed to answer it if I could. "Tell me," he said earnestly, "what *is* crazy?"

For a moment I thought wildly of various definitions that I had heard or read about—lack of emotional control, loss of reasoning faculties, withdrawal from reality. But none seemed very appropriate, so I simply said, "I don't know exactly—it's all a matter of degree. People often say artists are crazy. My husband and I would love to be artists. So. . . ."

He grinned and turned away, apparently satisfied.

In all these months there has been nothing sensational or melodramatic about our work at Beatty Hospital, but Tuesday has become the high point of the week for us. And the other volunteers feel the same way. Partly it is the fun and excitement of helping people who need help, of doing what we can to stimulate stagnant lives. It is also the knowledge that we're making a contribution, however slight, toward eliminating the cruel and needless social stigma that still attaches to the unfortunate mental patient.

On Tuesday nights, while Arthur takes the baby sitter home, I usually check on the sleeping children and put a pot of coffee on the stove. Then I walk into our little living room and look at Mrs. Anderson's painting above the fireplace. It's not a great painting, not even a particularly good one. But it has bold, sweeping lines and strong colors, and I think I know how Mrs. Anderson felt when she was painting it. She felt uncramped and free, more at peace with herself than she had for a long time. For a little while at least, I believe, she almost felt well again.

In terms of money and material possessions, I suppose, we're not very well off—Arthur and the children and I. But whenever I look at that painting, I feel rich. I hope we've been able to do something for Mrs. Anderson. She's done a lot for us. . . . THE END

Where There's Smoke

(Continued from page 46)

next one will be for your friend, Janice. . . ."

He was unbuttoning his collar. "*My* friend?"

"Well, then, your old flame." I turned and faced him. *Tell me she meant nothing to you,* I begged silently. *Tell me. Reassure me.*

He hung his tie on the closet door. "You don't mind all that talk, do you?"

I wanted to throw my hairbrush at him, to beat on his chest with my fists. *Of course I do,* my heart cried. *I can't bear it.* For a second, we looked at each other, still, silent.

I gripped my hairbrush and began brushing my hair. "I don't mind," I said. "Why should I?"

But there came a night when I could no longer pretend I didn't mind, when I knew there was something about Janice Hale that I *should* mind, too.

It happened just one week from that night when I first heard about her. It was at the dinner party at the Fairvale Country Club. And, as it happened, this party was being given to honor Jim.

Steve had called me that afternoon. "Guess what, Betty?" he said. "The boy wonder's done it again!"

Steve always called Jim the boy wonder. It's a nickname that started at the office when Jim was written up in the architects' journal.

"He got the assignment to do the Wells Building!"

I could hear the office noises in the background, and Steve's breath coming quickly against the mouthpiece. "I'm getting the gang together tonight for a celebration!"

So it was arranged that we'd meet at the Country Club at seven.

While I was pressing my dress, brushing Jim's dinner jacket, I wondered if Janice Hale would be there. I'd read in the newspaper that she was due back in town. Sooner or later I would have to meet her. But tonight would be too soon. I was still too much the neophyte in Jim's crowd, still unsure of that expression I'd seen in his eyes, still wondering what I could do for this man of mine that Janice Hale could not do.

And then I thought of making up a card and printing on it BOY WONDER. I found a big safety pin, and when Jim came home, I threw my arms around him, and pinned on the card as if it were a medal. I kissed first one cheek and then the other.

"There," I said, smiling up at him. "That's for being the smartest man in the world!"

He looked down at the card, but he didn't throw back his head and laugh, as I'd hoped he would. That lock of dark hair had fallen over his forehead, and he had the appearance of a man who's run so hard to get where he's going that he's a little tired from the race.

"Feel like celebrating?" I said, and told him about the party Steve was planning.

"Steve shouldn't do that for me," Jim said. "He should've had that assignment himself."

"But he wants to," I insisted. "All the crowd does."

And so do I, I thought. I want to make this a perfect evening, the kind we'll share and remember.

And so the evening began.

It began as most country club evenings do. The four-piece orchestra, the silver bowl of roses on the buffet, the flickering pink candles on the tables. As Jim and I entered the club, Steve stood up and waved us over to the table. The Spencers, the Powells, the Whites were already seated. And I saw with relief that Janice Hale was not there.

Steve reached up and slapped Jim on the back.

"I give you the guy who's designing the Wells Building," he said. "You'll do it wells, wonder boy!"

The crowd laughed and clapped, but Jim's smile never reached his eyes.

So it was Steve finally who said, "C'mon Betty, let's get the dancers started."

We'd just begun waltzing around the floor when Steve glanced over my head and let out a whistle that sounded like something he'd saved from New Year's Eve. "Well, what d'you know," he said. "Look who's here!"

I took a deep breath and turned to look. And she was there. The woman who undoubtedly was Janice Hale stood framed in the open French doors, the breeze rippling her hair. Her body was tall and slim, her hair a pale froth around her ears, and she had that fresh, sparkling appearance of having just been uncorked.

"Janice!" Steve shouted, pulling me to the side of the floor. "A sight for sore eyes!"

The sight made me sore, too. Sore and a little sick. Janice Hale had the appearance of an old flame out looking for something to ignite.

Steve and Janice embraced and laughed. "Darling," she said. "How sweet of you to ask me tonight!"

Steve turned to me then and made the introductions. "This is Jim's wife," he said.

"How do you do?" I said.

But it was a rhetorical question. Obviously, she was doing all right. She was wearing a yellow chiffon dress fanned now by the breeze from the doorway, and a matching chiffon stole licked at her golden shoulders. She was the kind of woman who always makes me feel as if I should hitch up my slip.

The crowd at our table was standing, waving to her. She rushed over, shrieking with delight. "Darlings!" she cried.

And then she went up to Jim, threw her arms around him and kissed his mouth. "There," she breathed. "That's for being such a wonder boy!"

Hers were almost the same words I'd said to Jim earlier, and I wondered whether Jim remembered that, too, whether he was comparing my kiss with hers. Now that silly card, that kiss on each cheek, seemed so unsophisticated when compared with the way Janice put her hand on his shoulder, her stole fluttering on her arm.

Jim's expression told me nothing. He looked down at her. "Long time no see."

"Well, you're all going to see a lot of me," she said, turning to the group. "I'm at home to stay!"

Now all the conversation revolved

CREDITS IN THIS ISSUE

PHOTOGRAPHS:

Page 6, Letters to the Editor—Don Ornitz-Globe; Pages 17-19, Tops in the Shops—Binder & Duffy; Pages 32-35, A Man's Fight for His Family—top page 32-Wide World.

SPECIAL CREDITS:

Page 23, Kissing Hazards—Drawings by Joel Cohen.

around her. It was as if she was the center of the merry-go-round, and her laughter the gay, enchanting music.

And then the music from the bandstand started. Steve had gone out to the buffet to get dinner for Janice, but she didn't wait for it. She leaned across me and smiled at Jim.

"Listen," she said, tilting her head toward the orchestra. They were playing "Some Enchanted Evening." "Doesn't that *remind* you of something? Remember New Year's Eve?" She reached over and touched his hand. "Come, dance with me."

Jim turned to look at me, and Janice said, "Betty won't mind, *will* you, darling?"

Somehow I managed to shake my head. "I don't mind."

And what if I do, I thought. What could I do except clench my hands in my lap and watch them walk out onto the floor together. Now her forehead was resting against his cheek, her chiffon dress billowing around his feet, as if it were providing a cloud for him to float on.

And I wondered again, *why* didn't he marry her?

Steve was back now, setting Janice's dinner down at her empty place. The sight of her empty chair, of Jim's empty chair made my heart ache, my throat dry. I reached for my glass, but my hand shook, spilling water that spread like a dark red stain on the pink tablecloth.

Steve saw it and looked at me, and I thought *He knows.* He must know how it feels to struggle with that green-eyed monster. He could've been jealous of Jim's success, but he was a good sport about it. So I swallowed hard and determined to be a good sport, too. And when Steve said, "Shall we dance?" I answered, "We shall."

I moved with him onto the floor and tried to keep up with his fast, dipping steps. I wanted to be in step with Steve in more ways than one. But then I looked up and saw Janice's red mouth close against Jim's ear, as she whispered something to him. I watched them turn and walk out to one of the small tables on the sunporch.

Oh, Jim, I thought, *how can you do this to me?* I wanted to turn around and run out into the night, away from this scene, these people, away from Jim.

I turned away from Steve. "Do you mind if we go back to the table?"

He shook his head. "I don't mind."

Now it seemed as if *I don't mind* had become a motto, a kind of password into this world of civilization and restraint where emotions are fought against and jealousy is a monster that's caged. In that moment, I envied those people who once lived in caves and carried clubs and lashed out for what they wanted. I wished even for a cave to run to, but I returned to my chair at the table.

The music was loud, making conversation difficult, so those at our table sat watching the dancers, or looking beyond them to that table on the sunporch where Janice and Jim were sitting. And as we watched, a tall, blond man walked up and spoke to her.

Janice threw back her head, laughed up at him and without a moment's hesitation, she rose, patted Jim's shoulder and waltzed away. Jim was left there alone, crushing out his cigarette. *It serves you right, Jim,* I thought angrily. But hurt and angry as I was, this man was mine and I wanted to go to him. I would've too, but then I heard Steve.

"Well, she's at it again," he said. "Has to prove she can get the man, then tires of it. . . ."

Kay Porter reached out and caught Steve's wrist. "Steve!"

"Well, I can't help it," he said. "That's what she did before. . . ."

Kay's fingers tightened on his arm.

Steve bit his lip, as if he'd just realized what he'd said. "Oh, pardon," he said and looked at me.

The shaking in my hands spread through my arms, my shoulders. I bit my lip, wishing I could feel pain on my mouth. But I was numb, hurt so deeply that the room spun in a blur before my eyes. But one thing now was clear. The one thing that the others had known all the time. The thing I'd not even dared let myself suspect. Janice had tired of Jim. So why had he married me? I was the girl who happened to catch him on the rebound. *Oh, Jim,* I thought, *why couldn't you have told me?* If you'd told me about Janice, I could have understood. But now to find out in this way, at this time, now with everyone watching me, perhaps pitying me.

Through the blur, I watched Jim walk across the crowded floor to my chair. He looked down at me, searching my face. "Care to dance?"

I shook my head. I felt hurt and sick and terribly alone. I didn't even care that he'd been hurt, too. Earlier I'd wanted to go to him, but I had thought, *He doesn't deserve it. He doesn't even deserve the right to ask me to dance now.* I refused even to look at him. "No," I said. "I do not."

Jim pulled out his chair and slumped into it. He sighed with a tiredness that came from deep inside his body.

Now the orchestra quit playing, and at our table there was no sound, no movement. There was a kind of tenseness as if we were braced for an explosion, waiting until someone lit the fuse.

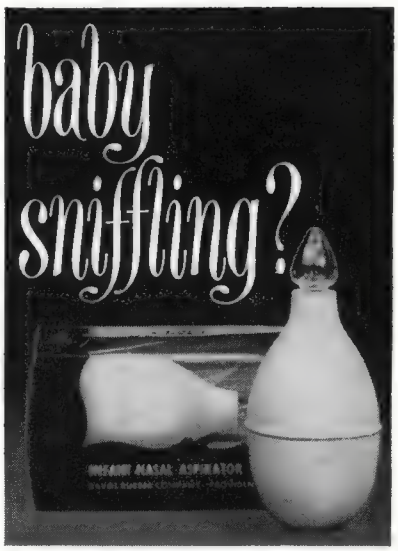
Steve took out a cigarete, struck a match. "What's the matter, wonder boy?" he said. "Get left again?"

And he made a noise that resembled a laugh. But it was not a laugh. It was a snort, a bitter chuckle, a noise so strange that I turned now and looked at Steve Porter.

Now for the first time I saw a tightness about that smiling mouth, saw a man who, for a brief instant, revealed envy and jealousy and thirst for revenge. *Who is this man?* I thought.

This was the man, I remembered, who had first brought up the name of Janice Hale and insisted on talking about her. He had asked her here tonight. He had earlier left the table to get her dinner, but it was while he was out there near the orchestra that they'd begun to play "Some Enchanted Evening." At his request? He had planned this evening for Jim under the guise of a celebration. And now he was looking at Jim and waiting, his breath coming harsh between his teeth.

Jim was staring down at the table, his hair falling over his forehead, his ex-



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pression like that of a small, wistful boy. It was the pantomime being acted out once again. But now Steve was giving away the meaning. Now it was as if Steve were saying, *You got left, Jim. You might be successful in the firm, wonder boy, but not with Janice Hale, and now not even with your wife!*

The match was still blazing between Steve's fingers, but he hadn't even noticed it until now it burned down against his nail. He winced with pain, as if there were pain, too, inside him. And I thought *Perhaps it's the jealousy that's repressed, caged, that becomes the monster and hurts people. And how can I keep it from hurting Jim and me, too? What can I do now?*

And strangely, it was Janice Hale who showed me.

She came back to our table, stood poised for a moment until the music started. She tilted her head toward the orchestra and said, "I asked them to play it again!" Again they were playing "Some Enchanted Evening."

She held out her hand to Jim. "Come, dance with me, wonder boy."

It was then that I was up and on my feet. I put my face close to hers, looked her square in the eye. I said, "Not this time. This time *I'm* dancing with Jim!"

Janice stared at Jim. And back at me. "Why, darling," she said. "I didn't think you'd *mind!*"

"Well, I do mind," I said. "I mind terribly." I put my hand on Jim's arm and held it tight. "I love this man."

In that moment, I had to swallow my pride, although my throat still ached with it. I had to give him my heart, here, now, before his friends. For I'd been like the rest of them, giving Jim applause for his accomplishments. I, like Janice, had kissed him for his success. I'd even given him that silly pin. Perhaps even I, his wife, had led him to believe that I loved him for the good things, the smart things, he'd done. Even I had not stood up for him earlier tonight because I'd told myself he didn't deserve it. But perhaps it's when we least deserve love that we need it the most.

I turned and held out my hand to Jim. *What does it matter if there's smoke from an old flame,* I thought, *when I can give him the real warmth of love?*

He was looking at me, searching my face, the wrinkles deep around his eyes. Then, suddenly a smile relaxed his mouth, and his expression was one of complete surprise, of a strange, unexpected pleasure. It was the same expression I'd seen on his face that first day in Denver. The expression of a man who never expected anyone to give him anything he'd not earned. The wistful expression of a small boy who always hoped that someday, someone would give him something he'd not had to run for.

He came to me, walked with me onto the floor and took me into his arms. He held me tight, as if now, at last, he'd found a closeness he'd searched for, and he'd never let it go.

"I do love you, Jim," I said. "Not because of what you do, but because of what you are." I touched his cheek, and then I reached up and pushed that lock of dark hair off his forehead. "Because you're mine," I said. . . . THE END

The Driver Who Can Wreck You

(Continued from page 25)

pay the costs. The Chase's savings, together with their hopes for a home of their own, went glimmering. By rearranging her hair Clara was able to hide the scar on her face almost completely. At that, they were lucky; they might have been killed.

This kind of misfortune can strike anyone today anywhere in the 48 states. No state has succeeded in passing laws which completely eliminate the uninsured motorist—or the driver who can't pay for the damage he does, which amounts to about the same thing—although two states now have made insurance compulsory. In the United States, about one motorist in four is uninsured—approximately 16,000,000 drivers.

If you live in one of the northeastern or midwestern states, your chances of being victimized are much less, for only about one driver in 15 or 20 is uninsured; in some southern states half of the drivers are uninsured.

Most young families are doing nothing now to protect themselves from this hazard, yet they are the ones who can be most severely hurt. Their budgets are least able to withstand the strain of replacing a wrecked car, or of having the breadwinner out of work for weeks or months as the result of injuries. Because the children of young parents will be dependent for many years, the permanent crippling or death of the father is a more terrible disaster even than it would be in older families. Young couples should know what the situation is and what they can do to protect themselves.

Of the 48 states, two, Massachusetts and New York, have made insurance compulsory—if you don't have it you can't get license plates—and two, Kansas and South Dakota, have statutes so primitive they offer virtually no protection at all to victims of irresponsible motorists. The remaining 44, plus the District of Columbia, have Safety Responsibility laws which vary only in minor details.

Generally the laws stipulate that, if a driver has an accident resulting in injury to someone or property damage beyond $50 or $100, he has to deposit money, securities or a bond with the authorities to cover the damage he has caused. Otherwise his driver's license or his license plates are revoked—sometimes both. Furthermore, in eight states he has to give proof of future ability to pay, which means insurance, before he gets his license back. Twenty-seven of the 44 states have reciprocity arrangements, that is, if a man who hits you in Ohio comes from Pennsylvania, his own state will take away his license if he doesn't pay for damages.

Although this is the most popular type of law, and the one the insurance companies like best, it doesn't give complete protection. Biggest loophole is the "one bite" condition, named from the legal precedent that a dog is allowed to bite once before the law cracks down on his owner. If the man who piles into you is uninsured, he may lose his license, but you still have to pay the medical and repair bills, just as Pete and Clara Chase did. And the fact that he then may have to take out insurance in order to continue driving may protect those he hits in the future, but doesn't help you now. Or suppose he comes from one of the 21 states that doesn't have a reciprocity agreement with yours, or is driving a stolen car, or is a hit-run driver.

In an effort to plug up these loopholes, two states, New Jersey and North Dakota, have Unsatisfied Judgment Funds which pay the damages if you're hit by a financially irresponsible motorist. New Jersey's, which has been operating for three years, is a good example of how these funds work:

A year or so ago six members of the Viggiano family, who live in and around Camden, New Jersey, were in a line of cars on Black Horse Pike near Bellmawr when suddenly an approaching car pulled out of line and headed for them. John Viggiano, who was driving, stopped; the other car crashed into them head-on. The driver said later, "I'm sorry, I fell asleep."

This driver was uninsured. Five of the Viggianos were hurt; the most seriously injured was Nicholas, a barber, who was permanently crippled when his hip was fractured.

In a court trial Nicholas was awarded $18,000 damages. Lesser amounts awarded to other members of the family brought the total to $22,950. Under the law, the Fund pays a maximum of $5,000 to any one person injured in an accident and a total of $10,000 to all; and from these amounts are deducted anything the injured may have received from accident, medical or hospital insurance. Nor will it pay the first $200 in property damage. As a result, Nicholas Viggiano received $4,000; Mary, a sister-in-law, was paid $1506, and John, a brother, $478.

The uninsured driver lost his license, and his father, who owned the car, lost his license plates. They can get them back when they pay the damages.

Obviously Nicholas Viggiano wasn't adequately paid for the injuries he suffered; as a barber, he earned about $3,600 a year, and his injuries prevent him from ever barbering again. But, says W. Lewis Bambrick, manager of the Fund, "at least he got something—probably enough to keep his family going while he learns a new way of earning a living."

Another effort to protect the innocent from irresponsible drivers is a compulsory insurance law. Massachusetts passed its law back in 1927 and it has been the cause of political squabbling and rate fights ever since.

The reasons for the insurance companies' opposition to the law are not hard to find. Under it they have shown an underwriting profit only twice in 30 years, and they're afraid people will say to their state government, "You make us pay this insurance; now get it for us cheaper."

Nevertheless, "it is the state's job," said New York Superintendent of Insurance Leffert Holz, "to provide protection to people who are injured in accidents." And it was an attempt to do this that led New York to pass a compulsory law, now in its first year of operation.

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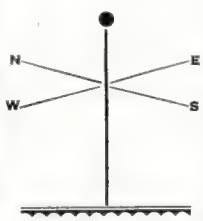

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The insurance companies doubted that the new law would give complete protection because, they said, there will always be evaders who will take out insurance long enough to get their license plates, then cancel the policy.

Two weeks after the law went into operation, some 65,000 notices of cancellation had been sent by the companies to the New York Motor Vehicle Bureau. Obviously many of these were cases in which a car owner was changing his insurance from one company to another, or had inadvertently let his insurance lapse, or had sold his car, but others were chiselers.

Nobody knows how many cheaters will eventually turn up, but estimates place the figure at around 9,000. If this turns out to be accurate, there will be fewer uninsured motorists in New York than ever before. It would mean that 99 per cent of all registered cars are insured; under New York's previous Safety Responsibility law, about 94 per cent were.

But not even the compulsory law helps if you are hit by a man in a stolen car, by a hit-run driver or by an uninsured motorist from another state. The insurance companies, recognizing this hole in coverage, have developed an addition to your present auto liability policy. For from $3 to $12 a year this will pay your own costs, up to the limits of your own policy, if you are hit by an uninsured driver. As this was written there were only four states—Kansas, Massachusetts, New Jersey and North Carolina—where you could *not* get such coverage.

Superintendent Holz objects to this plan on two grounds. He thinks the charge is too high, and he thinks it's not fair for you, who have already spent money to protect others, to have to spend more to protect yourself from the driver who has spent nothing.

So every present plan has some critics. There is one more plan which was advanced years ago by a Columbia University study and which has been in operation in the Canadian Province of Saskatchewan for a decade. This is based on the idea that today automobiles have become a problem for society as a whole and that, therefore, *all* accident victims, *without exception*, should be eligible to collect certain stipulated damages—so much for a broken leg, so much for a ruptured spleen—as victims of industrial accidents collect workmen's compensation.

This may be too advanced for serious consideration by state legislatures right now. Probably you'll be hearing more about it in another 10 or 20 years.

Meanwhile, extension of liability insurance to coverage of your own car *will* protect you and it *is* available. And, once covered, you can start pushing for state measures that will give you longer-term, less expensive and fairer protection. You can bring pressure by talking or writing to your state legislators, by urging your insurance company to use its influence in the legislature, by getting any organizations of which you are a member to swing its weight behind the move and by talking to the editor of your local newspaper.

What kind of legislation should you push for? Probably the best answer is New Jersey's Safety Responsibility Law plus the Unsatisfied Judgment Fund. (Your state probably already has the former.) About 90 per cent of all New Jersey motorists carry insurance already, and the Unsatisfied Judgment Fund takes care of some if not all the damages caused by the remaining 10 per cent.

The story of Michael Rosa shows pretty well how it works.

One day last year Michael Rosa, a young postal worker, was driving through New Providence with his two children in his station wagon. Another car went through a stop sign, smashed into the wagon and turned it over. Constance Rosa, 12, was cut and scraped on her chest, arms and back and was left with a permanent facial scar. Tommy Rosa, 6, was thrown out. The station wagon was a total loss. The driver of the other car had no insurance.

However, the Unsatisfied Judgment Fund paid Rosa $1,800 to cover the cost of another car and the medical bills for himself and his two children. The other driver lost both his operator's and registration licenses until he made arrangements to pay back the deductions from the Fund at the rate of $25 a month. He has done this, has taken out insurance and now has his licenses again.

Thus the injured were paid, and the uninsured motorist is paying for the damages he caused and has acquired insurance to protect others in the future. It may not be a perfect answer to the problem, but it's a much better deal than the Chases got. ... THE END

Beyond Road's End

(Continued from page 54)

protesting that we'd never eaten better steaks—a new mood seized us. The talk was easy, bantering—but the sense of utter isolation grew as the dark slipped closer around the fire. It was Bill who put it into words. "They might have gone to war back there," he said, talking of the bustling cities we'd left behind—so far behind, their petty concerns were meaningless to us. "They could be at war, and we'd never know it." Fire carved a room out of the night, linking us closely.

Then Ann yawned, and Mike followed suit. Roused to motherly concerns, Agnes marched the youngsters to bed, deaf to cries of "Aw, Mom, on our first day out!"

Before we turned in, Iris and I picked our way through the moonlit forest to the open ridge above camp. There, we could only be silent. No words could add to the majesty, to the sense of the ages in the scene.

But it was getting cold and we turned gratefully toward the down-filled sleeping bags and air mattresses in our tent.

We woke in the crisp morning to the smell of wood smoke and frying trout.

I heard Bill's voice grumbling, "Why didn't you rout me out? I'd have caught breakfast for everybody." Fish and bacon and steaming coffee soon calmed him, however—along with a promise to make a trip later on to Cook Lakes, where the world's record golden, an 11-pounder, was taken a few years ago.

Mike, meanwhile, was proudly telling anyone who would listen—and some who wouldn't—about the noises he'd heard in the night. The recital got more thrilling—and Mike's role larger—at each telling. (Actually, he'd stayed snugly in his sleeping bag, hitting at the tent side to make the noises go away.) Chuck told Mike it must have been a prowling bear. In fact, bears are few, he told us; Mike's "noises" were probably a scavenging porcupine.

After breakfast, Iris and Agnes refused to have anything more to do with a horse until the stiffness had worn out of their muscles. "We're going to hike down the trail and pick huckleberries," they announced. I remembered passing the masses of berry bushes, standing three and four feet high among the trees along yesterday's trail. After exacting a promise of berry pie for supper, the male members of the party mounted (Bill and I pretending we weren't the least bit stiff from yesterday's ride) and headed for Sauerkraut Lake, 4 miles away—a sheet of brightness cupped in a flower-spotted meadow and reflecting the jagged peaks around.

Most of the Bridger's 3,000 lakes are populated with beaver, which sometimes make a mess of the nearby stands of willows. They seldom paid much attention to us, just swimming around at their everyday business while we cast flies only yards away from them. The kids tried to "stalk" them, but each careful approach ended disastrously with the warning slap of beaver tail which sounds just like a rifle shot. Thereupon, every beaver in sight simply disappeared.

Near Sauerkraut Lake, we saw our first moose, quietly munching at the edge of a meadow and hardly lifting its head as we went by. Even the wild animals are fairly tame in these lonely wilderness areas where man so seldom appears.

By our third day, Iris and Agnes were ready to ride again and we went up to Elbow Creek, which sparkles and splashes its tumbling way down a wooded canyon.

One afternoon, Iris and I made the easy climb up Summit Peak, at the base of which we were camped. It was her first try at climbing, made easier by the jagged formation of the rock. Reaching the summit was an achievement amply rewarded by the soaring vista and the sense of standing and feeling "on top of the world."

A few more days of loafing, and we broke camp and moved on, heading for Hay Pass in the Alpine Lakes region right on the spine of the Continental Divide—an area, Chuck told us, seen by less than 200 people in all the centuries it has existed. That was prospect enough—but on the way, Chuck took us to see the small glaciers which lurk above 12,000 feet. One the youngsters are probably still chattering about—it must have been impressive; Ann was wordless for a good three minutes—was the "grasshopper glacier," where millions of insects are frozen into winter ice and slowly melt out again during July and August.

Coming down, we followed the vivid green glacier-fed waters of the Green River,

foaming in canyon cataracts. And then, at Green River Lake, after twelve days of travel in the high country, we came reluctantly back to the road and the everyday world—symbolized by the jeep and horse trailers Chuck had arranged to meet us there. There was no happy chatter about the fun of getting home. Everyone in the party, I noticed, looked back as I did toward the gray-black mountain mass. It was a long look. And then, very slowly, we stepped down from our saddles and turned the horses over to the wrangler.

Our wilderness journey was at an end. We would come back—but there would never again be the special wonder of a first time for any of us.

This is a joy reserved for the others who are coming in growing numbers to America's primitive areas. As easy and comfortable as the outfitters are now making it, nobody need deny himself this experience. Cost for us on this trip was $17.50 per day for each person—only slightly more than the average cost of a motoring trip. The packer provided all the stock for riding and packing, all the food, all the equipment and all the hard work of making and breaking camp and caring for the animals on the trail and, most precious of all, a lifetime of experience in these mountains.

Actually, costs are difficult to pin down. But from $15 to $20 would be average for a luxury trip with more than four persons in the party. And any outfitter will help get his customers together into a group to cut down the expense. Costs can be cut to around $11 a day if you can provide your own camp gear and food and will do most of the camp chores. Or you can get by for as little as $6 per person per day if you arrange a spot pack trip, on which the outfitter takes you and your gear to a predetermined spot and leaves you there until it is time to bring you out again.

To arrange a wilderness trip, first write to the Forest Service, Department of Agriculture, Washington 25, D.C., for a list of the 79 wild and wilderness areas, which encompass some 14 million acres of national forest lands in 11 states. Write also to the National Park Service, Department of the Interior, Washington 25, D.C., for a list of national parks with wilderness reserves. Once you've chosen a region within reasonable range of your home, write to that forest supervisor or park superintendent for maps and literature, and a list of authorized outfitters.

Generally, any authorized outfitter will have all the experience you need. The best packers, however, are booked up early (sometimes a year ahead). In any case, be sure to work out all details of cost and itinerary in advance. And make certain of the items you are expected to bring. Try to limit personal gear to about 50 pounds, filling a canvas bag.

One way you can be sure of a top-notch packer and a guaranteed good time is to choose one of the many scheduled trips that take larger groups at lower cost into the more popular wilderness areas. Don Clauser (P.O. Box 1229, Santa Fe, N.M.), for instance, takes parties into the craggy peaks of the Pecos wilderness of New Mexico, the easy-to-travel Flat Tops wilderness in western Colorado and into the high lake country of the Uintas wilderness in Utah. Archaeologist John W. Wampler (1511 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley 9, Calif.) runs a unique pack trip each summer down the whole 200-mile length of the John Muir Trail, winding its way along the wilderness crest of California's High Sierra. And there are others. Perhaps the most famous are made by the Trail Riders of the Wilderness, a nonprofit group organized by the American Forestry Association (919 17th St., N.W., Washington 6, D.C.) to foray into the Great Smokies, the Badlands and other wilderness regions. Rangers go along on these trips to help out, all food and equipment are furnished and cost runs from $200 to $230 a person.

"If you've seen one wilderness area," someone once told me, although he'd never seen one and I've written a book about them, "you've seen 'em all." But the fact is the world of wilderness encompasses every kind of terrain in America, every variation in vegetation, wild life, scenery and climate—from the high, rocky trails of California's famous Sierra region to the vast primitive desert region on the Utah-Arizona border where eroded rock formations form a dazzling technicolor world that will remain in your memory forever. (Ross Musselman, who runs the Four M Ranch at Moab, Utah, will pack you almost anywhere here, from the Grand Canyon to the Painted Desert.)

For one of the most beautiful forest lands of all, explore the huge Selway-Bitterroot wilderness on the Montana-Idaho border, or the tumbled mountain mass of Olympia National Park.

The only Eastern spot offering such possibilities is the Great Smoky Mountains. But there are plenty of other wilderness areas accessible to the East. For instance, you can travel the route of the *voyageurs* in the roadless Quetico-Superior lakeland of northern Minnesota, where outfitters at Ely, Minn., offer a "package" consisting of canoe, food, camp gear and skilled guide for an average of $11 a person per day—and half that if you are game to take a map instead of a guide.

A unique but busy Eastern wilderness is the Florida Everglades, the "sea of grass," dotted with jungle-clad hummocks, alive with vivid swamp life, the traditional domain of the Seminoles. Here, you travel into the back country by airboat or on the foam rubber seat of a swamp buggy—a vehicle with huge tires and often as many as 14 forward speeds, designed for this watery terrain.

These are all good variations of wilderness travel. But none, we feel, is quite so much fun as packing into primitive mountains, none gives you quite the sense of leaving the bustling world completely behind. There is no substitute in canyons or canoe country for the heady air of high altitudes, no aloneness so complete as in the awesome vistas of great mountains unchanged through the ages. . . . THE END

For more information on wilderness areas and facilities, perhaps closer to your home, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to:
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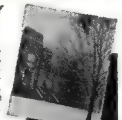

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Born Too Soon

(Continued from page 38)

the use and why did I want to torture myself. But I knew that I would always be sorry if I didn't have the courage to see her. I got out of bed and walked down the hall to the nursery. The door was slightly ajar, and I started to open it when a nurse barked, "What are you doing? No one is allowed in here." I burst into tears and fled back to my room.

When the baby was gone, I knew I couldn't bear to stay in the hospital any longer.

Apparently no one had bothered to tell any of the hospital personnel that the lady in 316 had no baby in the hospital—and probably would have no baby at all.

The cleaning woman poked her head in and said, "Mind if I clean now, or is the baby coming in?"

The aide who brought in the lunch tray asked, "Milk? Are you nursing?"

A professionally cheerful lady burst in with congratulations and a cart of baby nameplates and asked me for information to put on the birth certificate.

When my doctor came, I begged him to let me go home. Jerry and I had to sign a release absolving the hospital from any responsibility for me because I was leaving so soon—but I did get out.

I saw the baby for the first time, in the premature unit, when she was five days old. Jerry and I tiptoed in, asking the friendly nurse who was escorting us, "How is she?"

"Oh, she's wonderful," the nurse replied.

As we walked into the nursery, I had a mental picture of what she would look like. A one-pound-eight-ounce baby (she had dropped off from her birth weight) was, in my mind, just a miniature of a six-pound baby. A baby, only very small.

I was completely unprepared for what I was to see.

She lay without any clothes on in the incubator, mostly a head—with arms and legs that looked like fingers. There was a thin band of tape under her nose, holding in place the thread-like tube that went into her stomach, through which, by drops, she was fed. Her head was terribly flat, coming almost to a point in back. Her nervous system was not yet completely formed, and she looked as if she would go into convulsions at any moment.

You could see every breath she took shaking the whole of her pathetic body. She would breathe three quick breaths and then suddenly stop. I clutched the nurse when the breathing stopped, but she only said, "That's all right. Breathing is hard work for her. She has to breathe a little and then rest a little."

I couldn't watch for more than a few moments. I took Jerry's hand, and we fled from the room. I said I would never come back again. There was nothing I could do there. At home there was work and the boys and the routine of living.

I stayed away. And then, in the second week, the hospital called. Did I know where they could reach the pediatrician quickly. This was it, I knew. We waited until nightfall, put the children to bed and, although they'd told us there was no need to, went to the hospital.

A nurse stopped us at the doorway of the premature unit and said gently, "Just a moment before you go in. You should know that she's quite bad." She had thrown up the feeding tube and had turned blue. This was what we had been warned about, the moment that such a baby inexplicably "goes bad." A young house doctor was at the baby's side, and we learned that he had been there for hours. He stayed there all of the next day, too, while the baby, who could not be fed, lost ounce after precious ounce.

We stayed at home and waited for the telephone to ring.

When we called the hospital that night, the baby was alive, but her weight had slipped to *one pound and three ounces.*

There was no turning point—no moment at which a doctor or a nurse said, "The worst is over." But three days passed, and the baby had not died. On the third day they were able to replace the feeding tube, and on the fourth day she gained almost an ounce.

By the end of that week I must have begun to hope. Because it was then that I first let a terror that I had buried take hold of me. I had to know whether, if she lived, she would be normal.

Jerry came to the hospital with me. We did not look at the baby. Instead we sought out the young house doctor who had been with her the week before at the worst time.

"I'm not asking you whether she will live or not," I pleaded. "But if she does, will she be blind?"

I could see him choosing his words carefully.

"There's no reason to believe that she will. We haven't been able to examine her eyes closely, but we know now that blindness in premature babies is associated with too much oxygen. You can be sure we've avoided this danger."

"And what about other things? Is she . . . all right?"

"We haven't been able to take her out of the incubator for X rays, and it's doubtful, anyway, that we'd want to X ray such a premature infant. I can say only that I've watched her for hours and hours. I've seen the way she moves her legs, her arms, her head, her spine. As far as I'm able to observe, there seems to be no abnormality. The shape of her head, the proportions of her body, are what you would expect with such a premature child. Remember that we're just in the beginning of February and she shouldn't have been born until April."

It was as much as I could ask for.

At home we didn't talk about the baby much. Our friends didn't telephone for bulletins because they were afraid to, in much the same way that each morning I hesitated to call the hospital. David and Christopher went about their business at school and only occasionally asked "Is our baby alive?" Little Jeffrey had no real idea of what had happened and worked hard as usual on his toys.

(Continued on page 100)

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(Continued from page 98)

But somehow a change had crept into our attitude. I remember Jerry's saying, one day, as he sent the weekly check to the hospital, that our hospitalization insurance would pay for the baby's care after the first 90 days. Ninety days! There had been a time when 48 hours was as far ahead as we could look.

We began to pin our hope on limited milestones—like two pounds. To wish that this baby would grow up to be a fine, healthy girl was too big a wish. We had to focus on something attainable. Two pounds.

When the baby was two and a half months old, she reached two pounds and Jerry and I took the step we had been evading for so long. We gave her a name. We had not done so before because we knew that this committed us irrevocably. She was no longer *a* premature baby. She was our daughter Jennifer—and she had to live. Even though I had never held her or fed her, had never seen her except through a pane of glass, she was now a personality, a member of the Alden family.

Now even the nurses and doctors greeted each new milestone with something closer to a congratulatory air, although no one was yet willing to tell us that everything would be all right. Three pounds . . . the day the tube feeding stopped . . . the day she began to be taken out of the incubator for a few minutes to be fed . . . the day she stayed out for two hours . . . the day she could dispense with the incubator altogether and I was allowed to hold her and feed her . . . the day the eye doctor assured us we need have no worries about her vision. And finally, when she was three months old, the announcement that, if all went well and she continued to gain weight, we could take her home in about two weeks.

On April 8th, the day Jennifer should have been born, I bought her first clothes.

There is nothing quite like the moment when you walk into the hospital elevator with a bundled-up baby in your arms—your baby finally. No longer the hospital's, the nurses', the doctors', but yours. I remember it with the twins. Jerry and I stood for a moment in front of the hospital, each of us holding a baby and hoping that a passer-by would stop to admire us. And I remember when the twins and Jerry came to take Jeffrey and me home from the hospital. But surely there was never anything like the day we took Jennifer home.

I went to the hospital alone, bringing her new clothes. Jerry was to give me half an hour's head start and then come to the hospital with the three boys. I didn't want them to wait endlessly in the lobby while I dressed the baby.

In the premature unit every doctor and nurse from the floor had assembled to say good-by and wish us well. Then suddenly, as if by prearranged signals, they all left. The room was empty and I was alone with Jennifer. It was as if they were giving me a gift, saying, "Here, Mrs. Alden. Here is your baby. She's all yours now." I dressed her as though I had never handled a baby before, laughing at my awkwardness.

She no longer looked strange to me. She was incredibly thin still, but her little legs and arms shot back and forth vigorously. She had great big, wide open blue eyes—like Jeffrey's. Her head was still somewhat pointed in the back, but she had a lot of hair now (straight, like mine, I thought wryly) and I decided in a moment that she was going to be beautiful—like all the Alden children!

We had timed it perfectly. Jerry and the twins and Jeffrey came through the revolving door of the hospital just as I got out of the elevator. I could see at a glance that Grandma had been at work—the boys were scrubbed and dressed to the teeth.

As they came rushing toward me, I lost all sense of where I was. I knelt down right on the floor of the hospital lobby, holding out Jennifer so the children could really see her. David and Christopher were old enough to let their excitement come out in gasps of, "She's so tiny, Mummy," "She's so cute," but little Jeffrey, trembling, couldn't find words. He grabbed Jennifer's small fist and pumped it as if he were shaking hands with a long-lost friend. . . . THE END

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BY MAXWELL MALTZ, M.D.
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REDBOOK'S
COMPLETE JULY 1957
NOVEL

THE GOLDEN SCALPEL

BY MAXWELL MALTZ, M. D.

His skilled surgeon-hands had given many courage to face the world anew. He was at the peak of success when an inescapable chain of events abruptly veered his course as a doctor, and as a man

For a few minutes longer Robert Grannon lay in bed, gazing up at the light-dappled ceiling and savoring the absolute certainty that today was to be very special in his life.

The glass on the bedside table showed a faint white rim, evidence that he had not forgotten to take his regular nightcap of warm milk. Feeling as he did this morning, it was hard to believe that, less than a year ago, a considerable dose of phenobarbital would have been put into the glass of milk every night—Dr. Grannon's self-prescription for nervous tension resulting from overwork—nervous tension also arising, it had to be admitted, from the bitter experience with Marybeth Landy.

But that was all over with now, and this morning he felt, not thirty-five, but about eighteen years old.

Pulling up the bedroom blinds, Robert saw that the complexion of the day exactly suited his mood. The sunlight fell on the terrace like a golden banner; the air smelled as sweet as Arcady's. From here, eighteen stories high, New York was a city of gaudy spires, shaped like Persian minarets and the crowns of French chateaux, splashed with gold and silver and turquoise, gleaming in the sun.

Of course today was a very special one. This afternoon he was to meet Ann Wolcott's train at Grand Central; they were to have dinner together; he had tickets for a play he knew she was anxious to see, and then—then, perhaps—

No. No *perhaps* about it. After the theatre, he was going to ask her the question that had been edging up closer and closer these past two months—*Ann, you must know how I feel about you. Will you marry me?*

He had a fairly full schedule for the morning; the afternoon he had deliberately kept light. His first patient this morning was Denny Jones, a six-year-old with a harelip; then came Mrs. Lillian Pauling, whose fingers had become webbed together with crinkled scar tissue after she had burned her hand in an accident at the kitchen range; then Janet Heath, a youngster with the strawberry stamp of a birthmark on her left cheek, and finally Miss Rosamond Brand, who had a scar on the tip of her nose. In all, three-and-a-half to four hours' work.

The marker of the bathroom scales touched the 160-pound mark, swung back to 156, settled at 158. For his height and build, just about what it should be. What was it Ann had said once?

"But somehow you don't *look* like a plastic surgeon, Robert."

"And what *do* I look like?"

She had considered him. "Do you know what? Something like a prize fighter. A nice young *pleasant* prize fighter, not all beaten up yet, but—I think rugged is the word I mean. You have that sort of dark, stocky, *lasting* look."

"Would you prefer another kind of face?"

"My goodness, no!" she had laughed. "I like you exactly the way you are."

And as if it could read what was passing through his mind, her picture on the chest of drawers seemed to smile at him approvingly.

A voice called from the living room: "You ready, Doctor?"

"Just about." Robert pulled on a pair of slacks and took a fresh white professional jacket from the row in the closet. On the other side of the bedroom door, Ivy, his

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maid, was waiting for him with the usual morning cup of strong black coffee.

"You're feeling *good*, Doctor," she announced, after handing over the coffee and inspecting him.

"I'm feeling wonderful, thanks. I can't remember when I ever felt better."

Sipping his coffee, he surveyed the living room. Even after four years it was still difficult to believe that it really belonged to him, Robert Grannon; or, to put it in another way, difficult to believe that the Dr. Robert Grannon who lived in the beautifully furnished penthouse on the top of the Vesalius Medical Arts Building and Hospital in mid-town New York was the same Bobby Grannon who had been born and brought up in the old house on Tompkins Square, down on the lower East Side.

It was ten to nine. Putting down the cup and saucer, Robert crossed the living room and walked along the corridor beyond, leading past the waiting room and consultation room to the foyer of the apartment, with the two elevator doors. Usually in the mornings he didn't bother to wait for an elevator, since this was one of the busiest times of the day on the hospital floors below, and it was just as easy for him to run down the back service stairs; but, just as he was passing, an elevator door opened and Lucy Curtis, his receptionist and secretary, got out.

"Good morning, Doctor," she said cheerfully. "Isn't it a lovely day?"

"Lovely!" Robert agreed, stepping into the car. "See you later, Lucy."

On the fifteenth floor, he turned aside from the central corridor through the heavy swinging doors that led to the doctors' dressing room. The clatter and buzz of the hospital floor behind was cut off abruptly and the atmosphere of the operating rooms took over—hushed, clean and watchful. The quick change never failed to touch his pulse, reawakening the excitement of that morning when he had first come in here as a full-fledged plastic surgeon.

He took off his outer clothes in the dressing room, hung them in his regular locker and picked up a pair of operating trousers and undershirt from the freshly washed pile in the bin.

In the operating room, the familiar scene was waiting, the masked, gowned figures, the operating table, the beam of light pinpointed down from the huge glass-sheathed dome overhead. Having scrubbed hands and arms for the required ten minutes, Robert dried them and doused them with sterile powder. The circulating nurse folded the operating gown around him and knotted the strings in the back. He slipped his hands into the rubber operating gloves and turned to the patient.

Young Denny Jones was almost ready. In another minute the anesthetist at the head of the operating table removed the mask from Denny's face, glanced at Robert and nodded.

"Methylene blue," Robert said.

His assistant, Tom Hickney, one of the resident surgeons, had daubed Denny's upper lip with metaphene and alcohol. Robert dipped the wooden applicator into the jar of methylene blue and slowly outlined the spot between upper lip and nose that caused Denny Jones to turn his head aside in a ducking, stooping movement rather than face anybody—the harelip.

"You know why you're here, don't you, Denny?" Robert had asked him the evening before, when he had stopped in to see Denny and his parents in the hospital room.

Denny had only pressed his face more tightly against the wall.

"To have your lip fixed," Robert had told him. "Just a few minutes and it'll be all over. You'll see how simple it is. No—excuse me," he had added apologetically, "naturally you won't *see*, because you'll be asleep. And when you wake up, it'll be gone."

Now, on the operating table, the harelip gaped at him, the rough edges curling back like a second, vertical mouth, exposing the gum and the top of the upper row of teeth. It could only be accounted for by some inexplicable disturbance of the growth pattern; fortunately, it could be removed.

"Knife," Robert said.

The blade was in his hand the next moment, like a magician's trick. And she was a magician, at that—Liza Ferranti, the scrub or operating nurse. Her dark eyes smiled at Robert above the mask, and he gave her a nod of thanks and recognition. He hardly needed to say anything, when Liza was working with him; her thoughts seemed to be inside his, or even ahead of his; it almost seemed that the knife or the needle would be waiting for his fingers before he opened his mouth.

The tip of the blade pointed down like a javelin and sliced swiftly around the whole perimeter of the harelip, leaving a thin liquid line of scarlet behind; but Tom Hickney's hand followed, mopping the blood away.

There was one tiny spurt that persisted. A capillary.

"Mosquito clamp," Robert said.

The tiny spurt ceased. Robert tied off the capillary.

The blade dipped down again, paring away muscle from the skin above the mouth and the mucous membrane inside.

"Curved needle," Robert said. . . .

He glanced at the anesthetist. After twenty minutes. Denny was still well under. There were three more muscle sutures to finish. . . .

And then Denny Jones' harelip was gone—a curve of the knife at precisely the right point, and the dipping, darting needle to smooth out the wounded skin. If you saw yourself right now, Denny, Robert thought, you wouldn't be sure if this was an improvement or not; for you'd see a small boy with a very messy-looking lip. But that will heal in no time at all.

"Vaseline gauze," he said.

Liza had the gauze ready. He cut it to fit the area of stitched skin and topped it with a piece of plain gauze. With both hands he bunched Denny's mouth into pursy wrinkles, then stretched adhesive over the dressing, from ear to ear, interspaced with cross pieces. Pursing the lips and binding them bunched together made certain that there would not be any tension pulling at the stitches in the wound.

Robert stepped back from the table, peeled off the gloves and pulled the mask from his face. Thirty-five minutes in all; good time.

The swinging doors folded in silently in front of a wheeled stretcher, pushed by an orderly. He and the circulating nurse rolled Denny Jones over on his side, lifted him onto the stretcher and started it on its careful voyage down the corridor to the room where, in half an hour or a little more, Denny would wake up and slowly discover that he no longer had to turn his face to the wall.

The rest of the morning went rapidly, and by quarter to twelve Robert had finished his three remaining operations. Mrs. Pauling's hands had been released from the mass of crinkled scar tissue that had formed over the burns, locking the fingers together; then he had scooped out the strawberry-red birthmark from small Janet Heath's cheek and covered the wound with a skin transplant; finally, he had removed the jagged white line of an old scar—left by a childhood accident—from the tip of Rosamond Brand's nose.

Upstairs in the inner office, Lucy Curtis was waiting for him with a list of the calls that had come in while he

had been operating. "And there was a long-distance call from Albany just five or six minutes ago, Doctor," she added. "We're to call operator 28. Shall I get her for you now?"

"Yes, please, will you?" Robert said. Glancing at the typewritten list, he saw that it contained nothing out of the ordinary, confirmations of appointments and new appointments.

"Here's your Albany call, Doctor," Lucy said. "It's Miss Wolcott."

"Ann Wolcott?"

Lucy nodded, and he had a premonitory sinking feeling. That could only mean that Ann wouldn't be arriving at Grand Central at four this afternoon.

"Don't tell me," he said into the receiver. "Something unexpected's come up."

"Robert, darling," the charming, always slightly-surprised-sounding voice apologized. "I'm so sorry but— How did you know?"

"Simple," he told her. "For one thing, you're calling from Albany. So you must have got a telegram on the train, somewhere between Chicago and Albany, asking you to stop there, to help out somebody or other with a special problem."

"That's just what happened," she said mournfully. "I feel terrible about it, but— These people here are connected with the people I had to see in Chicago, and I just couldn't very well say no, although I wanted to. I was looking forward to tonight so much. But we can put it off to tomorrow night, can't we?"

"Of course we can. When'll I meet you?"

"I'll either call or send you a wire when I know. And —Robert?"

"Mm-m?"

"Was it to be something *very* special tonight?"

"It'll keep," Robert said. "Everything's fine, Annie."

"You're sure?"

"Sure."

"Good-by, darling," Ann said. "Till tomorrow."

So, he told himself as he hung up, the conviction of his first waking moments—that today, the 17th, was to be a very special one in the life of Robert Grannon, M.D.—was wrong. The special day was to be the 18th, instead. Nothing was changed essentially, of course, and yet the rest of the day seemed to stretch before him like a desert. He felt dull—deflated, let-down.

The phone rang. "Yes?" Robert said.

"Mr. Sykes is calling, Doctor," Lucy's voice informed him from the outer office.

Some people seem to have a gift for calling at precisely the right time. Johnny Sykes was one.

"Bob?" Johnny's squeaky, irresistibly amusing voice inquired. "Got a minute?"

"Well, I don't know, Mr. Sykes," Robert said with rich solemnity, "I'm an extremely busy man. However— What is your problem?"

"As follows," Johnny said. "There's this girl—"

"A *girl*, Mr. Sykes?"

"—And she—well," Johnny said, "she's giving a party tonight, and she asked me to come and bring an extra man with me, and I thought—well, you're probably all tied up but anyway I thought I'd call and—"

"I'll tell you a very strange thing, Mr. Sykes," Robert interrupted him in the same solemn tone. "It just so happens that I'm not tied up in the least."

"Gee, Bob, you mean it?"

"I mean it, Johnny. And thanks a lot for thinking of me."

"That's swell! So shall I pick you up there? Around nine, say?"

"Why not have dinner together first? It's a hell of a long time since we've seen each other."

"Swell," Johnny said again. "About seven?"

"I'll be looking for you," Robert said.

He hung up, smiling. His spirits had lifted. Inevitably that was the result when he either saw or heard from Johnny—roly-poly, incorrigibly optimistic Johnny Sykes.

After lunch, he went to the bedroom, took off jacket and shoes, and stretched out on the bed. It was his regular daily routine to operate in the morning, lie down for about half an hour after lunch, see prospective patients from two to four or four-thirty in the afternoon, then make his rounds of patients downstairs in the hospital rooms for an hour or so before dinner.

Impossible to sleep or even half-doze today. Thanks to Johnny, the day had resumed the complexion of the morning; again he felt confident, tingling with life, younger than his thirty-five years. For now—with Johnny's company to tide him over the coming evening—he had all afternoon, all evening, all the next morning to look forward to Ann's return.

Ann Wolcott. Dear Ann. Darling, darling Annie. Annie the Absolutely Unexpected. That was what he had called her once, and she had asked him why.

"Because absolutely unexpected sorts of things always seem to be happening to you," Robert had explained.

"That's true," she had admitted, half-ruefully. "I mean, it can be lots of fun sometimes, and yet sometimes it just isn't."

For instance, her career. Absolutely unexpected—but when you thought about it, pretty much inevitable, too.

She was a small, brown-haired, dark-eyed girl whose expression seemed to promise that wonderfully amusing adventures lay just ahead for both of you. For, of course, you were friends; you were friends from the moment you met—even before, from the moment your eyes met, no matter how many other people there might be in the room. *That* was her special, her singular, her ever-delightful quality: the feeling of immediate friendliness.

And now add to the special quality and the pretty face and the nice figure—add her quick perceptive intelligence, and it began to seem that the absolutely unexpected career (which belonged to that vast and still relatively new world called Public Relations) had indeed been quite inevitable from the beginning.

Until a few months ago, she had not really thought of calling it a career. "I was just more or less doing favors for people," she had told Robert. "What I'd actually thought I was going to be was a dietician, because that's what I'd studied. But then I had a girl friend in college whose family had all kinds of money, and she—Carla—wanted to break into the theatre, and that first summer after we got out and I was looking around for a job, Carla asked me to handle her publicity for her. I said I'd try. I didn't expect anything to happen and yet, lo and behold, somehow or other—"

"Somehow or other you got Carla a couple of acres of nice free newspaper space," Robert had said.

"Well, not *acres*, but quite a few little stories and some pictures. It seemed so easy I was amazed. I didn't really *do* anything. Of course it didn't turn Carla into a star overnight, but she did get a couple of bit parts off-Broadway, and anyway she said it was simply fabulous, that's the way she talks, and—so, one thing led to another, and after a while Ann Wolcott, Girl Dietician, turned into Ann Wolcott, Public Relations. Although somehow," she had concluded, glancing at Robert with a wry, humorous look, "somehow it still just doesn't seem right."

This confession and sketching-in-of-background had

taken place at their first meeting, an event Robert now thought of as historic. He realized, of course, that part of the rapid development of his interest in her had been due to the circumstances of his private life at the time. He had been very much on the loose, anxious to find a new romance as swiftly as he could, for he was still stinging from the Marybeth Landy episode.

And then, blessedly, wonderfully, there was Ann.

Remember, though, he cautioned himself, she's got a career, too. And she's only twenty-five. She may very well have reserved marriage for a little later on, after having her fling as a career girl. But somehow he could not take the cautioning thought too seriously, because of Ann's attitude toward her career.

And so, Robert thought again, trying to figure out what she would say when he asked her the question tomorrow night.

What *will* your answer be, Annie, darling Annie? Yes? No? Let's wait a little while? Or—I'm very fond of you, Robert, but—

But Ann never spoke like that. "Very fond" on Ann's lips would sound impossibly stilted. Ann was all sparkle and charm and hummingbird vivacity.

CHAPTER 2

His half-hour rest period had passed, and the bedside telephone rang to signalize the fact. Lucy's voice came through from the outer office.

"It's two o'clock, Doctor. Mrs. Novak is here for her appointment."

"I'll be right out," Robert said.

Mrs. Novak, Mrs. Maria Novak, turned out to be a small, faded person somewhere in her fifties or perhaps sixties; hair almost entirely white, arranged in an old-fashioned bun, face intricately woven with wrinkles. It was a very warm day, more like August than April, and yet Mrs. Novak wore a heavy long-sleeved dress.

An oddity anywhere else, but not here, in Dr. Robert Grannon's consultation room. Here, the odd was the normal. It was not necessary to be in practice as a plastic surgeon very long to understand why a woman would wear the long-sleeved dress on a blistering day. The reason behind those long sleeves explained her presence here; Robert knew this in the first moment he glanced at her.

"Yes, Mrs. Novak?" he said.

She had cornflower-blue eyes, striking in the worn, seamed face. "Here is my small trouble, Doctor," she said, and pulled up the right sleeve of her dress.

Robert had expected a scar or the flaring patch of a birthmark, but he saw neither. Puzzled, he looked up at her, then down again at her arm.

And now he saw it, and he wondered that it had not leaped out at him at once, for all its smallness.

It was tattooed in blue in the white skin—a letter, five figures: N 58739.

For a while he stared at the blue tatto in silence. "Where did you get that?" he asked at last.

"During the war," Mrs. Novak said.

He realized then what he was looking at. "In a concentration camp?"

She nodded. "Yes, that was the way they marked us, for identification. As you see, Doctor, it is very small—that is why I said 'my small trouble.' For a long time I paid no attention to it; why should I?—It belonged to another time, another world, dead and buried, thank God, and the troubles that we had there should be dead and buried, too. But now, because of—I mean to say, there are certain reasons now why I wish to have it removed. Can it be done?"

"Yes, of course."

"And when you have taken it away, there is a scar left on the arm?"

"No," Robert said. "Nothing."

She looked puzzled. "But how is that? Surely where you use a knife, to dig into the flesh, there is a wound, and where there is a wound there must be a scar?"

"Yes, that's true. But we'll cover the wound with a skin graft—a slip of skin—taken from somewhere else on your body. In a couple of months there won't be a trace to show that anything ever happened to your arm."

Her face lit up. "Oh, good, Doctor! When can you do this? Soon, I hope? This week?"

He leafed through his schedule book. "Friday morning?"

"Thank you, Doctor," Mrs. Maria Novak said, and got up. Then a curious gloss seemed to pass over the bright blue eyes, and there was a change in her voice. Previously so steady, it hesitated.

"There is a favor I wish to ask."

Robert nodded encouragingly.

"You will think it foolish, perhaps, but I—Put it down to a little whim, a little eccentricity—"

He waited patiently.

"This small piece of skin that you are going to take from my arm, with the letter and the numbers tattooed on it—"

"Yes, Mrs. Novak?"

"I— I would like to keep it. There are reasons that— But no matter. After you have cut the patch of skin from my arm, if you put it into a jar of alcohol, it would be preserved, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"Will you do this for me, Doctor?"

He studied her. For years she had not worried about the little blue tattoo on her arm, then suddenly it had become important to have it removed. And yet somehow she could not quite tolerate the idea of losing the blue tattoo altogether! Why?

He saw the beginnings of many strange stories in this room. Sometimes, but by no means always, he learned the *what* and the *why* behind them. That was the life of a plastic surgeon.

"I'll bring the patch of skin in a vial of alcohol down to your room after the operation, Mrs. Novak."

"Thank you, Doctor!" Maria Novak said.

"This girl, Marion," Johnny Sykes said that night, "she's—But I might as well tell you the truth, Bob, because you'd guess it anyway. This time, believe me, it's for real. I'm crazy about her. She's nothing terrific to look at, maybe, but to me she's— Here we are. Stop here, driver."

They got out of the cab.

It seemed highly unlikely that anyone should live in the place that Johnny had indicated, on the far western fringe of Greenwich Village. They were facing what seemed to be a blank brick wall. The dark bulk of warehouses lined the street; at the corner, a murky glow marked a small candy and soft drinks store. There was no other sign of life.

"This way," Johnny said.

Now Robert saw a door at one side of the unpromising brick wall. Johnny pushed the door open and beckoned to Robert to go ahead up a long shadowy flight of stairs. There was another door at the top of the stairs; Johnny knocked and a moment later Robert was meeting Marion Tate and finding it easy to understand why Johnny had fallen in love, as he had put it, "for real."

For he could see almost at once that this girl had a lot in common with Ann; not in appearance, no, but in her genuine friendliness of manner, her unabashed cheerfulness, her lack of pose. If she wasn't what one would call pretty, she was nevertheless more attractive than the prettiest girls in the room; she outshone them just as Ann would have. This was a girl Ann must meet, he decided; Marion was a girl Ann might very well want to help—as Ann certainly could help her. For whatever Marion's job was, it couldn't be paying her more than enough just about to get along on. The apartment—one large shabby room, filled with smoke and chatter—was evidence of that.

"Before you go, Doctor," Marion Tate began, "I want you please to be sure to—"

"Robert, please," he said.

She smiled, a lovely warm smile. "Robert. Before you leave, or rather when you leave, will you please, as a favor— But maybe Johnny told you?"

Johnny was off in another corner of the room, talking to some people. "No, Johnny didn't tell me anything," Robert said, "except that—Let me put it this way. I realize now that what Johnny told me was absolutely right. About *you*."

She smiled again. "This is the favor I want to ask. Will you stop in at that little shop down the street—Did you notice it?"

"The candy and soft drinks place?"

"That's the one. Will you stop in and buy a package of cigarettes or a Coke or something?"

"Sure," Robert said. "All right if I ask why?"

"As an excuse to see the man who works there."

"Is he something special?"

"Something pitiable," Marion Tate said. Her voice was quiet, but although there was a lot of noise in the room, he heard her very clearly because of the tone in which she spoke—a tone of infinite compassion.

"I see," Robert said, and knew that he did see. "Something happened to his face? An accident?"

"The accident—I don't know what it was, for he'll never talk about it—the accident left the scar, but there's more than that. He—I'm sorry," she said contritely. "Look at me, bursting out with all this just a minute after meeting you! And I haven't even introduced you to Viola." She looked around. "Viola—come and meet Dr. Grannon."

A tall girl detached herself from the same group that Johnny Sykes had joined and came over to them. Robert assumed that she was the friend with whom Marion shared the deplorable apartment.

"Viola, Robert Grannon," Marion said. "Robert, this is my very best friend, Viola Shaw. She'll tell you more about Carl—he's the man in the candy store. Viola's really more qualified to than I am." Here, to judge by her change of expression, an alarming realization crossed her mind. "But you'll be thinking that's the only reason we insisted on Johnny's bringing you down to the party tonight—to get a professional opinion from his friend! Robert, it wasn't! We wanted to meet you, and it was only afterward that we thought about Carl and realized that you *are* a plastic surgeon, after all, and from what Johnny had told us about you, I felt sure you wouldn't mind just looking at Carl and telling us if anything could be done. Viola, you tell him the rest."

His first impression of Viola Shaw was of a girl too thin for her height and too pale—much, much too pale. Works too hard, doesn't eat the proper food, he decided. Her hair, gathered simply at the back of her head, was a very pale blonde, as if it too had had its vitality depleted by the unhealthy sort of life she all too obviously led. Compared to Marion, she seemed colorless.

Then, for the first time, he noticed her eyes, which were almost on a level with his. Remarkable eyes, he thought. Tiny amber flecks seemed to float in their depths.

In spite of this dramatic feature, her conduct confirmed his feeling that she was a shy, withdrawing kind of person. Her voice was low, almost inaudible. Marion had said that Viola would tell him "the rest" of the history of the man in the soft drinks and candy store down the block, but it was Robert who had to talk; otherwise they would have stood there in an awkward silence, surrounded by the cheerful chatter and buzz of the party.

"Tell me something more about the man down the block," Robert began. "Carl? Is that what Marion said his name was?"

"Carl Jorgenson," Viola Shaw said.

He waited in vain for her to go on and reflected wryly that it was lucky he had something to talk about.

"Is he a young man?"

She nodded. "In his twenties, I think."

"Well, that's all to the good." For a moment she raised those extraordinary eyes to his, and he saw the question in them. "I mean," he explained, "the healing process works better with young people. How did you and Marion become interested in him?"

"When we first moved here, Marion bought some cigarettes there one day. He keeps his face averted from you as much as he can but she caught a glimpse of it. She couldn't help feeling sorry for him, and she tried to find out something about him around the neighborhood."

"What did she find out?"

"He—Carl Jorgenson—was a neighborhood boy," Viola Shaw's low voice continued. "His mother ran the little store and his father looked after this building and some others in the next block. They spent every penny they could spare on music lessons for Carl—the violin—and from everything Marion could learn, he must have been very promising. Then, this happened."

"The accident?" Robert said.

"It must have been an accident, but we don't really know—no one seems to know. Whatever it was, it took place five or six years ago, and he's been there ever since, buried in the little store, like a man in a cave."

"Why didn't his father and mother do something about it?"

"I suppose they tried to," Viola Shaw said, "but they died, and Carl was just left alone, the way he seemed to want to be. That's why Marion said—of course it might not be possible to—to— That is, if you don't mind—"

She fell silent. At this moment Robert found himself feeling sorry, not for the young man called Carl Jorgenson, but for her. How she must suffer from the exquisite self-consciousness of hers!

"I don't mind," he said. "Not in the least. As a matter of fact, I'm out of cigarettes myself, and I'll just run down there and get a pack now."

"Will you?" she said eagerly.

"Sure. Want to show me the way?"

"It's just down the street," she said. "Yes, of course."

It was good to get out of the clamorous apartment. They walked side by side in silence down the dark street toward the little glow of murky light a block away.

"What about you, Viola?" Robert said companionably, feeling her self-consciousness mounting again like a wall around her. "Tell me something about yourself."

"Me? Oh, but there's nothing to tell."

"Come on now, there must be. What do you do?"

"I'm a laboratory assistant."

No surprise there, he thought—at least, there shouldn't have been. The pale skin, the dark smudges under the eyes, all pointed to the long tedious hours of drudging work under the blaze of laboratory lights.

"Research?"

She nodded.

"What field?"

"At present, it's TB. The tubercle bacillus."

"Do you like your job?"

Again he had the experience of waiting in vain for her to reply, although she might have nodded her head; he could not be sure. And so he went on himself.

"As a matter of fact, I used to have something to do with research when I was a kid. I didn't like it one bit. You see, my father—he was a doctor too, a general practitioner—he had a fixed idea about cancer, his own private theory that he'd been thinking about for years. He applied to some of the foundations for a grant to give him the time to start actual experimentation, but he didn't have any name as a research scientist, he was just a lower East Side doctor, and so naturally he was turned down. But he was a stubborn man, and he determined to do the whole thing himself, right there in our home. That was all right for him, but for mother—" He paused. "This the place?"

They had come to the source of the murky light, a small storefront with one grimy window. Gap-toothed by time and neglect, a sad lettering overhead proclaimed the store to be JORG NS N'S.

"Yes." Viola's low voice told him. She hesitated. "I'll wait down here a little way for you. If I came in with you— He's very sensitive, and he might think that he was being shown off, as a freak."

"All right," Robert agreed and, leaving her, pushed open a door that complained piercingly with rusty hinges.

Like a man living in a cave, Viola had said. The night was mild, after the hot day, and yet the door was kept closed, and the atmosphere in this narrow space was oppressive. The light came from a single bulb, wrapped clumsily in newspaper, which served as a lampshade. Robert made out the store's shabby fittings: a stained counter, a disheartened-looking display case, a serve-yourself soft-drink dispenser.

A shadow stirred in one corner. Robert did not seem to notice it.

Nor did he seem to be aware of his surroundings. He gave the appearance of a man concerned with private, important thoughts, who seems therefore to be looking inside himself and not at the outside world—a manner developed in the course of hundreds of interviews with the maimed and the disfigured, acutely sensitive, fiercely resentful, who, even though they have come for help, fear the doctor's inspecting eyes, no matter how sympathetic they may be.

And so he saw, even in the poor light, even with the guarded posture of the man who came forward from the corner where he had been sitting, all that he needed to see.

He asked for a package of the first brand of cigarettes that came to his mind. Handing over the money, he appeared to be troubled with those same important private thoughts, gazing with absent eyes at the floor. And for perhaps half a minute, Carl Jorgenson's averted face was turned squarely toward him.

"Thanks," Robert said, and with an absent-minded nod, pushed open the squealing door again and went out into the pleasant night air.

The face he had seen in these few seconds of furtive inspection was printed in his mind as sharply as if he had photographed it. A deeply depressed, jagged scar ran down from the corner of the left eye to the corner of the mouth, looking like a child's scrawl in magenta-colored crayon that, somehow, Carl Jorgenson had neglected to wash off. The clownish touch was the chin, a chin that was hardly a chin at all, so that the face almost seemed to stop below the lower lip. The force of the accident or whatever it was that had scarred Carl Jorgenson's face had cut off half his chin as if by a saber stroke.

Viola was waiting for Robert in the shadows half a dozen steps down the street. "It's complicated, all right," he said, "but it's quite possible. The scar is no problem—I mean, the treatment there is obvious. The difficult part is the chin. I imagine it'll be necessary to make several grafts to build it up again, and that's a long process."

"But you said—it's possible?"

"Sure, it's possible. I have an idea, though, that the real problem will be something else."

"Do you mean, how to pay for the hospital, and—"

"And the doctor?" Robert said, smiling. "Is that what you were going to say? There's no problem there either—I run a plastic surgery clinic, and we have a free ward for people who can't afford to pay for hospitalization. No, I think your real problem will be to persuade him to have the work done."

They were passing under a street light, and he could see a featherstroke of puzzlement crease her pale brow.

"Why?" he asked for her. "Because—well, first, how long have you and Marion known about him?"

"Since we came here," she said. "Almost two years."

"And he'd been holed up in that miserable little place for how long before that?"

"Another two or three years, I think."

"Five years altogether, more or less. For five years he's turned his back on everything that was important to him before, the violin, his studies—"

"He still plays the violin," she said slowly. "Very late at night, in the room in back of the shop, where he lives. I have heard it sometimes in passing."

"Plays it when he thinks no one can hear, just for himself," Robert commented. "Now, look. Do you suppose he doesn't know there's such a thing as reparative surgery?—plastic surgery? Some doctor must have treated him when the accident took place, and even if Carl didn't know himself, that doctor would have told him. And would have told him, too, that there are free clinics and free hospital wards. And yet he prefers to keep his face the way the accident left it, shut himself off from the world, give up his promising career. He's doing all this deliberately—deliberately *punishing* himself, that's how it looks. Your and Marion's job will be to get him over that idea, or the reason for his self-punishment, whatever it is. Then get him up to my office. When and if you get him there. I'll know the real battle's been won."

"I never thought of it before like that," Viola Shaw said. "But—we will. Marion and I will." She turned to him, and for the first time since he had met her, she smiled, and a sudden warmth spread through that pale face. "And—thank you," she said. "Thank you!"

"Nothing to thank me for—yet," Robert said.

But, going up the steep stairs again to her apartment, without warning a reaction to the long day set in, and he felt infinitely tired. Even the thought of Johnny Sykes' pleasant company, and that of Marion Tate, whom he had liked at first glimpse, was no inducement to stretch the evening out longer; for tomorrow was the important day, after all, the most important day, it might very well be, in his life, and certainly he must not wake up in the morning even the slightest bit weary.

And so, after repeating to Marion what he had told Viola, and saying again that there was nothing to thank him for, but he hoped there soon would be, he gave the excuse of an early operating schedule the next morning and managed to get away.

CHAPTER 3

Although he was physically tired, he still had the sense of exhilaration that he had felt earlier in the day, and no doubt it was this that kept him awake after he had gone to bed. His mind darted restlessly from one recollected scene to another, now in the immediate past and now in a past that for Robert Grannon, M.D., was very long ago—twenty-five years ago, when he had been a ten-year-old boy, living in the old house on Tompkins Square, between Avenue A and Avenue B on the lower East Side.

Dr. Grannon, the successful young plastic surgeon, and Dr. Grannon's handsome penthouse apartment were explained in good measure by that old brownstone-front house, or, rather, by certain events that had taken place there.

These events had started just after Bobby Grannon's tenth birthday. Coming home from school one afternoon, he had found his mother in the kitchen with an expression on her face that somehow managed to be at once amused and concerned.

"Your father's in the basement," she said, handing Bobby a slice of cake and pouring him a glass of milk. "He wants you to go down and see what he's got. It's a surprise."

"A surprise, Mom?"

"Well," Emily Grannon said, the concern gradually dominating the amusement in her blue eyes, "I shouldn't really say a *surprise*, for goodness knows I've seen it coming long enough, yet somehow I never actually believed he'd really take the plunge and start." She sighed, then gave a small laugh. "I just hope they won't run us out of house and home! Yet who knows? There may be something in it after all—"

Her son didn't hear these last words; he had crammed down the cake, gulped his milk and gone clattering down the cellar stairs.

He observed with wonder that great changes had been wrought in this usually gloomy place. The old crates and household junk and accumulated litter of the years had been cleared away, and instead of one dim light bulb dangling overhead, there now were half a dozen powerful shaded lights installed over a long gleaming-white metal table, which supported a variety of racks, trays and jars.

"Gee, Dad," Bobby cried, "what's happened? What're you going to do?"

"Come over here, Bobby, and I'll tell you all about it," his father said.

At this time Dr. Charles Grannon was thirty-nine, in appearance very much the kind of man his son was to become—stocky, with broad, sturdy shoulders, dark hair, a strongly molded face and immensely capable hands, hands that with equal facility could guide a scalpel on its course, adjust a stethoscope or swing a woodsman's ax. He was crouched over in a corner of the room; now he straightened up, turned toward Bobby and flicked on another bulb—and the boy gave a gasp of astonishment and delight.

"Rabbits!" he shouted. "And—and *guinea pigs!* Gee, Dad! *Gee!*"

A wonderful family of rabbits and guinea pigs had moved into the magically refurbished cellar of the Grannons' house.

"Gee, Dad!" Bobby gasped again. "Gee—thanks!"

"Well, now, hold on a minute, Bob," Charles Grannon told him. "They're not just pets. I want you to think of them as pets, of course, by they've got another purpose in life, too. And it's a very serious one."

"We've got to think up names for them," Bobby went on happily. "I'll write out each one on a piece of paper and put it up above his cage."

"Bob, listen to me," his father said. "I mean it, now. This really is serious."

"Yes, Dad?" Bobby said, getting up from the floor.

"You know what I am, don't you?"

"Sure. You're a doctor. That's what I'm going to be, too."

"I'm what they call a general practitioner," Charles Grannon said. "Of course, the general practitioner is the backbone of medicine, and I suppose always will be, but the fact remains that he's still something of what you might call a preliminary doctor. That is, he sees the patient first, decides if there's any trouble, treats it if he can, and if it's beyond his field, sends the patient on to a specialist. And frequently—and more and more frequently, unhappily—the sort of specialist he sends the patient on to is a cancer specialist."

"I know," Bobby said. "Cancer. You told me all about it."

"I told you a little about it. I told you cancer is—"

"—Cancer's a disease no one knows nothing—no one knows *anything* about."

"No, we do know some things about it. But the great thing we don't know is this—we don't know what causes it. And if we knew—that enormous *if!*—we'd be well on our way to working out a cure."

The boy's attention had wandered again to the rabbits; with an effort he made himself follow his father's sober words.

"I've had an idea in my head for a long time, Bob, just a germ of an idea to begin with, that's slowly been growing and growing. I can't explain it because—well, for one thing you wouldn't understand most of the words, and for another, I don't understand it all myself, I can only see—very dimly—that it seems to point in a certain direction. And if that's right, then I'll have taken a big step toward unraveling the cancer mystery."

"Gee, that'll be fine, won't it Dad?" Bobby said dutifully.

"Fine? It'd be—" Charles Grannon gave a laugh. "Well, never mind that now. The real reason the rabbits and guinea pigs are here is that I need them for the research I intend to do. Research—that means study, experimentation, trying out one thing after another. The proper place to do it is in a big laboratory, and there are foundations—that's an organization or a group of people who have been given a lot of money to help worthy causes—there are foundations that can give you the use of those laboratories, *if* the people who run the foundation are convinced you know what you're talking about and that you've got a genuinely original and worth-while idea. So, of course, I applied to some of these foundations and I was turned down."

Bobby looked at his father with puzzled eyes. "You mean they said no to you, Dad?"

"That's exactly what they said. A great big no."

"They must be pretty dumb!"

"I can't honestly blame them," Charles Grannon admitted. "They've got thousands and thousands of requests like mine to pick and choose among. And I don't have any solid research background to refer them to in support

of my idea; they had every reason in the world to say no. But, Bob"—and here his father clenched his hand and waved it in a gesture that Bobby knew meant that that sturdy, stubborn mind was made up once and for all—"I've got this idea in my head, and it's taken root so deeply there I can't get it out. And therefore—"

Again he waved his hand, at the rabbit cages and the long white table beyond.

"—I've set up my own laboratory and bought the essential tools I'll need, and in every moment I can possibly spare from the office upstairs and my patients, I'm going to plug away at my idea and you're going to be my first assistant."

"You mean I can *help?*"

His father nodded. "You most certainly can. Just as I'll be spending my extra time here, you'll be doing the same thing—that is, of course, if you want to."

Bobby gave a hoot of friendly derision. "If I *want* to!"

"No, I mean that. You're a growing boy, and I don't want you to cut yourself off altogether from the things other boys of your age are doing. I want you to go on having fun and not bury yourself down here with me, except for maybe an hour or two a day, say an hour in the morning and one in the afternoon or evening—looking after the cages, keeping them clean and feeding the rabbits and the guinea pigs."

"But gosh, Dad, that doesn't amount to anything," Bobby protested. "I want to be your *real* assistant."

"It amounts to everything in the world," his father contradicted him. "The most important part of this whole business is to make sure that they are in perfect health. Because, Bob, I'll be testing out my idea on them, and if they're not perfect physically, it might throw off all my calculations."

"Testing out your idea on them?" Bobby repeated. "You won't be hurting them, will you, Dad?"

"Of course not," Charles Grannon said with his slow, grave smile. "Not really hurting them. Just a pinprick now and again. And they'll be getting the very best food and having the very best care—why, compared to other rabbits, our rabbits will be leading the life of Riley!"

That appealed to the boy. "You bet you they'll get the best care!" he promised. "Gee, boy, just think of it, me working with you as your *assistant!*" He let out a whoop of glee and caught hold of his father's arm and squeezed it. "When do we start?" he cried.

Up until that time—the day the rabbits and guinea pigs were lodged in the Grannons' cellar and Charles Grannon began active pursuit of the idea that had haunted and beckoned to him for years—ten-year-old Bobby Grannon had led the thoroughly happy life of the thoroughly average boy who feels the constant affection and concern of his parents.

It was anything but a well-to-do neighborhood; Dr. Grannon's house, inherited from his father, who had been a doctor, too, was probably the best in the block, a five-story brownstone, the doctor's waiting room, office and treatment room on the first floor, the family's quarters on the floor above, the three upper floors rented out to tenants.

This rental income, combined with the doctor's practice, kept the Grannons in moderately comfortable circumstances; they could afford to rent a cottage at a Long Island beach during the hot summer months; to trade in the doctor's medium-priced car for a new one every three years; to furnish their home attractively.

Gradually, so gradually as to be almost imperceptible at first, this pleasant state of affairs changed.

Bobby could not have told when the slight crease first appeared on his mother's forehead—not the kind of "funny-worry" frown, as Emily Grannon called it, that he had seen there before, when, perhaps, he had torn a new shirt or muddied up the kitchen with dirty shoes. No, this was different. The crease did not come and go, it stayed there, and slowly it grew deeper.

Perhaps Bobby's first consciousness of this very different kind of frown came at just about the time when he began to be aware that his proud job of assistant down in the laboratory cellar was—was—well, was what? Was somehow not so much fun as he had thought it would be? Was something that—yes, admit it, go on, be honest and admit it—was something that he'd just as soon get out of, if he could?

But that just wasn't possible. That was being just crazy. Why, his father would—his father would really get sore, would blow up, shout at him at the top of his voice.

Here was a measure of how definitely things had changed. For he had to admit now that his father, his admired, loved father, that friendly, serene man—he had to admit that his father seemed to be turning into someone else, someone Bobby did not like and could not force himself to like.

A year after Charles Grannon had announced his great idea to his son, the man had become visibly tense, someone all too prone to lose his temper at the slightest mistake or clumsiness on the boy's part. He would apologize for these outbreaks—"Bobby, Bobby, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to shout at you, it's just that again and again I seem to be on the point of finding the secret, and then at the last moment it all turns out to be a false trail once more"—but the apology could not heal the shock and the hurt and the sense of strangeness, nor would it prevent Charles Grannon's losing his temper again half an hour later.

And the warm, secure atmosphere of the home upstairs had changed. The unthinkable came to pass: a downright quarrel between his father and mother, angry words in high voices, and the unmistakable sound of weeping coming from behind his mother's locked bedroom door.

Why? Why? He realized dimly that this secret his father strove so desperately to find—or, rather, this *search* for the secret—this search that had started like a wonderful new game had become a tyrant, devouring the very fabric of their lives, changing the whole complexion of the pleasant, warm world that had been the Grannons' family life. New equipment had to be added constantly to the laboratory in the cellar; new animals for the never-ending experiments; and more time taken from Dr. Charles Grannon's practice. The summers in the Long Island beach bungalow came to an end; the house itself grew shabbier; there wasn't a new car when the old one began to show its age.

Worse still, much, much worse—the change in his darling, loved mother. This change took five years to complete its deadly path. They saw it happening, he and his father—or did his father see it? Did his father see anything but that dazzling will o' the wisp gleam?—the secret that had become his mania? No, he could not have realized what was taking place under his eyes—a doctor's eyes, too! His son granted that—and it was probably true also that nothing could have been done anyway—but still, he could not forgive his father, could never have forgiven him, even if Charles Grannon had become an immortal by finding the life-giving secret.

When the realization at last dawned on Charles Grannon's clouded eyes that his wife was ailing and he hurried her to the hospital for tests to determine what was wrong, too much time had passed. He heard the verdict in a grim, stricken silence ("I'm afraid the tests are positive, Doctor. I'd say another five or six months at best"); but later, at home, he broke down. That was how Bobby—now fifteen years old—found him, weeping in great wrenching sobs at the laboratory table in the cellar.

For it was the ultimate tragic irony that Emily Grannon should be fated to be killed by the disease her husband had spent the long, fruitless years trying to solve.

Her death brought father and son together again, in their grief; but not for long. The laboratory-cellar represented to Bobby a snare, a pit, a curse, the equivalent of the drunkard's bottle. Unbelievingly, he watched his father return to it. Soon they were as far apart as ever. When the boy's uncle, Emily Grannon's brother, visited the shabby house on Tompkins Square, he was shocked to observe the scorn and contempt and even hatred with which Bobby regarded his father, and to sense the invisible wall that Charles Grannon had built around himself, shutting out everything but the will o' the wisp that still led him on.

"Charles," Uncle Harry said at the end of his visit, "frankly, things don't seem to be too happy here either for you or Bobby. What about letting him come and stay with us for a while? Nellie would be all for it, just as I am."

"All right," Charles Grannon said. "Yes, certainly—certainly. I mean yes, of course, if it's all right with him."

It was more than all right with Bobby. Later, he explained how he felt to his uncle and aunt, at their pleasant home in White Plains. The further away he could get from the house on Tompkins Square the better. A doctor? Yes, Bobby went on, he still wanted to be a doctor, but not the kind of doctor his father was—or had been.

"Well, we'll see," Uncle Harry summed up at the end of his bitter confession. "Plenty of time to decide, when you've finished with medical school."

As it turned out, the decision was easy, and a wonderfully fortunate one. The twenty-four-year-old medical student Bob Grannon watched a plastic operation one day, and the swift, dramatic technique fascinated him. Later he approached the demonstrating surgeon and was given a list of preliminary books to read on the side while finishing college. If plastic surgery still interested him when he was ready to begin his internship, well, then, the older man said, he'd be glad to do what he could for him.

As far away from his father as he could get . . .

What could be further away from the tedious, day-after-day routine of the general practitioner—and from the barren, never-ending search in the dismal laboratory-cellar—than the fascinating specialty called plastic surgery?

And he seemed to have a gift for it. That quickly became clear. And luck! Everything fell young Dr. Robert Grannon's way. His crowning stroke of luck, the beginning of the real bonanza, came when an aging princess of what is known vaguely in newspaper columns as the international set stopped by his office quite unexpectedly and asked for Dr. Grannon's opinion of her problems. A friend of hers had spoken glowingly of the young doctor's talents.

One of her problems was immediately evident, the sagging cheeks under the heavy make-up; the other revealed itself upon closer examination, the prolapsed breasts. Both conditions could be corrected, Robert explained, by an operation that essentially was very much the same, removing the redundant flesh and bringing the edges of the infinitely flexible skin together. . . . After the operations, the princess left singing Dr. Grannon's praises. Better still, she told her friends.

In the flush of those golden years, he charged all the traffic would bear. Why not? These people could afford it; they looked down on you, thought little of you, if your fees were moderate. His cubbyhole office gave way to a suite of rooms and, finally, to the penthouse. It had seemed that anything he touched turned into gold, as the problems of aged or distorted flesh melted magically under his knife.

Lately, of course, he had begun to balance his fabulous fees by taking on deserving cases from time to time, just as he had offered to operate on the man called Carl Jorgenson. It was possible to find a little glow of self-satisfaction, reflecting on this. . . .

The successful Dr. Robert Grannon never saw his father, the hopelessly unsuccessful Dr. Charles Grannon, again. It was Uncle Harry who brought Robert the news that the tireless search had ended at last. Worn out, literally a drained shell of a man at fifty-five, Charles Grannon had been found crumpled up on the floor of the laboratory-cellar, leaving behind to testify to his self-immolation a great pile of notebooks crammed with the record of the twenty years that had gone by since that bright and promising day when his son had cried out with breathless anticipation, "Gee, Dad—you mean I can *help*?"—the record of the million-and-one useless experiments, the record of the dancing, tantalizing flight of the gleam, the lure, the will of the wisp. . . .

Robert turned over again in bed. What had brought up all those memories tonight? As soon as he asked himself the question he knew the answer—of course it was the girl he had met, the girl with the amber-flecked eyes. To try to bridge her shyness, he had asked her what it was she did in the world, and it appeared that she worked in a laboratory as a research assistant. Laboratory—research—those were the words that had set him off.

And as soon as he knew that that was the answer, the tenseness in his mind relaxed, and he could feel himself drifting off to sleep, thinking drowsily *Annie, Annie—Annie, darling, tomorrow's going to be a wonderful day.*

CHAPTER 4

At four-thirty-two the next afternoon the loudspeaker in the "Incoming Trains" room at Grand Central cleared its throat and announced that Train No. 9 from Albany would arrive at approximately four-forty on Track No. 16.

Train No. 9 was Ann's. She had called Robert in the morning to say that absolutely and definitely she would be on Train No. 9 and then—being Annie the Absolutely Unexpected—had added that she was bursting with news, which she refused to say anything about until he met her.

There were only a few people waiting outside the guarding rope at the entrance to Track 16. Robert paced back and forth and reflected that he must represent the standard picture of the expectant lover.

And then, there it was—the low delicate rumble of the train's stealthy approach and the hiss of the air brakes. And there they came, the first passengers.

"Annie!" Robert shouted, and ducked under the guard rope and ran down the ramp toward her.

She looked wonderful, so wonderful that he knew, even before he reached her and took her in his arms, that the big question was not going to wait for the place he had allotted to it but was going to stumble off his lips any second now.

"Annie, Annie, Annie," he said, over and over, and held her off and looked at her.

"Oh, Robert, Robert!" she said, laughing; there didn't seem to be anything more in the world to say than their two names. But then he realized she was saying something else, and he made himself listen rather than kiss her again.

"Darling, I'm bursting with news, as I told you, and I can't wait to—"

"I can't either," he cut in. "I can't wait to ask you if—" He swallowed in his dry throat. "Annie," he said slowly, "Annie, will you marry me?"

She was staring at him. She seemed thunderstruck.

"Well?" he demanded.

"Oh, Robert!"

"Annie, for God's sake, tell me!"

"Robert!" she cried again.

He became aware that her eyes were wet. "Annie!" he shouted once more; for they seemed to be back to the two names routine. But then Ann did say something other than his name.

"Darling, of course I will!"

"You will?" Robert said weakly.

"*Of course* I will! You don't know how long I— I'm going to say every hackneyed thing there is, because it just doesn't sound hackneyed any more—you don't know how long I've wanted you to ask me, you don't know how long I've wondered when you'd wake up to the fact that I— Oh, Robert," said Annie the Absolutely Unexpected, unashamedly weeping, "I love you so much!"

Somehow or other they must have managed to get out of the golden haze that seemed to have settled down over Track No. 16; also they must have contrived to get a cab, for there could be no question about it; they were sitting together at a table in the cocktail lounge just off the lobby of Ann's hotel.

They sat smiling at each other, her hand clasped so tightly in his under the table that both hands had long since lost all feeling.

"When?" Robert said.

"Right away," she said. "Yes, darling, of course. Although—no, wait."

"Wait for what?" he demanded.

"It wouldn't be fair," Ann said. "Because we *do* want a real old-fashioned honeymoon, don't we?"

"Of course we do!" Robert said. "But what did you mean, wouldn't be fair?"

"Wouldn't be fair to us to get married right now, if we both want a long old-fashioned honeymoon. Because, if we were married right now, we couldn't have one."

"Why not?"

"Because of this silly business of mine and because of your practice, darling, naturally. Don't you schedule your work pretty far ahead?"

"That's true," he admitted. "A few weeks, anyway."

"And I've got some things to do I just couldn't get away from. But even that isn't the real point, now that I think about it."

"What's the real point?"

"The *real* point is," Ann began, "my business. Yours is important; mine isn't—it just sort of grew—you know, like Topsy, as I told you when we met the first time. Do you remember, darling?" she went on, leaning closer to him. "Did you know, that first night? I mean, about us?"

"I did," Robert said, absolutely truthfully.

"I knew too," Ann said dreamily. "I knew right away. But I didn't think you did. I thought, well, maybe he does like me, just a little bit. But not like the way I feel about him. Why, all day yesterday, up at Valerie's farm, I was thinking—"

Here, with a look of astonishment, she stopped short.

"Can you imagine that?" she declared.

"Imagine what?"

"That I haven't even said a word about the news I told you I had? Why, just before you met me at Grand Central, I thought I wouldn't be able to keep it back a second, but then of course when you said what you did, darling, I simply forgot all about it. Robert, listen! Do you know where I was yesterday afternoon and last night?"

"In Albany."

"No, I wasn't. I got off my train at Albany, but Valerie's chauffeur met me there, and— But I better start at the beginning. Do you remember her name—Valerie Rogers?"

"Sure," Robert said. "She was a movie star, ten, fifteen years ago."

"That's right. Well, one of these people I saw in Chicago, named Philip, is married to Valerie. She gave up her career when they married, and it seems to have been a happy marriage, but now, Philip says, she has this idea in her head about making a come-back. Not as a movie star, but in a legitimate play. Well, they found the play, but then Valerie thought there should be an advance build-up, after all, she's been out of pictures now for almost fifteen years—and so—"

"I see it all now," Robert said. "It occurred to Philip that you'd be just the right person to handle it."

Ann nodded. "He asked me if I'd stop off at Albany—they have a wonderful country place not far from there—and talk things over with Valerie. Of course, I was in a state of *awe*. Valerie Rogers! When I was a little girl, seven or eight years old, Valerie Rogers—why, she was one of *the* names. And now I was going to meet her! I was so nervous I thought I'd make a terrible impression, but as it turned out—"

"As it turned out," Robert interrupted, "you hit it off together right from the first moment."

"How did you know?"

"Didn't I tell you that's the effect you have on people?"

"Well, anyway, we did," Ann went on eagerly. "But that's not the important part. The important part is that—she's still beautiful, so tall and slim and so much in command of herself, I mean so self-possessed, it made me feel all hands and elbows—but not in the least condescending, absolutely *natural*—but of course her face—"

Ann touched her own, with swift, light fingers, under the eyes and the chin.

"Here and here and here," she continued. "Even with all the care she's taken of herself, there are these little wrinkles and sagging spots. So she said, 'Ann, I've been intending to have my face done, and now, with the play, I simply have to. Do you happen to know anyone really good to lift an aging lady's face? I mean *really* good?' And I said—"

She paused, raising her eyebrows quizzically.

"What do you think I said?"

Robert grinned. "I can't imagine."

"I said it just so happened I knew the most wonderful plastic surgeon in the world. Valerie wanted to know all about you, and when I got through— Well," Ann concluded, "she's going to call you tomorrow morning to arrange everything . . . Isn't that exciting?"

"Of course it is," he said, smiling.

"I mean," she explained, "that I should just happen to meet Valerie and that she should just happen to be wondering what plastic surgeon to go to? And then there's this, too—she'll be in her play, and I know it's going to be a huge success, and there'll be pictures of her all over the place and, naturally, pictures of her when she was a movie star—and people are just going to be bound to say, 'How does she do it? How can she still look so young?' And of course they'll know it must have been because a plastic surgeon operated on her, and they'll find out it was *you*."

"Annie," Robert warned, holding up one finger, "remember, darling, no publicity!"

"No publicity?"

"Don't you go slyly inserting my name here and there as a sort of modern wizard who operated on Valerie Rogers. It's up to the patient to say anything about her doctor, if she wants to. The medical societies take a pretty dim view of trying to push yourself."

She was crestfallen. "Did I do the wrong thing?—telling Valerie about you?"

"Of course you didn't!" he said. "That isn't what I meant. So let's see, there's your friend Valerie Rogers, and I've got about five other operations scheduled. Two to three weeks and I'll be all clear. What about you? How long are you going to need before we can leave on our old-fashioned honeymoon?"

"Your profession is important, darling; mine isn't," she said. "I mean, mine's something any number of people can do. And that's just my idea. I want to find someone who can take over from me bit by bit so that a few months from now I'll have to spend only an hour or two a day on the business. Because I don't think I ought to give it up altogether; I know I'd start feeling I ought to find something to take its place and it might just turn out to be canasta parties and long gossipy afternoon teas at the Plaza and cocktail parties and—"

"I think you've got exactly the right idea," Robert said.

"So," Ann continued, "in these next two or three weeks the important thing for me to do is to find that someone, just the right person—I can't explain in words what she should be like, but I'll know, when I see her—"

"I don't think you'll have to do very much looking."

"Do you mean you think you know someone?"

Robert nodded. "I met her last night, down at a Village party. Johnny Sykes called up right after you did yesterday and asked me to go there with him, and I was feeling pretty gloomy because you weren't coming home—so I went. Well, this girl—she's Johnny's girl—I thought of you right away when I met her. Seems to me she'd be perfect. But you decide that for yourself. Her name's Marion Tate."

"Can I call her?" Ann asked.

"No, don't call her; I'll tell you what we'll do instead. We'll give a little engagement-announcement party up at my place, and I'll ask Marion and Johnny and some other people and you can meet her then and see what you think of her. Good idea?"

"Wonderful idea," Ann agreed. "And I know the best part of it."

"I do, too," Robert informed her. "The best part will be when I get up and clear my throat diffidently and say, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I would like to take this opportunity to announce that Miss Ann Walcott has consented to relieve the unbearable monotony and grimness of a certain bachelor's lonely life by becoming Mrs. Robert Grannon!' "

He looked down at her face, close to his.

"Does that sound all right?"

"Darling," Ann said.

The golden haze settled down around them, more glorious than ever.

CHAPTER 5

"I've got to confess the terrible truth, Doctor," Valerie Rogers said. "I'm one of the worst cowards in the world. I suppose I'd have had this done years ago if it hadn't been for the dreadful shuddery feeling it gives me just to think of—oh, you know, men in white, glittering knives, smell of ether, operating table, all that business.

"Maybe you won't believe it but I'm enduring agonies just lying here thinking about tomorrow morning and that damned operating room . . . You did mean what you said, didn't you, Doctor?" she appealed to Robert. "It *doesn't* hurt?"

"It doesn't hurt one bit," Robert told her.

Valerie Rogers had come down from her upstate country place the day before and moved into this hospital suite in preparation for the operation the next morning. She was, Robert had agreed with Ann, an impressive person. If he had had any idea that ex-movie stars with names as great as Valerie Rogers' were inclined to the flamboyant in their dress and manners, she dismissed it once and for all. There was about her an immediate put-you-at-your-ease quality. In her late forties, he had estimated, and very well cared for, the face that had been so well-known all over the world still lovely, the flesh still firm except for these few telltale patches of sagging skin, the delicate mesh of crow's-feet around the eyes.

"Why don't I tell you just what I'm going to do tomorrow morning?" he went on.

He and Ann were sitting in chairs beside Valerie Rogers' bed, and Ann turned to him, nodding.

"I think that's a wonderful idea. Unless it sounds—messy?"

"It doesn't sound in the least messy," he laughed. "Because it just naturally isn't." He looked inquiringly at the woman in the bed. "All right?"

She rewarded him with the smile that once had caused millions of hearts to beat faster, and that still had a considerable effect. "It's so nice of you to take all this trouble over me."

"It isn't any trouble." Robert glanced around and picked up a nailfile and a pair of eyebrow tweezers from the small table next to the bed. "Now," he said, "with the help of a little imagination, we'll go to work. You, Miss Rogers, are not in bed, you're on the operating table upstairs. You've already gone through the only painful part of the operation—"

"You said there wasn't any pain!" she protested.

"—which amounts to a couple of pinpricks—the anesthetic, novocain, which we've given to you through a hypodermic needle. . . . Now, let's see. Oh, yes, these are my operating instruments. This"—he held up the nailfile—"is the knife, and these tweezers are what we call mouse-tooth forceps, mouse-tooth because they're so tiny. I use them to lift the skin with, after I've made the various incisions."

"The *various* incisions?"

"Three or four. First of all, on your temples, the right side and left. We've shaved away some of your hair—here and here—and now, with what you called my glittering knife, this deadly nailfile in my hand, I cut out a small patch of skin from the shaved spots, a patch of skin about an inch long and half an inch wide. I loosen the lower edge of these patches, separating the skin from the flesh underneath, then with my trusty mouse-tooth forceps"—he waved the tweezers in the air—"I pull the lower edge to the upper one—and sew them together. And right there's the reason people call it 'face-lifting.' Lifting the skin up and sewing it in place automatically smooths out any wrinkles in your cheeks. Of course the hair grows back where we shaved your temples and covers the two tiny scar marks that the operation left."

"There must be more to it than that," Valerie Rogers declared. "So far it just sounds like a clever little bit of hemstitching."

Robert dutifully laughed. "Yes, there's still the loose skin under your chin and your eyes, but it's the same process, essentially—cutting a small patch out and then sewing the edges together. The whole secret is that human skin is

so flexible. What the surgeon does, actually, is to erase the wrinkles and soft spots by pulling the skin tight. And at first it'll feel tight, not painful, but a little strange, as if you've doused your face with an astringent. That'll be all over by the time we take off the last bandages, two weeks later." Robert replaced the nailfile and tweezers. "And that," he concluded, "is that."

"I'll try to be brave, Doctor," Valerie Rogers promised in a mock-heroic tone, and paused. Then she said suddenly, "So you two are in love, are you?"

Robert grinned. "I guess it must be pretty obvious."

"The way Ann here was looking at you while you talked . . ." She sighed. "Oh, dear, to be twenty-three again, or twenty-four. . . . I'm so happy for you, Ann. I mean"—she glanced at Robert—"it *is* the real thing, isn't it?"

He knew what she meant. "I have a small announcement to make," he began. "Miss Ann—"

"Clear your throat diffidently, darling," Ann reminded him.

He cleared his throat. "Small announcement to make. Miss Ann Wolcott—how does it go, Annie?—Miss Ann Wolcott has consented to relieve the unbearable monotony and grimness of a certain bachelor's lonely life by becoming the wife of said bachelor. The only trouble is, *when*."

"When?" Valerie Rogers repeated. "Don't be silly, *when*. You two get married right away."

"You see, there's Robert's practice," Ann explained. "And then I've got to find someone to answer the phone and things for me while we're away. But we think in about two weeks—"

"Nonsense," Valerie Rogers said decisively. "Don't you wait. Get married now, Annie and Robert, and you'll find that everything's possible—you won't be worrying about all these little details, how is Robert going to get away from his practice, and who's going to look after things for Ann—and you'll have that much more of each other, that much more time to write the story of Ann and Robert, husband and wife—"

Ann and Robert glanced at each other. He read the answer in her eyes, and she must have read it in his, for they both said the same words at virtually the same instant.

"Why not?"

Valerie Rogers clapped her hands.

"Wonderful! Oh, wonderful! Annie, come here!"

Ann rose and leaned over her.

"And Robert, you, too!"

When their faces were close to hers, she kissed them both. "That's my blessing," she said. "And now nothing can go wrong—no, nothing, for ever and ever and ever."

It was ten o'clock. "Early," Robert said, after they had left Valerie Rogers. "Do you want to come upstairs to the apartment for a while and have a drink or something? To celebrate?"

Nodding, she took his arm. "But you *are* sure, Robert?"

"Annie," he said, "listen. Right now I think Valerie Rogers is the greatest woman in the world. I thought she was pretty fine anyway, right from the beginning, but when she came out with that order to you—about getting married right away—that settled it. The greatest."

A thin, ruffled coating of clouds had spread over the sky and through this screen the moon bathed the apartment terrace in a milky light. They stood at the balustrate, arms around each other, looking over the towers, the million lights, and he heard her sigh.

"What's that?" he said. "Faint regret at leaving the honorable state of spinsterhood?"

"Pure satisfaction."

"Annie—you won't mind moving in here?"

"Idiot," she said fondly. "Don't you know that's really why I'm marrying you? So I can live in this heavenly place?"

He laughed. "Did I ever tell you how I found it? Got it, rather?"

"Tell me."

"Finding it was an accident," he began. "I'd never realized there was a private apartment—a penthouse—on top of the hospital until one day I was up on the twentieth floor of that hotel down the block to see a patient, and I happened to look out the window and look down, and I saw the roof of the hospital—and the penthouse. I realized what an ideal place it would be to live, right here with the hospital underneath you, and made up my mind I'd make some inquiries about it. Well, it turned out that the old lady who owned the whole building was living here—and also that she was very sick. She knew a lot of people would be after the penthouse, trying to get it after she died—so she spread the word around that the person who seemed to her the most deserving would get the penthouse on a long lease—and if you were interested, to come up and see her."

"And how many did?" Ann asked.

"Dozens, I guess. The big thing was, how were you going to prove to her that you were the most deserving? Gee, I didn't know. I did all I could think of—just told her my ideas about plastic surgery and said naturally I'd like to have the apartment because—well, it was obvious why, but that honestly I'd have to admit something else. Maybe it meant so much to me because of the place I'd lived in when I was a kid, that damned basement where I'd spent so much time—I told you a little about that, remember?"

Ann nodded. "A little. I wish you'd tell me more."

"It's not a very pleasant story. I told the old lady that perhaps underneath everything else this place represented a sort of symbol to me, a symbol of success, achievement—the opposite extreme of that lower East Side basement and the misery and unhappiness and, finally, tragedy that, in my mind, it stood for. . . . Well, I don't know what was responsible for it, but one morning a few days later I got a note from her. 'Dear Dr. Grannon,' the note said, 'I have come to a decision about the penthouse. Let me put it in this way. I shall be happy to know that you'll be occupying it after I have gone in search of one a good deal higher up. Sincerely yours, Glendora Mapes.' "

Ann gave a little laugh. "Dear old lady . . . Robert, what you just said about the misery and unhappiness and tragedy—was your childhood as bad as that? Why? Please tell me."

He thought for a few minutes. "Come inside," he said finally, "and I'll show you something that will tell you better than I can."

Going through the living room, Robert led her down the connecting corridor to the consultation room and opened the door of the large corner closet. "See up there?" he said, pointing.

The upper shelf was stacked with rows of thick notebooks.

"What are they?"

"Notebooks. When my father died—it happened suddenly one day, a heart attack as he was bent over the laboratory table in the basement—I was supposed to go down to the old house on Tompkins Square to look after everything. I was supposed to, but I didn't. I got to the front steps and climbed them and my hand was on the front door to open it, when I found that I couldn't. I was trembling and, within a couple of minutes, my skin was wet with perspiration, because—just seeing the old house, the front door, the steps leading down to the basement—I was a boy again, not the happy kid I'd been for a while, but a boy who didn't understand the change that had come over his life—the stranger his father had become—the arguments

he heard between his father and mother, and the sound he heard behind his mother's bedroom door, the sound of weeping. . . .

"No, I couldn't open the door. I got back into my car and left. Some friends took care of everything, not that there was much to take care of, a few pieces of furniture, the springs gone, some pots and pans and dishes, and the laboratory equipment, and—"

He nodded to the closet shelf.

"—And those books. They were down in the basement. Twenty or thirty books, each one as thick as—see? —thick as a telephone book. They're the notebooks in which my father wrote down the progress of all his experiments, and the results—the results that always came to the same answer, nothing, nothing, *nothing*. Twenty years of useless work, that's what those books represent. Twenty years of slaving away in that basement, blind to everything else, blind to what was happening to his wife, the disease that finally killed her—the disease he was trying to find a clue to! That's irony for you, isn't it?"

He was silent for a minute, staring at the notebooks, his eyes somber.

"I didn't want them," he went on. "But the friends who took over the job for me of clearing up the old house and arranging everything didn't know that, and so they had the notebooks packed and sent up to me. I should have thrown them out, burned them, but—I don't know why; as you see, I didn't. Maybe—maybe—" He smiled wryly. "Maybe I had some idea at the back of my head that you ought to have something around you to remind you of the way life can change, suddenly and inexplicably, without your seeming to be responsible, just as it changed for me, back on Tompkins Square."

He shrugged; then his tone changed. "I'll show you one of them."

"Don't, darling," Ann said. "Not if it just depresses you."

"No, I'm over my gloomy mood." He pulled a chair to the closet and got up on it in order to reach the upper shelf. Lifting one of the books, he turned to get down again, then paused in that position, a curious expression on his face, as if something was puzzling him.

"Robert?" Ann said. "Is something wrong?"

"No, nothing. Just that—" He got down from the chair, put the book on the nearby desk and opened it. "Just a little kink in my back. Here, look."

The looseleaf pages were covered with lines of precise, minute handwriting, so scrupulous and exact they seemed almost to have been made by a machine. "See, over and over again, the same thing," Robert went on, and read from one of the pages:

" 'April 11. No perceptible improvement in the lesion; on the other hand, certainly no deterioration.

" 'April 12. It must be admitted that definite deterioration has set in. If there is no improvement within the next 24 hours, it will be evident that the answer does not lie along the lines of the present formula.' "

He closed the book. "And of course there was no improvement within the next 24 hours. There never was. *All* the experiments failed. Thousands upon thousands of failures—and all those thousands and thousands of words, telling the same story over and over. Well—"

The same expression crossed his face briefly, then he lifted the book to put it back in the closet. Ann reached out her hand to his arm.

"Does it hurt you?"

"My back? It'll go away."

She was looking into his face worriedly. "Robert, you're tired," she said. "I don't want you staying up a minute later; I want you to go to bed right away."

"Listen to Mrs. Grannon!" he chided her. "Telling her husband the doctor what to do already. And I like it. But I guess I am a little tired, at that. All right, then, Annie, come on, I'll see you home."

"You will not!" she declared. "I'll get a cab downstairs. And as for you—" She paused, considering. "Robert, I want you to take a good hot bath, and then rub something into your back where you twisted it, do you understand?"

"Gee!" Robert said admiringly and lovingly. "Just listen to her, will you?"

Waking up the next morning, he wondered sleepily what was wrong; and then, with the first movement to get out of bed, he knew. Pain stabbed across his lower back and down his right leg. Cautiously he tried to move again. The pain returned, but it was duller, and he was able to raise himself and sit on the edge of the bed.

Getting to his feet was a different matter; an invisible band seemed to be clamped around his hips, and it was only with infinite slowness that he could straighten up. Like an old man, he hobbled to the shower. The stream of hot water was a blessing; the constricting band around his hips was gone almost instantly; and after five minutes he was sure that that earlier shock of pain had not been so bad after all—just a twisted muscle straightening out.

Downstairs in the operating room, robed in white like a nun, Valerie Rogers lay on the operating table. She had said she was a coward; an hour and a half later, applying the last bandages, Robert gave her his opinion of that statement.

"I only wish there were more cowards like you—it'd make life much simpler. Miss Rogers, congratulations on being a wonderful patient."

"Just an act," she assured him. "Is it all finished?"

"All finished. They'll wheel you back to your room now and you'll drop off to sleep for a few hours. Later on this afternoon I'll be in to see you."

But there, as it turned out, he was mistaken. For in the doctors' dressing room, turning to pick up a handkerchief from the bottom of his locker, the pain whipsawed through back and leg so sharply as to make him cry out.

"What's wrong, Robert?"

There was another doctor in the room, Paul Sowerby, the neurosurgeon.

"Crick in my back," Robert explained. "I must have pulled a muscle yesterday."

"Here, let's have a look at you," Sowerby said. "Take off your trousers and shirt and get up on this table."

"Honestly, Paul, it's nothing."

"Yes? That why you let out that yelp just then?"

Robert did as he was told. Sowerby's swift, careful fingers ran over his back.

"Where'd you feel it? Here?"

Robert nodded. "And down my right leg. Like a sciatic pain."

"Mm-mm," Sowerby murmured. "When you say you pulled a muscle yesterday, what actually happened?"

"I was standing on a chair to get a book down from a closet shelf. As I lifted the book and turned to get down again, I felt it—nothing much, just a little pulling sensation."

"And that was all until just now?"

"Well, no," Robert said, thinking back. "First thing this morning, getting up, it hit me, a sort of throbbing, or burning, across the back and down the leg. I'd say it was sciatica, if—"

"Sciatica?" Sowerby granted. "There's no such thing as sciatica."

"No?" Robert said skeptically. "You mean a lot of people have just been imagining it all these years?"

"I mean that a lot of doctors in my field believe that

every so-called case of sciatica is actually due to some intervertebral trouble in the lower back—a slipped disc, to use the popular expression."

"A ruptured disc?" Robert stared at the other, then laughed. "But good Lord, that can happen if you have a bad fall, or to a ball player, or someone doing heavy manual work. All I did was to lift down a notebook!"

"I don't say that's what happened," Sowerby told him. "We'll see if the pain recurs and we'll shoot some X rays. All I'm saying is that this slipped disc business had been masquerading under lots of other names for a long time. As for what brings it on, sometimes it's a gradual process, happening without your knowing it, until it just needs some final little push to shove the pad of cartilage—the disc—out between the two enclosing vertebrae and into the nerves, causing those burning sensations to shoot down your leg. Here, sit up—now, bend forward—slowly—"

The same jagged dart of pain shot through back and leg. The shock was so savage that he gasped.

"Well, we'd better shoot those X rays," Sowerby murmured. He glanced at Robert's face and added: "Don't worry, we're still a long way from knowing for sure. This all may be due to something purely superficial."

"But if it isn't, Paul—if it's a ruptured disc—then what?"

"Oh, a few days in bed under traction might do the trick."

"And if that doesn't work? If you have to operate? How long does it mean in the hospital?"

Sowerby was carefully casual. "It's different for different people, of course, depending on the healing process. Might be only a few weeks."

"Or a few months?"

"It's possible. But look here, Robert, this is jumping to conclusions—"

But even then, Robert knew. *He knew.* It seemed ridiculous, impossible, but it had happened. The misery and wretchedness of the old days on Tompkins Square had reached out and grasped him again. That long-ago past, that past he had thought safely dead, was not dead at all; it was here once more, changing his life once more.

For what had brought on this change from happiness and confidence to pain and uncertainty? What had he been reaching for when the pain had struck him?

That living symbol of the wretched past—his father's notebook.

CHAPTER 6

"There's a Miss Viola Shaw calling, Doctor," Lucy's voice informed him. "All right?"

The name was faintly familiar to him but he couldn't place its owner. "Yes, sure," Robert said; and then, after waiting a second: "Hello?"

"Dr. Grannon?"

At the sound of her voice, the picture of a girl's face began to form in his mind. "Yes?" he said.

"You've probably forgotten, but I met you three or four months ago when I was living with Marion Tate, before she and Johnny Sykes were married, and—"

With a rush her face became clear. A pale, thin face with one remarkable feature, the beautiful eyes, flecked with amber. "Why, sure!" Robert cut in. "I was positive I knew you but so much has happened these last couple of months it skipped my mind just where we'd met. How are you?"

She didn't answer that question and he remembered how shy and hesitant she had been in saying anything about herself. "I'd like to come in to see you, Doctor," she said. "May I?"

"When would you like to make it? —Wait a minute, though," Robert interrupted himself, glancing at his appointment book. "There's a spot open this afternoon at three-thirty. Would that be all right?"

"Thank you, Doctor," her low voice said. "That will be fine."

He hung up and sat back in his chair, reflecting. So much has happened these last couple of months, he had told Viola Shaw. Hardly an overstatement. Johnny Sykes had taken the plunge and got married, and Annie the Absolutely Unexpected had fallen into a fairy-tale sort of job abroad, and Dr. Robert Grannon had had a difficult and, as it turned out, superbly successful operation performed on his back.

He got up and, smiling at himself, bent over and touched his toes—just for the sheer pleasure of it. Remembering the searing pain of the morning eight weeks ago when Paul Sowerby had examined him in the room downstairs, it was still hard to believe that he could move about so freely. For his worst forebodings had come true: absurd though it seemed, reaching for that damned notebook had given the final little pressure necessary to push the disc out of place.

The notebook! On that gloomy morning he would have liked to rip it to pieces, but things were different now. Now, he actually felt grateful to the notebook and the combination of circumstances that had caused him to get up on the chair and lift it down from the closet shelf. Yes, sure, it had put off his and Ann's marriage and given him some decidedly unpleasant days, but on the other hand the operation and the long weeks of healing and convalescence had given him a chance to take stock of himself—a good idea in any event and particularly so on the eve of marriage.

In these thirty-five years of life, what sort of man had he, Robert Grannon, become?

Or, rather, put it in this way. If by some miracle you could take ten-year-old Bobby Grannon of Tompkins Square on the lower East Side and let him examine, with his candid boy's eyes, the thirty-five-year-old Dr. Grannon —would the boy like what he saw?

It was strange, but lying there in the dark hospital room, Robert could almost feel that the past and the present had become one, that the boy had come into the room and was standing beside the bed, looking down critically at his future self.

In his imagination, Robert addressed that small figure. Take a good look at me, kid. Am I more or less what you hoped I'd turn out to be, or—be honest, now!—do you feel sort of disappointed?

Then, in this fanciful scene, there seemed to be a long pause, while the boy's eyes examined him. The man waited anxiously, and then he thought he could hear that young voice out of the past, the past that was now the present.

You're a doctor, it seemed to say, and that's good—that's what I want to be. And that's quite a place you live in, up there on the roof, so I guess you must be a success. That's good, too; everyone wants to be a success. Then there's that swell girl who's in love with you . . . So I guess you must be okay!

But then the boy's face changed and Robert thought he could see a puzzled look come into the young eyes.

What's wrong?

The boy shook his head; then Robert thought he could hear him say—I don't know. But—is there something on your mind?

On my mind?

Something worrying you? Way down deep? Because I seem to get the feeling that you're not straightened out with yourself, or with something you've done—

. . . But of course it was bound to come back now, that whole wretched business of Marybeth Landy. His subconscious would be bound to face him with it again, through this fancied scene with the boy he had once been . . .

Then go through it from beginning to end. Try to finish it now once and for all.

Yes, Robert heard himself saying to the boy; yes, there's something wrong.

But how could he explain?

It had happened like this—

He had met Marybeth Landy at a party given by Dick Gotham, the lawyer. Robert had gone to a lot of parties, that spring; he was working hard during the days, with all the cases he could attend to; the big fees had come flocking in one after another in a golden rush, and at the end of every day he found himself keyed-up and restless, needing relaxation, needing—yes, sure, needing romance. . . . Why not? It was perfectly normal. He had never had the time, it seemed, for the usual young-boy-growing-up romances, and now the extremely successful—and physically attractive—young doctor resolved to make up for it.

After first seeing Marybeth Landy at Dick Gotham's party Robert could hardly take his eyes from her. It was not only that she was beautiful by every accepted standard; also there was about her an indefinable, and therefore immensely provocative, air of mystery, faintly tinged with sadness. He made every effort to attract her attention and interest, and he succeeded.

But he could not capture her entirely. Even though all his thoughts soon came to be dominated by that lovely face with the faint cloud of melancholy shadowing the eyes, somehow she remained just beyond his reach. The effect was only to make him fall more in love than ever. He saw her constantly and at last he felt that she was yielding.

One night she admitted how much he had come to mean to her. For a while there was no need to say anything more; then, just to make his triumph all the sweeter, he asked, "You do love me, Marybeth?"

"Yes, Robert. But—"

"But? But what?"

"— But I don't know if I should. It may not be fair to you."

"Not fair to me?" He gave a confident laugh. "What a lot of nonsense! What are you trying to make yourself out to be, darling?—*la belle dame sans merci?*"

"I was married before. He was a doctor, too."

He felt an immediate upsurge of furious jealousy. "Yes? What happened?"

"I should have told you before, but I couldn't quite make myself—I thought it might drive you away."

"More and more nonsense. Nothing in the world could drive me away from you . . . Well? What was so terrible about him?"

"There was nothing terrible about him. He was kind and sweet, and I was very much in love with him. In a different way—because, you see, he was twice my age."

This relieved his jealousy somewhat, if not altogether. "Where is he now?"

"He's dead."

"I'm sorry, Marybeth . . . When did he die?"

"Last year." She paused; then, in a lower voice, went on. "The terrible thing was—it may have been suicide. How it happened I don't know, I'll never know, but—he was accused of malpractice; his doctor's license was taken away. Medicine had been his whole life, and without it— Anyway, he died . . . Some people said I'd driven him to it, persuaded him to take illegal cases to make more money so as to keep his young wife supplied with all the things she wanted. I'm afraid there was quite a bit of scandal about me, Robert."

Nothing in the world could drive me away from you.

She was watching him intently.

But this wasn't fair, Robert protested to himself. It was monstrously unfair to—to lead him on the way she had, and then, at the last minute, to tell him this! She had said so herself—she should have told him before.

Another inner voice spoke to him. *What a coward you are, Robert.*

I'm not a coward! But—any breath of scandal attached to a doctor's name—good God, your whole practice can fall away to nothing overnight.

Then you admit it. At least you're not a hypocrite. At least you're honest enough to acknowledge that having her name associated with yours might hurt your practice and that your practice means more to you than—

More than what?

More than her love and respect.

"I know, Robert," Marybeth said. "You don't have to explain."

He couldn't meet her eyes. "But, damn it, Marybeth. I—I—"

There seemed to be no other words to say. At last, in misery and bitterness, he left her, raging within himself, accusing, defending himself—at one moment blaming her, the next hating himself all the more for having done so.

When he tried to see her again, to make an attempt to explain, she was out. She was always out. He called her, wrote a letter asking her to see him. A note came in his mail two days later: *No, Robert. It was all my fault, and there's nothing to explain.*

What else could he do, for God's sake? What else?

All right; he had gone through the whole miserable story again. Now, surely, it was finished.

And as if to confirm that, the vision of the boy faded, and, in his hospital bed, Robert fell asleep.

Ann had come in the next afternoon for her regular visit, and for just a moment he hesitated on the verge of telling her about his dream-experience. He had caught himself in time. Hadn't he decided that he was through once and for all with that episode?

It had struck him that there was something different about her. She had come up to see him at least once a day, usually twice, ever since he had been able to have visitors after the operation; it had occurred to him before that he ought to have protested about all the time she had been taking out from her daily business life, and now he did so.

"Robert, that's foolish. The two girls I have in the office now are working out beautifully. I could stay out the whole day, and it wouldn't make any difference."

"Well, then, Annie, what is it that's on your mind?"

It had taken some time to persuade her but finally the story had come out. Through Valerie Rogers she had met a man called William Hendering who was all mixed up with chains of hotels and ships and mines and oil wells and all kinds of things. Mr. Hendering was opening a new resort hotel in Italy and, having been told by Valerie about Ann's public relations talents, had asked Ann to take charge of the publicity.

"So of course I told him no," Ann had concluded this account, "and—"

"You said no?"

"Well, of course, Robert. You here in the hospital—How could I take out weeks and weeks to go over to do this job in Naples?"

"Listen," Robert had cut in, not answering her question. "Is Hendering's offer still open?"

"Why, I don't know," she had said doubtfully, but Robert had seen in her eyes that she felt sure it was.

"You tell him you've changed your mind. Wait, now, don't interrupt me. Annie, darling, look, I'm over the hump here, the rest of it's just a boring business of lying in bed waiting for the bone graft to heal— You'd like to take that job, wouldn't you? Come on, admit it!"

She had hesitated, then smiled. "It *did* sound like a lot of fun."

"Sure it did. And it would be. So, just about by the time you've finished it, I'll be back on my feet again *and* in need of a change. How does this sound?—that I come over and join you there and we get married and spend our honeymoon in Italy? What do you say?"

"Oh, *Robert*!"

The tone of her voice, her shining eyes, had been his answer.

Now, several weeks later, waiting for Viola Shaw to keep her three-thirty appointment, he had the comfortable sense of satisfaction that comes with the knowledge that you have cleaned up all the last-minute details and are ready to step out of your familiar world into a new one. Passport, airline reservation had been taken care of; two days from now he would board the plane at Idlewild and the day after he would be with Ann again.

Exactly on the minute of half-past-three the door of the inner office opened. "Miss Shaw's here for her appointment, Doctor," Lucy said.

"Hello!" Robert said, getting up and reaching out his hand. "Nice to see you again."

She hadn't changed since that night in the Village; tall, too thin for her height, the same dark smudges under her eyes—those remarkable eyes with the amber flecks. She smiled uncertainly in answer to his greeting and Robert remembered the feeling he had had about her before, a feeling of pity because of the self-consciousness that so obviously dominated her.

That same self-consciousness, he felt sure, would compel her to begin with an apology for taking up his time. He indicated a chair; Viola Shaw sat down, regarded her hands, clasped together, for a moment or two, then raised the beautiful eyes to his.

"I know how busy you must be, Doctor, and I'm sorry to be taking up your time, but—"

The poor thing, he thought. Has she ever been natural, relaxed?

Then the full memory of the Village evening came back. Strange, that he hadn't remembered before!

"Say!" he said abruptly, sitting up. "That fellow—what was his name?—the fellow you took me to see that night—?"

"Carl Jorgenson," she said.

"That's right, Carl Jorgenson, the fellow in the little soft-drink place with the shaded light. His face was badly scarred, and you and Marion wanted to know if anything could be done about it. What happened to him?"

"That's why I came to see you, Doctor."

Even in that second he could sense a change in her; some of the awkward shyness was gone. "Good," Robert said, and waited expectantly.

"You were right in what you said about Carl, Doctor," Viola Shaw began. "Maybe you've forgotten, but you said it was perfectly possible to restore his face through plastic surgery but you imagined the really difficult thing would be to get Carl to agree to it. You asked why otherwise would he shut himself up the way he had for years and give up his music and everything that had been important to him—when he must have known that plastic surgeons could help him? Why, unless he was deliberately punishing himself for something he had done?"

"That's just what he was doing," she went on. "I didn't find out, though, until only the other day. You see, after Marion married Johnny, I stayed on in the apartment by myself—"

That awful apartment, Robert reflected. This girl's simply got no sense at all about herself; otherwise she'd realize the worst thing she can do for her health is to live there. I must be sure to tell her that.

"— And I began to think more and more about Carl and what you'd said about him. Marion and I had always bought our cigarettes at his place and tried to bring him out of himself even if just a little bit, but we'd never had much success, that is, in getting him to talk to us. But now, with Marion gone, and remembering what you said, I made up my mind I'd do everything I could to—"

"To find out what his real story was?" Robert suggested.

"Yes—but more than that. To find out what had happened and then to persuade him to have the operation —or operations—done. Because you'd said—"

Again the hesitation. "I remember very well," he said. "I said if you could just get him up here, I'd be glad to operate."

"He's willing to come here," Viola Shaw said.

"He is, is he? How did you manage it?"

"I'd stop in to see him as often as I could, and little by little he began to talk, and—one night he told me the whole story. His face was turned away from me, as it usually was, you remember, but as he went on he turned around little by little until at the end he was looking right at me, and I—I couldn't help it—until at the end I was the one who had to turn my face away."

"But why?" Robert asked, surprised. "You'd at least caught glimpses of his face before, hadn't you? Was it so shocking to you now to see it?"

"It wasn't his face," the low voice continued. "It was what he had told me— I'd never heard such utter, desolate cynicism, such barren hopelessness—such a confession of —I don't know what to call it—call it a confession of death in life. The world had no meaning; life had no meaning—life was simply a stupid accident or a giant. grotesque joke, played on us by some unseen force that took its keenest pleasure in watching these little people called human beings raise their hopes and aspirations—and then see them topple over in dust and tragedy. That was Carl Jorgenson's philosophy."

"Grim enough," Robert said. "But I guess it's understandable."

Again the lovely eyes met his. "Yes," she agreed. "Understandable. Because that was what had happened to him, you see, to him and his family. A stupid, pointless, meaningless accident. But of course to Carl it had come to seem that it wasn't an accident at all, it was all part of the great wicked joke called life."

"The accident in which his face was scarred?"

Viola Shaw nodded. "And that killed his father and mother. Of course it had to happen at the very time when life had never seemed more beautiful and promising. For years the father and mother had put away every possible penny in order to send Carl through school and the music conservatory, and now it seemed that everything they had hoped for and dreamt of was about to be realized. Carl had lived up to his early promise; all his teachers at the

conservatory praised him and predicted a wonderful future for him as a concert violinist. Then, this night—the night the accident happened—"

Robert had heard the stories of a thousand and one accidents, yet never, somehow, had his interest been so bound up as it was in the account he was hearing now. He watched Viola Shaw intently while for a moment she paused and then continued.

"— They were going to go to bed early because of the big events that were to take place the next day. It was Carl's graduation day, and he had been given the honor of being the featured artist on the program at the conservatory. You can imagine how excited they were. His mother laid out the clothes she was going to wear and had pressed her husband's best suit and the new blue serge suit they had bought for Carl for the great occasion —and now she was ready to go to bed. Her husband was already in bed. I suppose they must have smiled at each other as they heard Carl humming the theme of the sonata he was going to play, because his father called out to him, jokingly, 'Your fiddle sounds better than your singing, boy!' And Carl laughed, never thinking that those were the last words he would ever hear his father say.

"It was such a stupid thing to happen. That was why Carl felt the way he did afterward, that life was nothing more than a great malicious joke. You see, he was taking a bath before going to bed—he was singing in the bathtub when it happened. Living as frugally as they did for Carl's sake, their apartment was an old cold-water flat. Carl had turned on the balky old hot-water heater to get the water for his bath but had forgotten to turn it off. Something went wrong; there was an explosion; the old walls blazed up, and the place burned like a matchbox. His father and mother were killed and Carl was left with the scarred face you saw and, much worse than that, a scarred mind."

She was silent, while Robert sat thinking over what he had heard and remembering the tragic face he had seen that night in the Village, the hideous diagonal scar, the twisted chin. "Yes, I see now," he said finally. "But what I don't understand is, with his feeling of guilt and his conviction that life is meaningless anyway—how did you get him to agree to have his face restored? Because that's what you said, didn't you? That he was willing to come here to be operated on?"

"For a while I thought it would be impossible, and I was going to give up in despair—but I found I couldn't," Viola Shaw said. "The story he'd told me preyed on me so much that it became an obsession—or, rather, *he* became an obsession. And finally, I told him so. I told him that the tragedy that had killed his father and mother and that was slowly destroying him made me feel as he felt, there was no point in life, it was all a stupid, wicked joke.

"For the first time since I had known him, he didn't listen to me with that complete, hopeless indifference. For, you see, he was not beyond hope after all—he realized that that barren philosophy of his was affecting someone else—me—and it disturbed him. It was all right for him, Carl Jorgenson, to sacrifice his life, but he could not bear the thought that thereby he was hurting someone else's life, too. And he actually began to try to persuade me that perhaps—perhaps there *was* something worth living for, in spite of what had happened to him!

"When he said that, I knew I'd won. 'You must show me so, Carl,' I said.

" 'Show you?' he said. 'How can I?'

" 'There's only one way,' I told him as earnestly as I could. 'If you mean what you say, then you'll prove it by facing the world again. You'll do what, of course, your mother and father would have expected you to do. You'll go on with your career.'

"At least he didn't turn away or tell me it was impossible. He stood there in silence, thinking; and then slowly he raised the fingers of both hands to those horrible scars on his face, and he said—

" 'Face the world again? With these? Is that what you mean?'

" 'Of course not,' I said. 'Then anyone would think you had deliberately kept the scars so as to arouse pity. You've got to have the scars removed. Will you, Carl?'

"He didn't answer, at least not right away. I knew the struggle that must be going on inside him. He rubbed his hands over his face and when he took them away the tormented frown was gone. 'Who would do it?' he asked, and that was his answer—yes.

"But you mustn't think, Doctor, that I—that I—" She faltered and was silent.

"I mustn't think what?" he asked gently.

With a visible effort she forced herself to go on. "You mustn't think that, just because you said you—just because you told me you would operate on Carl if I could persuade him to come here—I mean, I know you must be very busy and—and—it might not be convenient—"

Not convenient? No, not convenient at all. In two days he was leaving to join Ann. It was impossible to do anything for Carl Jorgenson in that time. Remembering that ravaged face, Robert knew that a major rebuilding process would be needed, requiring weeks, not days.

Well, of course he could tell her—and it would be the absolute truth—that Carl Jorgenson would be served just as well if he was put in the hands of another plastic surgeon. He would make all the arrangements with another doctor, there wouldn't be any cost, and—

He was aware that there had been a long silence and that the girl in the chair across from his desk was watching him. And in that moment he knew that it was out of the question to put Carl Jorgenson in another doctor's hands, no matter how capable. He had told Viola Shaw that he would operate on him, and that came first, overriding everything else.

"Of course, it's convenient," he said. "And the sooner we get going the better. I'll reserve a room, and you bring him up to enter the hospital this evening. All right?"

It was wonderful to see the warmth and gratitude that flooded her face.

But Ann's going to be pretty sore, he reflected after Viola Shaw had left—and there he caught himself. She wouldn't be sore in the least after he had explained the circumstances to her; she would agree that, considering his duty as a doctor and his promise to Viola Shaw, there was nothing else he could do. In comparison, what did a delay of another two weeks or so matter, after all?

Surgically, the problem of rebuilding Carl Jorgenson's face consisted of two parts. Part one was the twisted, magenta-colored scar running down from the corner of the left eye across the cheek to the corner of the mouth; part two, the sharply receding chin.

The first part was simplicity itself to repair, in comparison with the chin—a straightforward matter of cutting out the scar and closing the wound with sutures. Half an hour's work with knife and needle and the scar was gone for good.

But that freakish chin—

There were two ways of tackling the problem. Robert could build up the chin through successive cartilage transplants, or he could restore the normal outline in one swoop with a bone graft. The cartilage-transplant method was slow but sure; the end result might not be quite so satisfactory in the restoration of a normal chin, but on the other hand there was little or no risk. If, however, he decided on a bone graft, the time required would be reduced by at least half and the end result would be better.

That was the more daring method, and the chancier one.

Robert pondered over the choice he must make. He was inclined to use the second method, remembering from earlier cases the amazing transformation it could bring about; but then he questioned himself— Are you letting yourself be affected by the element of time involved? The first, safer method means a month or more, because of the series of operations; the second, only two weeks—if all goes well. You want to join Ann just as soon as you can. Is that why you're willing to take a chance on the second method?

But surely this was leaning over backward. As in all surgical cases the only legitimate question was, which method would best answer the patient's needs? Obviously, that which promised the most complete restoration possible—the second method, the bone graft.

His favorite operating team was waiting for him, Tom Hickney, the assisting surgeon, and Liza Ferranti, the lark-eyed scrub nurse. At the head of the operating table the anesthetist glanced at Robert and nodded; the patient was ready.

A small sandbag had been placed underneath Carl Jorgenson's back, in order to raise his hips, chiefly the crest of the right hip, the small, curved section of bone that of all the bones in the human body most closely approximates in size and shape the chin bone. If everything went according to plan, Carl Jorgenson would rebuild his shattered face by drawing from his own body. The right hip could easily spare the portion of bone necessary to reconstruct his chin; the walking process would not be affected in any way, and he would know that a section of bone had been moved from one part of his body to another only because a small scar would be left on the hip—and because his chin would have its normal shape again.

Above the white mask, Tom Hickney's eyes met Robert's, and Robert nodded. Tom pressed a gauze pad against the skin below the crest of the hip bone, gently pulling the skin tight. Arrow-swift, a thin scarlet line followed the blade in Robert's hand.

There, exposed, lay the curved crest of bone. A tiny murmur of moving steel rose from the midget circular saw that passed from Liza's nimble fingers to his; the high-pitched wail changed to a deeper key as the whirling blade bit into the bone with a spray of infinitely fine fragments. The saw cut off a section of bone four inches long, the bone graft. Swiftly Robert lifted it out and transferred it to the container of saline solution that Liza held in readiness, where it would wait for the preparation of its new home.

The huge livid scar that was all that remained of Carl Jorgenson's chin had been washed, disinfected and draped for the surgery. Robert's knife carved an incision of an inch and a half where the natural chin fold would be, and then two horizontal incisions to loosen the wadded, clinging mass of scar tissue and expose the front and the sides of the lower jaw. He trimmed off the forward section with a bone-knife, leaving a rough, moist bed for the reception of the graft. Delicately he adjusted the bone graft so that the convex surface faced outward, to provide the proper contour of the new chin, and held it firmly in place with catgut sutures passed through small holes drilled on each side of the graft.

Now, trimming off the excess tissue, he stretched the skin tight over the wound and sutured the opposing edges together. Tom Hickney was waiting with the gauze bandage and dressing.

The performance was over. Robert peeled off cap, mask and gloves, picked up a fresh towel and wiped off his moist face. Now began the really anxious part of the operation—waiting to see whether the bone graft would take hold or not. The answer might not be known for a few days.

Upstairs, Viola Shaw rose from her chair in the reception room as Robert came through the door. "Everything's fine so far," he answered her unspoken question. "He'll be asleep for a couple of hours, and of course he'll be feeling pretty groggy through most of the afternoon but there's no reason why you shouldn't see him for a while this evening, say around seven."

Looking at her, he was struck again by the remarkable contrast offered by the beautiful eyes and the pale thin face and remembered his earlier intention of telling her that, now she had looked after Carl Jorgenson, she must definitely look after herself for a change. "I tell you what," he continued on a sudden inspiration, "after you've seen him—the ward visiting hours are from seven to eight—how about coming out to dinner with me? You can bring me up to date on what's been happening with Johnny and Marion and tell me something about yourself."

"Thank you," she said in her quiet voice. "It's very kind of you. Shall I meet you here, after I've seen Carl?"

"No; I'll stop down in the ward and pick you up there at eight. And remember, don't worry about Carl; everything went off well."

He took her to a small, quiet restaurant where the food was excellent. She must have taken some special pains with herself, Robert thought; two or three people turned to look at her. There was no denying that in her own way she was quite striking, with her height and her slimness and the beautiful eyes. And then of course tonight there was a feeling of happiness about her that gave her skin a glow he had never seen before; happiness, he knew, because of the change in Carl Jorgenson, evident even in this short time. His face was covered with bandages and would be for days, but you could see his eyes.

"And his eyes don't have that dead, hopeless look any longer," she told Robert. "That's what's so wonderful."

Robert gave the plate in front of her a wry glance. "Viola, do you mean that's all you're going to eat?"

She shook her head contritely. "Oh, no, no, and it's so good— But— I suppose it's because I'm so excited, I can't seem to—"

"You never do have much of an appetite, do you?"

"Oh, I get *enough* to eat."

"It doesn't look that way to me. Do you still have that job you told me about? A lab job, wasn't it?"

She nodded.

"Do they work you double overtime, or something?"

She laughed. "No! Why?"

"Because that's the way you look. As if you're working too hard, or—" Another idea struck him. "Tell me something about yourself, Viola—your personal history, father, mother, background and so on."

She professed that there was nothing interesting in the story of Viola Shaw but Robert kept on at her and at length gathered the information he wanted. She was

twenty-six and came from Portland, where her father had a small real estate business. After four years at the university she had joined her friend Marion Tate in New York and found the job as a laboratory assistant.

Family background?

She was an only child. Her father was still alive; her mother had died when Viola was five.

"What did she die of?"

She thought for a moment. "It was tuberculosis, I think."

"I wish you'd do me a favor then," Robert said. "Let me arrange a check-up for you at the hospital. It's something everyone ought to have done once a year anyway. I don't suppose you've been near a doctor since you came to New York, have you?"

"No. I haven't, but—"

He could see that she was troubled. "But what? Do you have any objection to it?"

"Oh, no, of course not! It's just that— It's *you*, Doctor."

"Me?" Robert said, genuinely astonished.

"I seem to give you nothing but trouble. After everything you've done for Carl, I can't have you doing all this for me, too."

"Doing all what? All I'm doing is making an appointment for you for a routine check-up. Is there anything so remarkable about that?" He glanced at her half-touched plate again. "Got to put an end to that sort of thing," he said cheerfully. "Get your appetite back and fill you out a little. Call the office tomorrow and we'll tell you what time to come up."

Her general condition turned out to be only fair and, as he had more or less expected would be the case, the X rays showed that there had been trouble in the lungs some six or seven years before; the scars the disease had left were unmistakable. Considering her family history, there might very well be a second and far more serious attack unless preventive measures were taken. And the proper preventive measures meant, of course, good living conditions, a healthful diet, sunshine, rest—everything she was not getting now.

But after all, Robert asked himself, why was he making Viola Shaw his problem? Surely he had done enough in operating on Carl Jorgenson and in seeing to it that she had a thorough examination. His part was finished as soon as he presented the facts to her and prescribed the necessary treatment which, in the bluntest terms, was to get out of that damned apartment in the Village and go and live in the country for a while. She was a mature and presumably responsible person; she had a father; she had friends—well, the rest was up to her and up to them.

But even as he gave himself this wholly reasonable argument, he knew that it was no good; he knew that, if he left Viola to her own devices, precisely nothing would happen. It was in her nature to go to any lengths to help someone like Carl Jorgenson, but as to herself, she was indifferent. It simply wasn't important to her—and in due course there would be the recurrence of the disease that could be so clearly foreseen.

Well, then?

With irritation, Robert realized that there would be a shadow over his reunion with Ann unless somehow or other he settled the problem of Viola Shaw before he left.

The answer to that problem, when it came, fell into place with magical ease.

He saw that the only way to persuade Viola to take the proper care of herself and follow his instructions was to make her think that by doing so she was making some return to him for the operation on Carl.

So he would ask her if, as a favor to him, she would leave her present laboratory job in the city and accept one instead on the staff of a small analytical laboratory he knew in the little Connecticut town of Dover Falls. That would get her out of the terrible Village apartment, transfer her to a healthful atmosphere with plenty of light and fresh air and put her under the eye of his friend, Dr. Charles Paish, who owned the firm.

But then it occurred to Robert that she would be bound to ask— But how is *that* doing you a favor? Instead, it's just one more favor you're doing me, when you've already done so many!

That inspiration dawned the second evening after he had operated on Carl Jorgenson. He was changing the bandages and dressing, noticing with satisfaction the normal development of the regular healing process; it seemed sure there would be nothing to worry about, that the graft was taking hold perfectly. "Everything's fine," he told Carl. "In one respect you're just about the best patient I've ever had."

Although he could not speak, Carl's eyes—once so furtive, and now so changed and clear—asked the question for him.

"How?" Robert said. "In the lightning job of healing that your wounds are doing. You see, there are little gadgets in the blood, little healing organisms that go to work whenever we cut ourselves or, as in your case, after surgery. Some people seem to have more than others, and from the look of things I'd say you've got more than I've ever seen. You'll be out of here even sooner than I'd hoped."

Some people seem to have more healing organisms than others.

It was perfectly true that some wounds healed faster than other wounds, without any apparent explanation. You might have two patients of the same age, same condition of health, same physical characteristics, same background, same pattern of life—even the same blood type!—and perform exactly the same operation on them, and the surgical wound on patient A would be healed days before the wound on patient B, as if the healing process had received an enormous stimulant.

A stimulant.

What if you could *make* such a stimulant! A serum, that the doctor would inject after every operation? A serum that would speed up the healing process, cut the time in half?

In his mind, Robert traced the several steps in the wound-healing process. After the cut is inflicted, either by accident or by the surgeon's knife, the protective forces of the body mobilize and start to work replacing the injured or lost tissue with new tissue. When the wound stops bleeding, a thin blood clot covers the cut surface, a clot that in fact is a meshwork, a foundation for the building of the new tissue, just as a meshwork of thin steel rods forms the foundations for a concrete floor. Then, infinitesimal new blood vessels spring out from the lining of the mother blood vessels in the sides and bottom of the wound, and, supporting themselves on the foundation-meshwork, carry in a new, invigorating supply of blood. Multitudes of new connective tissue cells surround the tiny blood vessels, multiplying themselves over and over until the wound-gap is covered.

And now a new substance makes its appearance—granulation tissue, which itself provides the foundation for the new skin cells, which make up the last step in the wound-healing chain. In Carl's case, this granulation tissue had appeared in extraordinarily short time—as Robert had said, as if Carl had an over-supply of the mysterious healing organisms in his blood.

The purpose of the serum would be to give every operative patient the same over-supply.

The granulation tissue seemed to be the key, since it

was the last and most important of all the steps in the healing process, and therefore was made up in part of the preceding ones. To turn granulation tissue into a serum, first you would presumably produce it on experimental animals in the laboratory, refine these scrapings or curettings—taken under anesthesia—into a fluid, centrifuge the fluid, and then skim off the top, which would give you a highly condensed liquid completely free of minute solids. This liquid you would inject intravenously into your rabbits or guinea pigs, and from their blood you would obtain your serum.

The testing of the serum itself would call, of course, for a whole new series of laboratory processes, which might run into weeks or months and still yield nothing, or on the other hand might produce positive results almost from the beginning.

But there would be one positive result, in any event—the benefit to Viola.

The next day he explained the idea to her, and just how it had occurred to him.

"So I really owe it to Carl," he went on, "which actually brings it down to you, because you're the one who persuaded Carl to come here." He paused for a moment. "Will you go to work on it for me?"

She seemed puzzled. "But could I?"

"How do you mean, could you? Of course you can —if you want to."

"I *do* want to! But do you think I'm qualified for it? Yes, I've been doing laboratory work, but—"

"Once you've got the various steps down pat, it's simply a matter of routine—and great, great patience and attention to detail. And then, of course, although you'd be in charge of the project there'd be people whose advice you could ask. As a matter of fact, I've already spoken to some friends of mine in upstate Connecticut, Charley Paish and his wife. Charley runs an experimental laboratory up there and I asked him if he'd make room for this project and for you. He said there's nothing he'd rather do. So—how about it? Will you?"

"Oh, yes! *Yes!*"

Late the next week, he removed the final bandage from Carl Jorgenson's face. He knew what to expect, for he had seen the swift progress every other day as he had changed the dressings; even so, the effect was dramatic, and he felt pleasure as he regarded his handiwork.

"Is it—all right, Doctor?"

"Here, see for yourself," Robert said and gave Carl a hand mirror.

The ward visitors' hour was just beginning, and he saw Viola coming down the aisle. He left with that picture printed on his mind: Viola's face, as she saw Carl, and Carl's wide, unbelieving eyes, fastened on the magic mirror in his hand.

CHAPTER 8

Ann was waiting for him at the Naples airport in a car so sweepingly magnificent that it caused Robert to raise his eyebrows. "Some chariot," he commented after he had kissed her. "Does it go with the job?"

"The car?" She glanced at the great sweep of cream-colored metal glittering in the sun. "Yes, I know; it awed me, too, when I saw it the first time, and Bill said that was the idea, to impress newspaper people. . . . Robert, do you realize how wonderful it is just to see you *walking* again?"

He had been a little uneasy, just before meeting her —but he saw now that he need not have been. She was not only the same; you might say she was even more so—Annie the Absolutely Unexpected raised to the *nth* degree. She reflected a sureness, a happiness, a sheer satisfaction with life that warmed you with its glow.

"This job's been good for you," he observed. "You not only look beautiful, you *feel* that way."

She laughed. "It's been fun. You couldn't find a more wonderful person in the world to work for than Bill —if you can call it work. You'll like him, darling." The great car swept around a hill flank and she pointed ahead. "Look," she said. "There's the hotel. Isn't it beautiful?"

Beautiful it most certainly was, Robert agreed, the hotel that William Hendering had had built here on the hills overlooking the Bay of Naples. A combination of the modern and the baroque, the Villa Scifanoia— "That means *without care*," Ann had explained in one of her letters—rose above a flight of broad terraces, filled with flowers and alive with the sparkle and flash of moving water sprayed into high plumes from dozens of fountains.

"Of course this isn't his real business," Ann had written in another letter. "He—Mr. Hendering—looks on his hotels as something like a hobby. His real business—or rather businesses—are mining and oil wells and ships. Although you'd never know, to see him and talk with him, that he had so much going on, so much on his shoulders. He's really just a little bit unbelievable."

That forecast that he would like William Hendering turned out to be true—although, Robert reflected, in these circumstances it would be difficult not to like almost anyone.

It was just past ten o'clock at night; they sat on the highest of the Villa Scifanoia's dozens of balconies, looking down on a scene that was impossibly beautiful—in the foreground, the flowered terraces and the fountains; above, the full moon, blazing like a ball of cold fire against the deep purple night, and the quicksilver glimmer on the waters of the bay and the crescent of flickering firefly lights around the shore.

He took in a breath of sheer contentment. The radiant beauty above and below—and the excellent meal he had eaten and the equally excellent champagne—how could he feel any better? "I've never seen anything like it," he told the man at the other side of the terrace. "Just as Ann said in one of her letters, Mr. Hendering, you've really built a wonderland here."

"Bill," William Hendering said. "We're old enough friends by now to be Bill and Robert, aren't we?"

"Fine, Bill," Robert said.

But this was not the grand pasha or sultan one might legitimately expect to be the presiding genius of the Villa Scifanoia; William Hendering was immediately disarming in what could be called his everyday ordinariness—a plain, middle-sized, sandy-haired man with a freckled face and a crinkle of good-humored lines around the corners of his blue eyes. He might have been thirty-five or forty-five or anywhere in between.

He had come as a surprise to Robert. In the first place, big shots—the *real* big shots—weren't supposed to be like this. They might be homely; they might be handsome, but in any case you could feel the muscles in their brains and in their eyes, the simple, terrible weight of great authority.

But not with Bill Hendering.

And in the second place, he shouldn't look and sound

and seem so indomitably everyday American because he wasn't. Robert had read a news magazine story about him just before leaving New York; it had seemed curiously incomplete, as if the writer had not been able really to dig into his subject, but it had revealed a number of biographical facts, and one of these was that Bill Hendering had been born in Italy, in the very city of Naples that lay beneath his Villa Scifanoia, and of an Italian mother.

That had been during the first World War. The father was an American soldier who had been killed—he had never seen his son and had been able to give him little more than his name, and he had been killed, apparently, before being able to notify his own parents in America that he had married an Italian girl and was, moreover, a prospective father.

The first twenty years of the boy's life were glossed over with generalities in the magazine article, but it was another indisputable fact that young Bill Hendering had not arrived in America until he was twenty-one, able to speak only a little English. And yet look at him and listen to him now! How had he contrived to bring about such an amazing transformation in so short a time?

That feat, Robert decided, was the true measure of the man—an indication of the iron will and determination that must lie underneath the disarming exterior.

"Tell me something more about plastic surgery, Robert." Bill Hendering said now. "For instance, you were telling us at dinner about why you were delayed in getting here, the operation on that fellow's face—I'd have thought that'd be a business of months, not just weeks."

"He happened to be an exceptionally fast healer," Robert explained.

"Fast healer?"

"The healing process, the flesh and skin knitting together again after the operation, took much less time in his case than in most."

"Then there are fast healers and slow healers?"

Robert nodded. "All kinds."

"Why?"

"That's the mystery. You can take two people who seem to be almost exactly alike and perform exactly the same operation on them and one of them will get over it in a week and the other in a month. I just wish I did know why! I was thinking, though, just before I left—"

He hesitated, conscious suddenly that he had been talking a great deal about himself, far too much, ever since he had first met Bill Hendering that afternoon.

Ann, sitting beside him, looked at him curiously. "What, darling?"

"Oh, it's a technical business, pretty dull, I'm afraid."

"Now don't stop there!" Bill Hendering laughed.

"All right, I warned you. Well, to start at the beginning, Viola Shaw—the girl who persuaded Carl Jorgenson to have the operation—she had a job in a laboratory, and I suppose that plus the fact that Carl was her friend and his wounds healed so rapidly—anyway, this idea struck me. Why not a serum that would speed up the healing process in every case? In other words, something that would make every surgical patient a Carl Jorgenson in that respect? I explained the idea to Viola, and she said she'd like to work on it, so—"

"Just one girl? No one to help her?"

"Well, of course, the people in the laboratory where she's working will be there to help her at any special point, but, yes, essentially at this stage it's a one-man—one-girl—proposition."

Hendering leaned forward. "Robert, let me get this straight. If your idea works out, you'd have a serum to be injected into all surgical patients that would cut the hospital time in half?"

"That's the theory."

"Now, when you come down to it, an ulcer is a wound, isn't it? Isn't that true of a heart attack too?—I mean a coronary thrombosis? Doesn't the wound to the heart heal by forming a scar?"

"Yes, that's right."

"In other words, your serum—if it speeds up the healing of surface wounds—should help to heal internal damage, like a heart attack, too?"

Robert looked at him with increased respect. "It hadn't occurred to me before—but yes, that might easily be so."

"Boy, you've got something pretty exciting here! Isn't the riskiest period of a heart attack the couple of weeks when the scar is forming and healing? So if you cut that period in half, you automatically cut the risk in half, which means, it seems to me, that you automatically cut the mortality rate in half, too. Right?"

"Just think of it!" Ann said. "Just think what you've invented!"

"Hold everything!" Robert warned them, laughing. "So far this is all pure theory, and it might turn out to be just that and nothing more; when you're working with the human body, you just don't know. And you won't even have the chance of knowing until you've spent God knows how many hours in the laboratory, running through test after test."

"Now we're getting to the point," Hendering cut in. "Sure, I realize that. Maybe once in a million times you'll stumble on the right answer right off the bat, but that's simply an accident—you're more likely to have to go through what the Curies did, for instance—years and years of work. The Curies were just two people. What if they'd had ten other people, fifty people, a hundred people, helping them?"

"Well?"

"The world would have had radium just that much sooner, wouldn't it? All right, then. Robert, you've got an idea; maybe it's sound; maybe it isn't, but *if it is*—it can benefit everyone, all the way from little accidents—say a cut finger—all the way up to—why, good Lord, to a president's heart attack! And with all these possibilities, what's happening? Who's working on it? One girl!"

Robert laughed again, but it was impossible not to be affected by Hendering's glowing enthusiasm. "Well, of course, Bill, if I'd understood all this—"

"That was stupid of me," Hendering interrupted contritely. "I sounded as if I were blaming you, which would be ridiculous. I think it's pretty damn' wonderful that you've gone so far as you have—thought of the theory, worked it out step by step in your mind and started someone on the laboratory work. What I mean to say, Robert, is—the Curies didn't have a friend who believed in them and who also happened to have some money to spare. Well, fellow, *you have.*"

It took a moment for Robert to catch his meaning. "But listen, Bill," he began protestingly, "I didn't come here to—"

"I know, you didn't come here to sell me your idea, you came here to get married and go on your honeymoon—but practically by accident I heard your idea, and it's got me excited—and impatient. Impatient to know if it works. So what I want to try to persuade you to do is this—thank the little girl in America for what she's done so far, but tell her you're going to tackle it now on a much bigger scale, then put two or three complete research laboratories to work on it independently, so each one will dope out its own approach. You choose the laboratories and outline the idea to their people, and I—well, put it this way. I'll set up a foundation to take care of the cost."

He sat back in his chair and let out his breath. "How about it?"

Robert hesitated. "There's something else involved, Bill—"

"Don't tell me; I think I know. Robert, I'm a businessman, and a fairly successful one—anyway, I can afford to have a hobby or two. I want to think of your serum as a sort of hobby, too, something I'm investing in for pure pleasure. If it works out, it isn't going to be just yours and mine, our own personal private property to make a pile out of. Instead, my idea would be to make the formula available to every manufacturing chemist all over the world—perfectly free—so that the cost of the serum could be kept to the absolute minimum and the maximum number of people could use it. Just as with the Salk vaccine, or insulin or penicillin. . . . Is that what you had on your mind?"

Robert looked at this seemingly ordinary, humdrum man and marveled at the vitality and swift perceptiveness of his mind. How many in William Hendering's position would be able to see so quickly to the heart of a matter entirely foreign to his experience?

"That certainly is fine of you," he said, his respect and admiration showing in his voice and his eyes. "Of course, if it ever should work out, it would have to be done on some such basis—but I didn't even have to explain it to you; that's what's pretty wonderful. As a matter of fact, though, it isn't what I started to say—"

"You've got some other objection?"

"It's hardly an objection. Just that the girl who's working on it now—you said I should thank her for what she's done and then tell her some other people are taking over. I don't want to do that. You see, her general health isn't very good and I wanted to get her out of New York and into a decent atmosphere, and offering her this job in a small town Connecticut lab was a way of doing it."

Hendering gave a sigh of relief. "Is that all? Gosh, I thought it was going to be something serious! Why, sure, keep her working on it; it can't do any harm. But everything else is all right? You agree to going ahead the way I suggested?"

Robert smiled. "Bill, how could I possibly do anything else?"

"Great!" Hendering said. "Shake on it, partner."

Robert felt the thin, strong hand in his. "Thank you for what you're doing," he said. "It may all come to nothing, and yet you're—"

"Forget it! I mean, forget the thanks and forget this notion that it may not work out. It *is* going to work, and this day—this minute, right now—is going to be a big one in medical history." The wiry hand patted Robert's shoulder. "All right, now everything's settled and understood, I can have a good night's sleep. Good night, Annie—I think you got yourself a pretty good man here."

"So?" Ann said inquiringly, after Hendering had left.

"What do I think of him, you mean? He's remarkable. He not only saw the obvious possibilities, he saw much deeper—deeper than I did. I thought of the serum as a healing agent for surface injuries, but he realized at once that if it would heal on the surface it would heal *internally*, too. It's easy to understand why he's so successful; he's got the ability to go to the heart of any problem." He was silent for a while, reflecting. "When you think about it," he went on, smiling, "isn't it strange how all this has worked out—or, anyway, seems to be working out?"

"How do you mean?" Ann asked.

"The chain of things that have happened. At the beginning of the chain, there was that night at my place when I told you about my father and gave my back the twist as I was reaching for his notebook. So instead of our getting married right away, that led to the operation and months in the hospital for me, and for you—actually, it gave you the chance at this job for Hendering. And the next thing that happens, Viola brings Carl Jorgenson to me, and thinking about Carl puts the healing serum notion into my head. And then, through you, I meet Hendering—and here we are, maybe on the threshold of big things, maybe about to write medical history, as Bill said."

Ann moved a little closer to him. "Robert?"

"Yes, darling?"

"Things are just the same, aren't they?— Between us?"

Puzzled, he looked at her. "What gave you any idea they weren't?"

"Somehow or other you don't seem—I don't know, but something's changed. And then there's what you said about that girl, Viola."

He was still more puzzled. "What did I say about her?"

"I know it doesn't sound like anything, just that she brought her friend to you to be operated on, and then you discovered that she wasn't very well, and so you thought up a job for her—because that's what really happened, isn't it?— And yet I can't help wondering if— Darling, didn't you fall for her, if only just a very little bit?"

Robert drew her close. "Me fall for Viola, when there's you? *Viola?* Annie, I only felt sorry for her—well, yes, and I admired her too, for what she did for Carl. Then there's Carl himself. If you could have seen the way the two of them were looking at each other—listen, I'll make you a bet. By the time we get back home, we're going to find that we're not the only pair of newly weds. Carl and Viola will be, too."

To do anything like full justice to Bill Hendering, Robert decided, you would have to expand the word "remarkable" to "remarkable in half a dozen ways." For instance, where did he find the time to run his various enterprises? Certainly they didn't run themselves, and certainly no one so boldly creative would be content to leave the running of them altogether to other people.

And yet he appeared to have no office hours; instead, he devoted the whole day to playing the host.

When did he work? Finally Robert asked him.

Hendering chuckled. "Actually, I don't have 'office hours' or even an office. My office is wherever I happen to be. I find it easiest to keep my mind free when we're out enjoying ourselves just as we are today. As for keeping in touch with things—I've never needed much sleep, so after the rest of you are tucked away for the night, I put in some calls to various places by radio-telephone and learn what's been happening here and there, in Panama, New York, Bogota, San Juan—and so on. I make whatever decisions have to be made either right then or the next day, if they require more thought; so that, while I never seem to be doing much, actually a good many things are going on. For instance—"

Taking a small bound folder from his pocket, Hendering passed it over to Robert.

"—These past few days, while I've been showing you around, I've had this information put together. See how it strikes you."

Opening the folder, Robert found on the neatly typewritten sheets a list of two dozen American research laboratories, their staffs, the research work conducted currently and during the past year in each one.

"You got all this together while I've been here?"

Hendering gave a laugh. "Not single-handed! All I did was tell my New York people what I wanted and that I wanted it in a hurry. They put a fair-sized staff to work; in a little more than a day they'd assembled all the dope, cabled it over, and we had it typed up."

He reached for the report, tapped it with his forefinger.

"Out of these two dozen laboratories we've got to select the three or four that are best suited to our particular purpose and are able to go to work on it right away. I thought at first that that would just be a matter of telling my New York people to choose some outstanding authority, offer him a fee fat enough to get him to drop whatever else he was doing, and have him make the selection for us. But then I realized that that was no good."

They were sitting on one of the lower terraces of the Villa Scifanoia's gardens. Hendering indicated the flower beds and fountains.

"These gardens were designed by the best landscape artist in Italy," he went on. "That's one rule I've always stuck to since I found out it was the most important one of all. The rule is, get the best man—not the *almost* best or the *practically* as good, but the *best*—to do the job. And here"—he tapped the report again—"it's obvious who the best man is. The best man to decide on which laboratories we're going to use is the man who's closest to the whole project and who can explain it better than anyone. And, unfortunately, Robert, that's you."

"Unfortunately?" Robert repeated.

"I mean I realize how tedious it will be, traveling all over the country, wherever each laboratory is situated, and examining their set-up and explaining the idea, over and over and over again. Tedious but vital. Because it *is* vital, Robert, it's vital that we get exactly the right people to work for us, the best, and it's vital that we get them going just as soon as we possibly can." The freckled and ordinarily cheerful face became almost somber. "Damn it all, when I think of what we've got in our hands here, the infinite possibilities, the sorrow and pain it can relieve, the valuable lives it can prolong—I want to get things moving! But I've gone as far as I can—put up the money, got together the list of laboratories. All I can do now is ask you, Robert, to do this—even though, on top of everything else, it means messing up all your plans."

"That doesn't matter," Robert said slowly.

"The hell it doesn't. My God, you come over here to get married, have a long honeymoon, and instead you find yourself getting put back to work. I know damn well it matters! But—"

He paused, obviously considering a new idea.

"This is a difficult country for certain things," he resumed presently. "Getting married is a pretty complicated process for foreigners, but I think I can pull a few strings and clear the way for you and Ann in three or four days instead of a few weeks. Let me make a couple of calls."

"Wait a minute," Robert said. "Let's ask her."

A small, lovely figure, tanned skin glowing in the sunlight, Ann was coming from the swimming pool, shaking out her hair. Her face changed as she saw Robert's.

"Is something wrong?"

He repeated what Hendering had told him.

"You're going, then, aren't you?" she said at the end.

"Yes, of course, but there's the question of you and me. Bill says he can fix things so we can get married in a few days, whereas otherwise it would take weeks."

"A few days?" she interrupted and turned to Hendering. "Bill, is it really so important for this laboratory work to start as soon as possible? Might a few days make any difference?"

"They might," he admitted.

"Then of course we'll wait," Ann said. "I couldn't have that hanging over us, darling. You must go as soon as you possibly can."

"I thought you'd say that," Hendering said. "Thank you, Ann. Thank you, Robert."

CHAPTER 9

On the road to Dover Falls, Robert amused himself by making a rough addition of the distance he had covered during the past month and a half. Counting in everything, the original plane flight from Naples to Idlewild, then the subsequent flights back and forth across America and the subsidiary train and car journeys, the total must come to around fifteen thousand miles. It had been tedious work, as Bill Hendering had predicted, but well worth it, and now he could pause and look back with a feeling of satisfaction at what he had accomplished.

He had visited the full two dozen research organizations, had had interviews with the chief members of their staffs, had explained the conception behind the proposed research and had found it warmly received. He had made his decisions and sent them on to Hendering. Now, as a result, the Hendering Foundation was an established fact and work was in full swing in three great laboratories.

Three great laboratories—and one small laboratory. In comparison with the others, his friend Charley Paish's establishment in Dover Falls was modest indeed, but, on the other hand, by far the pleasantest to look at—a long single-story green-roofed Colonial building set in a fold of Connecticut hills, the maple trees massed on every side in their splendid Autumn golds and russets.

It was a few minutes after twelve when Robert pulled up close to the front entrance, and people were coming out for lunch. A nice-looking bunch. Two of them in particular caught his eye, a young man and young woman. For one moment he was sure he knew them, the next moment he was sure he was wrong. Then he realized the amazing truth.

The girl was Viola; the man was Carl Jorgenson.

Fascinated, he stared at them as they slowly approached, talking and laughing, as yet unaware of his presence. Viola's figure had developed graceful new lines; the once-pale face wore a healthy glow; the shadows were gone from underneath her eyes. Good Lord, Robert found himself thinking, she's—why, she's beautiful!

As for the man beside her, the change was even more remarkable, for not only was the grotesque face gone forever; he had straightened and filled out, and he carried himself with easy confidence.

Watching them, a strange notion crossed Robert's mind. Don't get out of the car, don't let them know you're here; leave them alone in their happiness. Otherwise—

Ridiculous! After finishing his travels, he had come up to see Viola and learn how her work had been going. It was a pleasant surprise to find Carl here, too. It would be a wonderful reunion for the three of them. The impulse to leave them alone, the premonition of trouble if he disturbed this golden moment, was due, no doubt, to his physical tiredness and a purely human pinprick of envy, for he, after all, was still alone; haphazardly, unpredictably, obstacle after obstacle had seemed to come up to stand between him and Ann.

They were passing the car now. Robert leaned out.

"Hello, strangers!"

Viola saw him first. "Dr. Grannon!"

"I thought I'd drop by to see how things were going," Robert explained, smiling. "Not that your reports haven't been fine, but I wanted to see how you were, too. Aren't you going to introduce me to your friend?"

"Introduce you!" she cried, then saw that he was joking.

"Hello, Carl!" Robert said, getting out of the car. "You've gone to work in the lab, too, have you?"

Carl Jorgenson was pumping his hand like a man who has been waiting for years to demonstrate that he knows how to shake hands and, once having started, is determined never to stop.

"You were both going to lunch, weren't you?" Robert said. "All right if I join you?"

Over the lunch table in a small tea shop down the road, he learned the reason for Carl's presence. Since it had done her so much good to be in Dover Falls, Viola had thought it would be good for him, too. He had a part-time job in the laboratory office; the afternoons he spent practicing; also he had a few pupils in the village. In the spring, he hoped to make his debut as a violinist.

Here, he began to stammer in his account. "If it hadn't been for you and Viola, Doctor— She saw me and she—she— And then what you did— You made my life over, and I don't know how to—"

Again Robert came to his rescue. "How's the work going, Viola?"

She had sent him typewritten reports every week since coming to the laboratory. The first weeks had been devoted to assembling the materials for the tests and outlining the method to be followed. The first series of tests had been inconclusive; the controls—the animals that had not been inoculated with the first serum to be tried out—had in some cases showed a poorer rate of healing, but in others the rate had been practically the same. The second, third and fourth series to be run off had yielded almost the same results, neither for nor against the basic theory. Now, a different method was being used to prepare the serum and, with the work she planned for the next few days, the new serum should be ready for its first test by the end of the following week.

"You'll stay for it, won't you?" she asked anxiously.

"I've been away so long," he began, "that—" There he hesitated. Should he tell her what he had been doing? Originally, he had not intended to; he had felt that perhaps the idea that infinitely greater resources were being applied to the research might affect the devotion to it that he had read between the lines of her reports and also detract from the feeling of proper self-esteem it had given her. But it struck him now that to keep silent about Hendering and the foundation and the other laboratories was hardly being honest; she was bound to find out eventually, and she would wonder then why he had chosen not to tell her.

"There've been lots of new developments," Robert started again. "When I was in Italy, you see, I met a man called William Hendering—"

Going on from there, he told them the whole story. He could tell nothing from the expression on Viola's face. When he had finished, she smiled, a little doubtfully, he thought.

"But then should I go on with what I'm doing?" she asked.

"Of course, you should. The other laboratories have all figured out their own approaches, and you've developed yours here. What it comes down to is this; the more people involved, the less time the final answer will take."

She nodded. "But you didn't answer me before. You'll stay, won't you, to see the new line I'm working on?"

"Viola. I'd like to. but I can't. I've been away for so long that my poor old practice in New York is dying on its feet, and Lucy—you remember her, my nurse and secretary—Lucy hardly speaks to me when I call on the phone to ask what's happening. But I tell you what," he finished, "when you're ready to shoot this new series of tests, give me a call and I'll come up. . . . Now I'll just go and say hello to Charlie Paish, and then I'll be getting along."

He was inexpressibly tired and, worse, irritated with the world and therefore with himself for the sheer senselessness of his mood. Seeing Viola in her new health and loveliness and the new man Carl had become should have given his spirits a lift, but instead, inexplicably, the reverse had happened.

No, not inexplicably. There is always bound to be a little envy in seeing other people's happiness, a wish that you were sharing it. And, as he had thought before, here he was, still without Ann. . . . By God, he swore to himself, there aren't going to be any more postponements, no matter what happens; when I get back, I'll call her and tell her to come back right away!

He drove slowly down the beautiful Connecticut River Valley, choosing the quiet back roads rather than the swift-paced highways, and it was well into the evening when he reached New Haven. Still another 80 miles to New York. Foolish to press himself, and there was no real reason why he had to be back tonight.

He checked into a hotel, washed and went out for a lonely and unsatisfactory dinner. At least the hotel bed was a good one, and he stretched out with a sigh. A sound night's sleep was all he needed; by the morning, all his petty irritations would have vanished.

Perhaps so, but the morning was long way off. Despite the excellent bed, he couldn't sleep. He lay staring at the ceiling and realized with a shock that his hands were clenched into fists, quivering with nervous tension.

This was not simply a reaction from the long day. What was it, then?

By and by the answer—the knowledge that he had deliberately kept buried—could not be evaded any longer.

During his travels, at some point every day he had called Lucy Curtis in the office in New York to learn about the progress of his patients, under the care of other doctors while he was away, and to get any messages that might have come in. Today he hadn't called—the first day he had skipped. Lucy would be worried.

But it was past ten o'clock. Lucy would have left the office long ago. No use calling now. Forget it until tomorrow.

Why try to fool himself with these excuses? Certainly Lucy would have left the office by now—but also she would have left word with the hospital's switchboard operator to call her the moment she heard from Dr. Grannon and would have given the operator whatever messages there were for him.

There was the trouble—*whatever messages there were for him.* Unreasonably, he dreaded hearing those messages. That was the real explanation of why he hadn't called.

But surely this was only part of the strange mood that had been on his most of the day, that had made him hesitate before calling out to Viola and Carl. Childish!

He reached for the telephone. His hand faltered and fell.

Don't call. Don't call.

There is something waiting for you at the end of that line that you don't want to hear.

He watched his trembling hand as one might watch an enemy. It crept toward the phone, faltered again—

And then he had the receiver firmly in his grasp, and

the hotel operator's brisk voice was in his ear, and he was giving her the hospital number in New York.

Somehow, ridiculous though it was, he felt that he had won a mortal struggle.

"Vesalius Hospital," the night operator in New York said.

"This is Dr. Grannon. Any messages?"

"Dr. Grannon? Just a minute, please. . . . Yes, Doctor, Miss Curtis left two with me for you. There was a cable from Miss Ann Wolcott today saying she was leaving for New York tomorrow, and then there is a Connecticut number you are to call—Dover Falls 42. Have you got it? Dover Falls 42."

"Thank you," Robert said. He cut off the connection, got the hotel operator back. "Dover Falls, Connecticut, 42," he said.

"Dover Falls 42—yes, sir."

He listened to the rapid whirring of the dial in the operator's cubbyhole. There was a long wait, filled with a distant humming then the sound of a telephone ringing, once, twice, three times—

Then a voice, utterly flat.

"Hello."

"This is Robert Grannon," Robert said. "Who is this?"

The voice lifted slightly, fell back into the dull monotone—the voice of a man close to the point of collapse.

"This is Carl. Doctor, something went wrong in the laboratory—something went wrong. She is in the hospital now. They don't know, they don't know, but they think, they think— It's her eyes they're afraid of. Doctor, can you come here now? Can you come here now? *Her eyes*—"

His reaction to this news, given to him in Carl Jorgenson's shock-deadened voice, was immediate—and astonishing. It was the bad news of which he had had a premonition, and yet it did not depress him, as he might have expected. Instead, whereas a few minutes ago he had been feeling tired, irritable, at odds with the world, now, amazingly, he felt marvelously alert and clear-headed.

He dressed quickly, packed his bag, and ten minutes later was behind the wheel of the car again. But this time he did not take the winding back roads. On the great roaring ribbon of the main highway he kept the speedometer's finger flicking over the speed limit. I had taken him nearly four hours to come down from Dover Falls to New Haven; it required only a little over an hour to get back.

Carl was waiting for him in the reception room of the small twenty-bed hospital that served Dover Falls and the neighboring villages. The change in the upright, vigorous young man Robert had seen that afternoon was shocking. His face was leaden, with a curious pinched expression, as if it had been squeezed between the jaws of a giant vise. He made a sad effort to smile as Robert came through the door.

"How is she?"

"She's sleeping. Dr. Grannon—Dr. Grannon, this is Dr. Cutcheon who treated her this afternoon when it happened."

Dr. John Cutcheon, Robert learned, was the Dover Falls physician and guiding spirit of the hospital. A tall, wiry man in his sixties, he gave Robert's hand a warm shake.

"Glad to meet you, Doctor. I think I can say her condition's as good as we could reasonably expect. There was some damage to the left cheek just below the eye, but of course the major concern—"

Robert glanced at Carl; John Cutcheon interpreted that glance correctly.

"No, Carl here knows all there is to be known," he said. "He hasn't stirred from the hospital since we brought Viola in. As I was saying, the major concern is her eyes. So far as I could tell there was extensive damage to the right eye and less to the left."

"How did it happen?" Robert asked.

"Why, you know what goes on up there at Charley Paish's laboratory, and Viola, I gather, was trying to hurry through some stage of her own project when a test tube exploded and a spray of glass fragments hit her face."

"Would you mind if I took a glance at her chart?" Robert asked.

"Of course not, Doctor."

A nurse brought the chart. Pulse, respiration, temperature were normal. The doctor's notes sketched in briefly what he had just told Robert. From the amount of sedation administered, Robert saw, she should be awake in three quarters of an hour or so.

Dr. John Cutcheon was watching him expectantly. "Tomorrow morning I'll call Tom Edgely and ask him to come up," Robert said. "In the meantime—"

"Edgely the ophthalmologist?"

Robert nodded. "He's the best eye man I know."

"It'll be a pleasure to meet him," the older man said. "I've read a few of his papers. Well, doctor, can I offer you a room for the night down at my place?"

"That's very kind of you, but—" He hesitated, then glanced around. "I'd like to be on hand to say a word or two to her, and I don't want to keep you up any longer. Is there a free room here in the hospital?"

"Why, sure," Cutcheon declared. "Let me show you the way." He started down the hospital corridor, the stopped, glancing back at Carl. "Carl, you've done all you can do, and you look as if you're going to fall over. I want you to get yourself to bed now as fast as you can."

"Please," Carl Jorgenson said, "please let me stay, just until she wakes up?"

Cutcheon glanced at Robert, who nodded slightly. In silence, the three of them went down the corridor.

In the dim room, pleasant with the scent of flowers, Robert and Carl sat on each side of the bed, watching the motionless figure. Her head, heavily bandaged across the eyes and the left cheek, had been expertly cradled between small pillows to prevent any sudden movement.

A breath of meadow-scented air stirred the window curtains; as if in response to it, Viola's hand moved on the bed cover. For a moment the hand was still, then moved again.

Robert took her hand between his. "Viola," he said.

He felt her hand tighten. Dulled by the pain-killing drugs, her voice murmured sleepily, "Who is that?"

"It's Robert—Robert Grannon."

"Dr. Grannon?"

"Carl is here, too, with me. You'll be going back to sleep again in a minute or so, but I want you to remember this—there is nothing to worry about. Your eyes were hurt in the accident, but they are going to be all right. Remember—*there is nothing to worry about—nothing.* Will you promise me to remember that?"

The tense hand relaxed. "Yes, Doctor," she whispered.

"Good. Now, here's your nurse with a hypo to put you back to sleep for the rest of the night." He pressed her hand gently. "Good night, Viola."

"Good night, Doctor."

As he left the room, he saw Carl press her hand to his face; then he joined Robert in the corridor.

"Doctor, what you said—it was true, wasn't it?"

"That she's going to be all right? Yes, of course."

"Her eyes will be all right? She won't be blind?"

"She won't be blind."

"But Dr. Cutcheon said—"

"I know. He said there was extensive damage to the right eye and a good deal to the left. The eye doctor who'll be coming here will tell us exactly what happened. But even if the damage was very great, there are extraordinary things that eye surgeons can do today. You know how your chin was built up, don't you?—through a bone graft. In a manner of speaking you can do the same thing with the eye. . . . So don't worry, Carl. And now, for God's sake, go to bed!"

In the hospital room that had been given to him, Robert thought over what he had told Carl. Corneal grafts were performed every day; the blind were given sight again, as if by a miracle. But he had spoken so positively as he had, not only out of this medical knowledge, but, even more, out of the conviction he felt that she was not going to be blinded, that the damage would not be so extensive as to render any surgery useless. No, that could not happen, not to Viola, not to those amber eyes!

He had felt this sureness ever since he had first heard the news of the accident from Carl. He could not explain it; it simply was there.

Filled with this comforting assurance, he lay down on the narrow hospital bed and in minutes was asleep.

CHAPTER 10

In the morning, after stopping in to see Viola and examining the latest notes on her chart, he called Dr. Tom Edgely, the ophthalmologist, in New York, who promised to be at the Dover Falls hospital by two that afternoon. Next he called Lucy Curtis at his own office and arranged for her to have a message at the airport for Ann to explain why he wasn't able to meet her. Then he drove up the hill to the Paish Laboratories.

There was a subdued air over the immaculate workrooms, a feeling of depression that was reflected in Charley Paish's face. "What I can't make out is how it happened," he said, after asking after Viola. "No, I don't mean *how* it happened—that's evident enough; the damned test tube simply blew up—but rather *why* it had to happen. I know that she'd just sent off a new group of sections to the pathologist and until he sent the slides back to us for examination under the microscope, there wouldn't seem to be any great reason for her to start work on the new method she was developing. In other words, I can't understand why she was in such a hurry."

The reason seemed clear to Robert. "Probably because of what I told her yesterday."

"Yes? What did you tell her?"

"About the big laboratories that are working on the idea. She thought that would make her work here unnecessary, but I told her no. I guess she didn't altogether believe me, and perhaps she was trying to make up for it—that feeling of not really being needed—by hurrying ahead faster than she should. That's how most laboratory accidents happen, isn't it?"

Paish nodded. "Sure, but—" He glanced at Robert sharply. "For God's sake, don't start blaming yourself for it! You had to tell her about the other laboratories, didn't you?"

"That's what I thought. I'm sorry now I did."

"Don't be ridiculous, Robert. And in any event, although it's terrible that it had to happen at all, it could have been worse, couldn't it? That is—she's going to be all right, isn't she?"

"Tom Edgely's coming up this afternoon. We'll know then."

"You don't mean there's any doubt about it?"

"No, not in my mind. But Edgely's one of the ten top eye men in the country, and I'll feel better when I hear it from him."

Dr. Thomas Edgely's precise fingers, delicate as a child's, replaced the dressings and bandages over Viola's eyes. "Thank you, Miss Shaw," he said in his courteous, deliberate way and, getting up, followed Robert into the next room, closing the door behind him.

Confident, and yet aware of a fine quivering edge of nervousness, Robert faced him. "Well?"

"Vision in the right eye is lost completely. It's impossible to tell yet about the left."

The billow of assurance that had bolstered Robert these past two days abruptly disappeared.

"You mean—what you said about the right eye—it's just temporary? You can restore sight with a corneal graft?"

"I'm afraid it wouldn't be any use, Robert. The graft simply wouldn't take."

"But I thought — Wouldn't take? Why not?"

"There just aren't the blood vessels there necessary to nourish a new cornea," Edgely explained. "They were destroyed in the accident. That's the real trouble —not the injury done to the cornea; as you say, that can be replaced with a corneal graft—but if there isn't the blood supply to feed the new cornea, it will just wither away away and die."

"Then you're saying that it's permanent?"

"I'm afraid so."

Robert sat down heavily. One of his shoelaces was undone, he noticed; he bent over to tie it, stopped halfway.

"But why was I so sure?" he burst out. "I knew, I *knew* she was going to be all right! I knew it the second Carl told me there'd been the accident! Why?" He stopped; that was a senseless protest.

"There's still the left eye, remember," Edgely pointed out. "There was a good deal of injury there, too, but perhaps not too much to prevent a successful graft. I'll know for sure when the wound damage has had a chance to heal."

When the wound damage has had a chance to heal. Bitter to reflect that it was while she was at work on a serum to promote wound-healing that the accident occurred that might well result in complete blindness!

"Thanks, Tom. It was good of you to come up here."

"There's the plastic work to be done around the left eye and cheek," Edgely observed. "Will you be bringing her down to the city for it?"

"Yes. Yes, of course."

"Then I'll be hearing from you."

"Thanks, Tom," Robert said again.

And now Viola had to be told. In her bed in the next room, eyes dark under the bandages, she was waiting to hear the verdict.

Slowly Robert got to his feet. Crossing the room he caught a glimpse of himself in the chest of drawers mirror. That was no good, that wretched hangdog face!—she'll know at once, just looking at you!

Just *looking* at you?

His mouth twisted wryly as he realized what the words meant—but still, even though she could not see, he made himself smile as he opened the door to the next room.

Besides damaging the eyes, the flying glass fragments had gouged out a crescent-shaped area in Viola's left cheek, just below the eye, The effect of scar tissue forming over the wound so close to the eye would be to pull the

lower eyelid downward grotesquely; therefore it was imperative to replace the scarred flesh with a skin transplant.

Viola accepted his explanation of what had to be done as calmly as she had received the account of Tom Edgely's findings, almost persuading Robert to believe that she was telling the truth when she said that that verdict—still tentative in the case of the left eye—was more than she had hoped for.

Now, a week later, she lay in readiness on the operating table, the pinpointed shaft of light reaching down from the dome overhead to the scar on her cheek.

With novocain Robert anesthetised the cheek, then outlined the scar with methylene blue. After cutting around it, he held up the mass of crinkled tissues underneath, which he removed. This had the immediate effect of releasing the tension that was pulling down the lower left eyelid. After clamping and tying off the tiny superficial veins, he covered the wound temporarily with gauze and was ready for the second stage of the operation.

To cover the raw area left by his knife, he needed a patch of skin of the same fine texture as her cheek. It would come from behind the left ear, a space where the small residual white scar line would hardly be noticed, if at all. He outlined the precise shape of the transplant, swiftly cut it loose with the knife and forceps. The nurse had removed the gauze bandage from the cheek wound; Robert sewed the transplant into its new bed, then put finer stitches in between, leaving the threads long. Rolling vaseline gauze into a ball, he placed it over the graft and tied the opposite threads over the gauze to keep it pressed firmly and snugly against the skin.

"All done, Viola," he said to the girl on the table. "How was it?"

"Didn't feel a thing," she murmured.

"I'll be dropping by your room a little later to see how you are, after you've had a snooze. Carl will, too."

Essentially, the operation was simple enough. You could say that of a corneal graft, too—in theory, simple. But in execution—

An incredible delicacy of touch was required for a corneal graft; it was like engraving on a pinhead. You needed absolute precision, an absolute unbudging calm, an absolute firmness of nerve; for here, errors were irretrievable.

But it was useless to afflict himself with these thoughts now, for Tom Edgely had yet to determine whether there would be any point in performing the operation at all.

When Edgely gave his opinion, it was with several qualifications. "I think it's worth taking the chance and going ahead," he told Robert, "but I can't honestly say that it's much more than a fifty-fifty one. It comes down to that same matter of blood vessel damage."

"How long will it be before we know, after the operation?"

"Know if the graft has taken hold? About ten days. Of course there'll be a few indications one way or the other before that—for instance, if the transplant begins to turn bluish and opaque, that will mean it isn't getting the proper nourishment. The important thing, though, Robert, is that, during those ten days when the new cornea in her eye is making up its mind whether it's going to live or not, she must be kept absolutely immobile. Her head has to be fixed as still as a statue's, for the slightest disturbance while the corneal graft is trying to take hold will kill it. She mustn't talk; she must have no disturbing or irritating thoughts on her mind; she'll be fed intravenously so that it won't be necessary for her to move her lips. She must be completely tranquil, in body and in mind . . . I'm emphasizing this because I can see how much the girl means to you, and also I realize that you consider yourself to be responsible. To keep *her* tranquil, the people who visit her and attend her must be tranquil themselves; they must be in a calm, cheerful frame of mind; there must be a feeling of confidence, security, peace coming from them . . . If we have all that, and a little luck, well—let's pray we'll be able to pull it off. . . ."

Cornea—the transparent front covering of the eyeball, through which the pupil sees. If it is wounded, a scar will form, blocking off vision. But—providing the surrounding blood vessels have not been too seriously injured—the scar can be excised by the surgeon and a new cornea, taken from an eye bank, sutured into place.

Again Viola was wheeled into the operating room and lifted onto the table under the pinpointed beam of light.

In her hospital room, cocaine and adrenalin had been instilled into the eye several times to obtain local anesthesia, and the pupil widely dilated with atropine. Now, by injecting novocain, Tom Edgely deadened the muscles around the eye. He waited a moment, turned his head to indicate that he was ready to begin, and took the knife from the nurse's hand.

Robert stood slightly to his right, looking down at the tiny opaque area in the eye that represented the scarred cornea. He watched Tom Edgely's seemingly nerveless fingers slowly lower the double-bladed knife and cut around the scar, a spot one-third the size of a pea, literally little more than a pinhead, yet enough to shut out light as thoroughly as if it had been a mask covering the whole eye. Should the knife in the steady fingers stray even the most infinitesimal distance from its proper course, the rest of the operation could be forgotten.

But the knife stayed true. Into the incision it had made, Tom Edgely inserted a continuous corneal suture, fine as spider silk, designed to hold the new cornea in position when the scarred section had been removed; and then threaded an equally fine suture directly into the scar.

He had outlined the scar in the precise form of a square and his sutures were in place, ready to remove the old and receive the new—the new corneal section, which lay in readiness in a covered dish filled with warm saline solution. Tom Edgely's gloved hand rose, moved to the side and met the nurse's waiting hand, taking from it the keratome knife, which from its appearance might have been a wedge-shaped trowel, made in gleaming miniature—

But that miniature trowel had edges sharp enough to slice a strand of silk from end to end. Holding it at a fifteen-degree angle, Edgely slipped the point of the trowel directly into the top side of the scar, so that the incision shelved inward in a gentle slope. Now, with scissors so dainty they, too, like the trowel, might have been made for a child's pleasure—a six-year-old seamstress, cutting out doll clothes—he cut through the other three edges of the scar, shelving them inward, too, in the same gentle slope. Meanwhile, with pressure scarcely strong enough to lift a dolls' hand, he maintained a steady, even pull on the central suture, to keep the scar away from the lens of the eye.

The scar was out, removed from its bed, leaving the inner eye structure exposed. Edgely's fingers indicated the surpassing delicacy of this moment only by the faintest increase in tempo as they moved again to meet the nurse's. Held in steel prongs finer even than for a doll's game, the corneal transplant was lifted from the saline bath and lowered to the site of the excised scar. Another minute's work remained, tightening the continuous suture to keep the graft in place—then dressings, bandages—and Tom Edgely stepped back from the table.

Robert let out his breath.

Until he felt the stinging in his eyes, he had not been aware of the sweat slowly dripping down his forehead.

It was necessary now only to wait.

As much as he had wished for Ann's presence before the accident, now, strangely, he was grateful that she was

not here. That meant, really, that he should be grateful to Bill Hendering for after only two days' stopover upon her return from Italy, Ann had left on another business errand for him, connected in some way with the chain of resort hotels.

He missed her, of course, but undeniably was glad that she was not in New York. On thinking it over, he discovered that this was not so strange after all. Right now, one thought, one wish or hope dominated his life, that Viola should regain her sight.

And so now he could devote himself entirely to that quiet room in the hospital, where she lay on the special bed necessary for corneal graft patients. An intricate arrangement of small, firm, wedge-shaped pillows kept her head immobile, and low railings ran along each side of the bed to guard against involuntary movement of her body. Even with these precautions and the mild sedation that dulled her mind and maintained a physical condition of drowsy listlessness, it was essential to keep a constant watch over her, which meant three shifts of special nurses.

But even full-time special nurses cannot be alert and watchful for every second of their eight-hour shifts; if their attention was distracted by any one of the dozens of necessary arrangements of the sick room, Carl's eyes were there to take their place—Carl's eyes, that seemed never to move from their steady focus on the bandaged face. He would never have left the room at all if Robert had not insisted on it, telling him that when Viola could see again (neither of them would admit that there was any question of *whether* Viola could see again; it was always *when*—she wouldn't want to see him looking the physical wreck that his prolonged vigil threatened to turn him into.

At these times, when Carl was resting, Robert would take his place, sitting close to the bed, keeping his eyes on the calm, slumbering face. During these hours he found himself to be completely at peace, with a feeling of true serenity. He recalled Tom Edgely's insistence that the people who kept watch over Viola should bring a feeling of calmness and peace into the room; perhaps that—knowing that it was for her good—was the basic reason for the serenity in his mind; in any event, it was there, and in its deeply satisfying glow, he could not doubt that the corneal graft was healing and knitting into place.

The healing process, he thought, what mysteries and wonders it is made up of! And how altogether right it would be if this girl's eye with its regained sight should be the first one in the world to see, through the microscope, definite proof that the wound-healing serum was a success! —that the serum definitely increased the speed of the growth factor in a healing wound!

For some reason, his mind was arrested by those words —*the growth factor*. There was some secret, some mystery there, perhaps the promise of some further discovery—but for the moment he could not find any clue to it.

Every two days Tom Edgely would change the dressing and bandages and then make his progress notes Afterward, Robert would go over the progress notes with him and, later, study them again by himself. For here the drama was reduced to its essentials; here were the questions, the doubts, that he would never permit himself to think of in Viola's room.

In Tom Edgely's handwriting, curiously slapdash and sprawling in contrast to the infinite delicacy of his operative technique, the notes read:

> October 24: Bandage of left eye removed; atropine instilled. Swelling still present; bluish color even more marked. One area seems slightly opaque.

On that day, looking at Edgely's notes, Robert had said nothing to the other. There was nothing to say; the few terse words spoke all too eloquently of what seemed to be happening to the girl in the bed in the quiet room. Robert remembered what Tom had said before the operation— "For instance, if the transplant begins to turn bluish and opaque, that will mean it isn't getting the proper nourishment . . ." . . . *bluish color even more marked. One area seems slightly opaque.* That had been the low point; two days of waiting. Then:

> October 26: Bandage of left eye removed; atropine instilled. Transplant still bluish and swollen but certainly there has been no deterioration; perhaps even a very slight improvement.

And on October 28:

> Bandage of left eye removed; atropine instilled; suture removed. Bluish coloration of transplant appears to be fading.

> October 30: Bandage of left eye removed; atropine instilled. Bluish coloration gone; swelling gone. The transplant looks transparent.

The scrawled words were more beautiful than the most elegant script. After writing the last word, *transparent*—that all-significant word—Tom Edgely looked up from the chart, and Robert burst out with his question:

"Then we're all right?"

"We seem to be. One more change of dressing and bandages and we'll know finally. But—" He smiled, got up, closed the cover of the chart with a snap. "Well, we had a few pretty low days back there, but now everything looks just about the way it should—clear and healthy. Yes, Robert, I think she's going to have vision again."

> November 1: Bandage removed; atropine discontinued. Transplant perfectly transparent; perfectly healthy.

There were five people in the hospital room, Viola, Robert, Tom Edgely, Carl, and the nurse. Edgely sat on the chair close to the bed. He nodded to the nurse, who drew the blinds, darkened the room. Edgely took out his pocket flashlight, held his left hand in front of Viola's face, flashed the light on the fingers.

"All right, Viola, open your eyes."

Slowly the eyelids opened.

"What do you see?"

Her answering voice was quite steady. "Your hand."

"Is there any mistiness or fuzziness?"

"No."

He beamed the flashlight around to the eyechart he had had pinned to the far wall.

"What do you see there?"

"Rows of letters."

"Read the top row for me."

There was hardly a pause. "A — E — L — M — O."

"Now the second."

"S — P — F — I — H."

"The third."

"Q — R — D — K — V."

Edgely flicked off the flashlight. "All right, nurse, let's have the blinds up . . . Well, friends, I think this is a very happy day!"

"There's one more test," Robert said. "All right, Tom?"

"Of course!" Edgely said. "I almost forgot about that one, Robert."

"Will you come over here, please, Viola?" Robert asked.

She looked at him wonderingly. He knew that the

emotional reaction to the established fact of her regained sight had not yet set in; for that matter, he was still awed and humbled himself by what he had seen.

A familiar object sat on the low table at one side of the room. "A microscope!" Viola exclaimed. "Where did it come from?"

"Borrowed it from the hospital lab," Robert told her, "for the purposes of this little test . . . Now, these here"—he pointed to the stack of slides beside the microscope—"are the slides that came through just yesterday from the pathologist—the slides of the last sections you sent to him before the accident. Will you take a look at them, Viola, and tell us what you see?"

She sat down in front of the microscope, put the first slide underneath the lens, adjusted the controls.

"Well?"

"It's a section of a wound," she said at once. "Granular tissue, well advanced in healing."

"From one of the controls," Robert explained. "The non-inoculated animal. Now this—this is from an animal inoculated with the last serum you produced."

She was silent for a moment, studying the new slide. "It's the same, isn't it?" she asked. "The same stage of healing?"

"Right," he agreed. "No apparent difference due to the serum. But that's not the point, Viola. You're going to develop a new serum. The point is that *you'll be able to do it.* You can use the microscope. You've just proved it yourself."

The beautiful amber-flecked eyes, unchanged except for a tiny pinpoint of cloudiness over the pupil of the right one, stared at him while the significance of what he had said sunk in. And then there was the reaction he had expected, the final release of the burden she had carried in silence and darkness ever since the shocking, blinding moment of the explosion weeks before. She caught her breath, and her eyes were filled with the sudden, releasing flood of tears.

CHAPTER II

A very happy day, Tom Edgely had said. The evening should crown it perfectly. So Robert thought, leaving Viola's hospital room to go home for a shower and change of clothes. Bill Hendering had arrived unexpectedly in New York the day before, and Ann was getting back tonight from her most recent publicity assignment at his Mexico City Hotel.

Robert was on top of the world as he stepped out of the shower, dried himself and got dressed. A very happy day, a perfect evening. . . .

A few hours later he sat staring at the wreckage of the happy day, the perfect evening. The blow that had destroyed it had burst upon him as suddenly as the explosion that had shattered Viola's sight.

A maid showed him into the living room of Hendering's apartment, at the top of a Fifth Avenue building in the Eighties. For a few minutes Robert stood looking out over the splendid view, then glanced around at the half-dozen paintings with which the walls were hung, all of a modern—but not too modern—French school.

There was one incongruous note in these impeccable furnishings. It sat up on the mantlepiece, blatantly staring at him. It was a slab of ordinary pinewood, perhaps a foot long and three or four inches high.

Seven letters had been crudely carved into the slab. They read: SUCCESS

"Hello, Robert," Hendering said, coming into the room. "Good to see you again! What are you looking at, my sign up there?" He indicated the piece of wood. "It looks sort of out of place, doesn't it?"

"A little," Robert admitted.

Hendering laughed. "You mean a lot. But actually it isn't. Actually it belongs here more than anything else. I made it, you see."

He sat down, crossed his legs, nodded to Robert to take a chair near his. "Made it soon after I got to America the first time," he went on. "I never could have earned a living as a wood-carver, as you've noticed; but that wasn't important. What was important was what the sign meant to me. I carved those letters into the wood as if I were carving them into my brain. Then I tacked the sign up on the wall of the lousy furnished room I was living in on Third Avenue, and every night when I'd get through work and was studying my English books, I'd look at it every once in a while. It would be the first thing I'd see in the morning and the last thing I'd see at night. Success.

"I *had* to be a success, and by God I was going to be, if only to make up"—here Hendering smiled sardonically—"for the first idyllic years of my life. I was born in the Naples slums; all I know about my father was that he was an American soldier, and when I was a kid of six, my mother ran off with somebody or other, leaving me to the tender mercies of the slums. That sort of explains the Villa Scifanoia, by the way—I like to sit up there on one of the balconies and look down at the city where I've been kicked around and think, To hell with you . . ."

Pausing, he got up and walked over to the mantlepiece. "So that's why it's here. I'd throw out all this expensive junk before I'd give it up. You see, it's me."

Robert had never liked him so much as he liked him at that moment—looking at the crude sign, remembering the abandoned child scrabbling in the dirt of the filthy Naples slums and thinking, Some day I'll get to America, where my father came from. Some day—some day . . .

Hendering returned to his chair. "Now, Robert, as a big favor I'm going to ask you to go along on something with me."

"Why, sure," Robert said.

"Right now, because of the Suez business and a couple of other things, I'm a little overextended, and things may get a little tighter before they get better. The long and short of it is that I need a sort of a hedge, or collateral, you might say, to float some capital on. One thing will provide it. That's your serum."

Robert looked at him uncomprehendingly, "But—"

"I know," Hendering said at once, "the serum hasn't been perfected. But my people here have been constantly in touch with the laboratories and the reports are very promising, promising enough at any rate for me to begin to approach one or two places in preparation for—"

"That isn't what I meant," Robert interrupted. "How can you raise money on the serum, even when it's been perfected?"

"Simple. We patent it."

"Patent it? But you can't do that!"

"It's a perfectly simple process."

"But I mean—" Robert sat back in his chair, staring at the other's freckled face. "I mean," he started again, trying to pull the words together, "I mean—that wasn't our idea. The serum isn't a liver pill or a hair lotion; it's—it's a therapeutic agent, an advance in healing. You spoke yourself about the Curies and Alexander Fleming and Jonas

Salk—do you think they'd ever have thought of patenting radium or penicillin or the polio vaccine?"

"I know," Hendering agreed. "But then, the Curies and Alexander Fleming and Jonas Salk didn't happen to be in my position."

"But—" Robert rubbed his forehead. "Have I got this straight? You want to *patent* the serum and *sell it*?"

"That's the idea." Hendering glanced at his watch. "We'll have to get moving if we're to meet Ann's plane . . . Look, Robert, this seems to be pretty upsetting to you, but I don't think it would strike most people that way. I tell you what—Ann's a pretty decent person; let's put it up to her and see what she has to say. I'll be content to go along with her decision if you will."

On the way to the airport Robert found himself staring at the small, lovely figure on the radiator crest of Hendering's car—a golden nymph, arms thrust back, face lifted, breasting the wind. . . . He felt curiously dull; the savor of the evening was gone. Even the sight of Ann did not bring back the tingling sense of expectancy he had felt earlier.

Her lips were cool on his; he responded mechanically, and she gave him a puzzled look.

"Is anything the matter?"

"I'm afraid I've given Robert something of a blow," Hendering explained, helping her into the car. "You see, here's the story."

He repeated the account he had told to Robert. "So the question is," he finished, "should we patent it or shouldn't we? Or, to put it another way, have we the ethical, the moral right to, or haven't we? What do you think, Ann?"

Her forehead wrinkled. "I don't see that it really makes very much difference, does it?"

"No?" Robert said. "How do you figure that out?"

She was sitting between him and Hendering, and he was conscious of her moving, if only very slightly, away from him.

He knew his tone had been abrupt, but he couldn't help it.

"Why," Ann said, "isn't your object to make the serum available to as many people as possible? How does it make any difference if it's manufactured by a firm owned by Bill or by thousands of different firms? It has to cost something, doesn't it? And wouldn't Bill's firm sell it for as low a price as any other firm could?"

"Sure," Robert agreed, "Bill's firm would, but—" He paused, sought for an example to give her, and found one. "A few hundred years ago there was a family of doctors called Chamberlen in England," he resumed. "One of them invented the first practical forceps for child delivery. It was a family secret; no other doctor or midwife was permitted to use the forceps or even see the instrument. The Chamberlens charged exorbitantly for delivering babies in cases that otherwise would have been hopeless, and they made a fortune.

"Of course, many women couldn't afford their prices and they and their unborn children died, after hours or days of agony for the mother. And, of course, there were women all over the world who would have been spared a lot of pain and even their lives if the clever Chamberlen family had released their secret to doctors and midwives everywhere . . . Bill Hendering here isn't any Chamberlen—"

"Thank you, Robert," Hendering said dryly.

"—But who knows what might happen to him? Who knows what kind of people might get hold of the patent then? A racketeer can manipulate a company that looks thoroughly respectable on the surface—and ninety-nine per cent of its executives and employees can be honest, conscientious, decent people and know nothing about the canker inside."

"There are safeguards against that kind of thing," Hendering said.

"And there are all kinds of ways of getting around all kinds of safeguards. No, when it's a matter of a basic therapeutic agent, you've got to forget everything else; you've got to release it generally because that's the only way of making absolutely sure, once and for all, for today and tomorrow and a century from now, that anyone anywhere who has any possible need of it will be able to get it."

"Oh, Robert, you're exaggerating things!" Ann declared. "Why, you sound—" Obviously struck by a new idea, she stopped for a moment. "Do you know how you sound?" she began again slowly. "From what you told me about him and his ideas—you almost sound like your father. A hopeless, impractical idealist who never did any good for anyone . . . What's been happening to you, for heaven's sake?"

He didn't answer that question; he didn't know the answer. "I'm sorry, Bill," he resumed, "but there just aren't any two ways about this. Even though Ann feels the way she does, I didn't say I'd go along with her decision, and I can't. I've got to say no."

"I'm sorry too, Robert," Hendering said quietly.

"Robert, really!" Ann said. "You're being ridiculous!"

"I'm sorry," Hendering went on, "because I didn't want to have to point something out to you. Actually, you see, there's no decision for you to make. The laboratories working on the serum are doing so for the Hendering Foundation, not for Robert Grannon, and the Hendering Foundation has absolute control over any results that come out of the work."

It required some minutes for Robert to absorb this information.

"Is that what you had in mind from the beginning?" Robert asked. "The night on the balcony at your hotel, when you became so excited about it—is that what you were thinking then?"

"I can't actually say," Hendering said with his familiar cheerful smile. "But—well, one never knows."

"I see," Robert said. He sat staring at the beautiful gleaming figure on the hood of the car. At last he turned to the girl at his side.

"After hearing this, do you still feel the same way?"

"Oh, of course, I do!"

"I see," Robert said again. The car stopped for a red light; as it happened, it was near his street. "Well, I guess I'd better be getting out here."

"For goodness' sake, don't be childish about it, Robert!"

"No, no," he said. "That would be foolish, wouldn't it? I just want to think about a few things . . . Well—good night."

He sat on the terrace of the apartment, watching the cloudy sky of a gray dawn. Unable to sleep, he had spent the slow hours wandering around the terrace, pacing in and out of the apartment. Earlier, he had telephoned Ann, willing to admit that perhaps he had been too abrupt—even a little childish, to use her word—and feeling sure that the apparent misunderstanding between them could be cleared away. But it had become obvious at once that this was not a matter of a simple misunderstanding; instead, it was a basic difference. She saw things as Hendering saw them, and if Robert could not change his mind and agree that that was plain common sense, then—and here she faltered for a moment, but went on with even more determination—then there would always be a barrier

between them, and perhaps it was just as well that they had found out about it now. . . .

He had hung up, realizing that Hendering had won in every respect—with the serum, with Ann. But that was simply his nature, that was the whole meaning of life to him, to win. It was perfectly right, when you thought about it, that he should have that golden figure on his car. It might well represent the golden goddess of success—the goddess Hendering had spent all his life pursuing—

But here Robert caught himself. Just a minute, Dr. Grannon! Haven't you, too, taken part in that furious pursuit of the golden goddess?

With your frantic drive to become the successful and fashionable doctor, charging bigger and bigger fees—is there so much to choose, after all, between you and Hendering? At one period didn't you worship so feverishly at the feet of the golden goddess that the thought of losing your practice threw a mortal fear into you? And wasn't that why you behaved as you did with Marybeth Landy?

And going further back, what was it, in all honesty, that led you to turn your back on your father and leave him there in the wretched old house to his dedicated life and lonely death?—what was it but that same drive to capture the goddess, blinding you to everything else?

Staring at the cloudy sky, he realized that here was the real meaning of the dream or the vision he had had months before in the hospital, when his ten-year-old self had seemed to visit him and say, *What's wrong*?

It was not only the memory of Marybeth, but the deep-hidden knowledge that he had behaved toward his father without compassion, without even the smallest effort to achieve understanding.

Dad, Dad, he cried to himself, forgive me for what I did—for what I didn't do! But I'll make it up to you! Ann said I was beginning to sound like you, and she said it because she thought it would hurt me and bring me to what she thinks of as my proper senses. But it doesn't hurt me; it makes me proud! I *will* be like you. I'll give up all this; I'll put everything I have into research—I'll go on from where you stopped, the day you died—

The vague stirrings of an idea that had bothered him earlier as he sat in Viola's room suddenly quickened again. He had been musing over the mysteries of the healing process, the growth factor in a healing wound that causes the new tissue to form.

Now he wondered, What is it that causes that growth factor to *stop* at exactly the right point? For if it didn't stop, the new tissue would go on multiplying and multiplying until it would protrude in huge ugly lumps, ultimately devouring the whole organism.

Suddenly the answer seemed obvious. If there is a growth factor, then obviously there must be an *anti-growth* factor, too.

What is cancer but growth gone wild?

If you could isolate the anti-growth factor in the healing wound, then you would have found medicine's most shining grail—the cancer cure.

He was back in Viola's hospital room, for it had become imperative to tell her these new ideas and the whole sequence of things that had led to them—his dream in the hospital, Ann, Hendering, the Hendering Foundation and his discovery of its true purpose, the growth factor, the anti-growth factor—his father . . . When he had finished, she said slowly:

"It's an exciting idea, and maybe finally it's *the* idea, the right answer. But—"

He waited in a fever of suspense for her to finish. It became clear to him in those seconds that the effect of the blow he had received earlier from Ann and Hendering was entirely gone. The only important thing in the world now was what Viola would say, which could only mean that the one important thing in the world now was Viola. . . .

"—But you, Robert—aren't you going to an extreme?"

"An extreme?"

"I mean what you said you want to do now—devote yourself entirely to research. Aren't there two extremes—one, your father; the other, William Hendering? Your father so oblivious of the world he wasn't even aware he was hurting his family's life; Hendering, so *conscious* of the world that he can't rest in his rush to possess it? Isn't maybe the right definition of success somewhere in between these two? In your case, wouldn't it be foolish to give up everything you've learned as a surgeon—the capacity to help people—and bury yourself in research as your father did? Can't you combine both?"

He sat thinking over what she had said. At length he nodded.

"Yes, Viola. Yes, you're right."

How much, how very much she meant to him!

But if he told her how much she meant to him—then what about Carl?

Did she read the thought in his mind?

"When I said the capacity to help people, I was thinking about how you'd helped Carl," she said. "He's really a happy man now. He has his career to look forward to, and since I can see again, he's no longer worried about me—"

Still he hesitated.

"Don't always be postponing things, Robert!" said the girl with the amber eyes. . . . THE END

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